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TERESINA IN AMERICA.

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Longworth, Maria Theresa

BY

THÉRÈSE YELVERTON
(VISCOUNTESS AVONMORE).

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ONE great difficulty in writing about America is the almost utter impossibility of clearly defining the moral and physical characteristics of the inhabitants of that vast territory. They are so various, they cannot be generalized, and it is not easy to classify them. For instance—the Northerner is in no respect like the Southerner. They are distinct peoples, with differences far more strongly marked than any that exist between the English and the Scotch. The Western man, again, is, in his habits, thoughts, and appearance, unlike either Northerner or Southerner.

These three grand divisions include numerous minor ones, each clear and distinct, and, to a traveller, only moderately observant, very striking.

The Californian presents a curious contrast to the rest of his countrymen, and has a very prominent character of his own. He is made up of a score of nationalities; is most positive, too, in his assertion of that fact, and he has no love for the Down-Easter or New England man. Then there are the Louisianians; French in their manners, and still retaining much of their ancestors' national feeling of animosity towards the English. The Floridans, also, who came from Spain and Minorca, and yet preserve many of the habits peculiar to those countries. The Germans are very persistent, too, in keeping up in their adopted home the old customs and practices of the Fatherland.

Through the whole of this singular combination of nationalities, is spread the leaven of "Negrodom," with its folly and immorality; while last, perhaps not least, the immense influx of Chinese, who, though at present holding themselves aloof from the "red-haired devils," and carefully providing for their return journey, when dead, to the Celestial Empire, must, nevertheless, as they flock in by thousands, exercise a strange influence on the Californian population. Some years hence, probably, the Chinese question may become a problem as difficult of solution as is the "Negro question" of the present day.

With all this diversity of men and manners, it is not surprising that an author, however truthful and exact his descriptions may be, should find himself assailed, equally by North, South, East, and West, for misrepresentation. For the egotism, which is at least common to all of them, induces the idea of universality; so that each believes—however ignorant he may be of the others—that nothing can be called American that differs from his own individual knowledge and experience of men and things.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon fulfilled his object, and contented himself and his readers by a rapid and graphic description of the outlying portions of the United States, and of a few salient points of character. But there were many Americans to whom all he said was no less a revelation than it was to the English; while, judging from the offence Charles Dickens gave by his neatly touched off delineations of Western life, one must infer that, up to that time, the characteristic traits and peculiarities of the inhabitants of that part of the country, were unknown to, or had been unnoticed by, Americans generally.

But these writers, though they deviated not from the truth, described only certain phases of character that came directly under their notice. Their descriptions cannot, therefore, be received as applicable to all Americans, notwithstanding that one of them left it to be understood that they were.

The author of the following sketches has travelled twenty thousand miles through the most important districts of America, with the one object of seeing the country and understanding the people. She has visited most of the largest cities, and has known, and had favourable opportunities of conversing with, their leading inhabitants. She, however, begs that the reader will bear in mind that, because when recording her impressions she speaks in general terms of Americans and American habits, she would not be understood as asserting that conduct she ridicules, and practices she condemns in particular localities, prevail throughout the whole extent of the country, or that every individual in it must necessarily possess those identical traits of character which she has attempted to depict, and which came prominently under her own observation during her two years' sojourn in the land.

TERESINA IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK.

NEW York has been often described, so often indeed, that it seems almost needless to say anything about it now-a-days. But a series of sketches of America cannot be considered complete that does not notice, more or less fully, the "Empire City,"—as the idol of America is called.

As "the eye of the maiden is to the hand of her mistress," so is the heart of the American to the city of New York, for is it not the Temple of Mammon the Great? Is it not the city of his altars, the well-beloved seat of the "Almighty Dollar?" And is it not crowded with his eager worshippers? Is it not there that marble temples commemorate his bounties, and "brown stone fronts," in countless avenues, propitiate him and his high priests? Talk not to me of Juggernaut: men may lay their puny bodies on the burning sand and have them crushed into shapeless masses by his ponderous wheels, but here, men lay their souls, as well as their bodies, in the path of Mammon, and meet their double death with smiles of joy—for are not his wheels of gold, of solid yellow shining gold? His mark is stamped not on the forehead only, but glows in the eyes, on the lips, and on every feature. The hand sympathises with it, and every gesture is *en rapport* with the fire which burns within the soul of the eager devotee.

The light of Mammon gleams on nearly every face in Broadway and Wall Street, as the "light of battle" illumines the faces down the long line, when the batteries open on it and the officers wave it on. All is earnestness in New York; there is no dilly-dallying or loitering there. Every man presses on with steady eye towards his goal, and at the end of the day he wends his way homeward, with eyes fixed and thoughts intent on how he shall force his way through the crowd on the morrow, and flinging himself before his advancing god, receive his deadly favours.

What is the frenzy of the most enthusiastic fanatics to the fever which can thus whirl thousands and thousands of men and women, day after day, through years of anxious toil; which can make work seem pleasure; degradation, honour; and ruin, both of mind and body, success? Which can thus fix, on a whole city of a million inhabitants, a stamp so indelible and a character so distinct, that the cry, "worshippers of money!" rises, instinctively, to the lips of every intelligent stranger.

Behold the buildings of magnificent front—lofty and imposing in their wealth of precious marble; behold the silks and velvets—meant only for the drawing-room or barouche, dragged through mire and dust with sweeping indifference; and, if you are a worshipper of gold, fall down and do homage, for all these are the ensigns of the God of America. But if you are a worshipper of solid worth, pause; for the buildings are only veneered; the wearers of silk will be penniless in a few years, perhaps in a few months, and ere long will become common clay, forgotten by all the world, because they will have done nothing for it to remember, and have built nothing which will outlive themselves. These people, when they commenced their career had but one object in view, and have had but one design throughout their lives, viz., to win favours from their God. If they *have* won them, shall they not display them? or if they have not, shall they not feign that they have? as the pretence will bring them for awhile the power and reverence they have striven for.

How often in passing along an English thoroughfare would the word "pounds" strike the ear? once, perhaps, but more likely, not even once. But walk up Broadway and observe how many times the word "dollars" will ring out, and you will then have the key to the manners, customs, thoughts, and actions of the inhabitants of New York.

To describe the public buildings of New York, its park, its Fifth Avenue, and its caravansary of caravansaries, its darling Fifth Avenue Hotel, would only be doing what has been done scores of times before—truthfully and untruthfully; in the latter case perhaps in the most interesting manner. In point of public buildings it is far behind Philadelphia: its streets and pavements are not to be compared with those of St. Louis, New Orleans, or Philadelphia; its churches are surpassed by many in the cities just named; its wharves and landing stages are admitted by its own citizens to be a disgrace. Of New York morals, both public and private, perhaps the less said the better—*vide* the public prints and Congress—but in the matter of dollars it reigns supreme—and nothing more is needed to make it the worshipped of all worshippers, the sun and centre of American life.

But although in this respect New York sets the example and furnishes the model for nearly the whole of the United States, it is less American, and more cosmopolitan in its feelings and habits than any other city of the Union. With a population half of which is foreign-born, this can hardly fail to be the case; as national characteristics are slow to fade out, and many of them are very infectious. New York is New York and nothing else. Although in America, it is not American; although including in its population more Germans than any city in the world, except Berlin and Vienna, it is not German; and, although controlled in its municipal affairs by Irishmen, it is not Irish. Its magnates are of all nations, American, Irish, Scotch, German, Dutch, and French, and its customs partake of the same mixed character.

Of late, a rage for everything European has seized the New Yorkers, and through them, of course, the rest of America. Hotels, on the European plan, and clubs, as nearly as possible on the Pall Mall plan, have been inaugurated, and both have found favour, but more particularly the latter. For Hotels "on the European plan" do not afford so much opportunity for public displays of toilet, and are therefore not likely to be as popular as the hotels on the old plan. "Our aristocratic circles" is now a favourite expression with the newspapers; liveried servants are to be seen on Fifth Avenue, and some of the more advanced spirits among the New Yorkers have really succeeded in persuading themselves that they are aristocrats.

In military matters New York inclines to the French style; her volunteer corps being as *Frenchy* as a total absence of anything French will admit of; while in civilian dress the extreme English is affected. Whether New York will ever strike out an independent course for herself remains to be seen, but at present she is "blown about by every wind of doctrine," and pays the penalty of being cosmopolitan by being unable to call anything her own.

A visitor to New York may pass a few weeks there very pleasantly, provided the amount of money he will have to spend is a matter of indifference to him. He may see the American hotel system in its glory at the Fifth Avenue, and at the St. Nicholas; he will see New York theatres, New York "mansions," New York men and women, and New York manners; but if he forthwith returns to Europe, he will carry with him a very erroneous idea of the Americans, and American life generally. To acquire a knowledge of the latter, he must wander through the length and breadth of the United

States. I say "wander," advisedly, for he must not hurry, and when North, South, East, and West have been thoroughly explored, he will be able to form for himself, if not for other people, some idea of what that wonderful conglomeration called America really is.

CHAPTER II.

HORACE GREELEY.

THE first person who called upon me in New York was Horace Greeley, and, as he has left us "for the better land," as he himself would phrase it, I cannot refrain from penning this slight sketch of him.

It is not usual in America to carry printed visiting cards, but to write the name on a blank one, with which any hotel or stationer will supply you. The waiter having presented me with a card, upon which were some curious hieroglyphics, as though a couple of flies had disported themselves thereon, I turned it in all directions, thinking it might perhaps be Chinese, and required to be read backwards, or that it was some curious acrostic, which should be read at right angles, or from corner to corner.

All these attempts, however, failing to enlighten me, I said to the waiter—

"What does this mean? Have the flies been crawling over the paper, or is it Sanscrit?"

"It is the signature of Horace Greeley," he replied, with a grin; "he is waiting to see you."

The waiter evidently enjoyed the joke. No doubt he had often seen persons as perplexed as myself. But he went down and told the clerk of my dilemma, who forthwith began talking of it to his customers at the bar; and the next morning there was a full account of it in all the opposition newspapers.

Horace Greeley was one of the old-school Americans, of whom so few are now left. He was of that stock which made the country's greatness—men who were patriotic, earnest, benevolent, simple, consistent—he was in mind and person the model for a patriarch. Long white flowing hair surrounded a finely shaped head, and a white beard fringed a frank, healthful face of womanly sweetness. His eyes, which had no merit of form or colour, were yet the windows of his soul through which his every feeling gleamed. His features were too small to be handsome, but beauty radiated over them. He usually wore a light-coloured coat, which, however, he seldom succeeded in getting thoroughly into; and lace-up shoes, that rarely were laced. I think it probable that he affected also long white stockings, which had a general tendency to come down. His bruised white hat was generally placed so far back on his head, that it was believed it stuck there by some marvellous interposition of Providence. Yet, withal, he was a personage one could not help loving even at first sight—virtue and good nature being so apparent in his pleasant countenance.

Sad it is to think that such a man was "done to death" by the revelations that must at length have forced conviction upon him of the selfishness of his country, and its utter want of principle. He could not see—and scarcely could understand—evil. When, firm in his inmost desire to be the Father of his country, he was induced to stand for the Presidency, the fearfully villainous machinations, deceits, egotism, peculations, frauds, briberies, &c., which the elections periodically bring forth, were thrust upon him individually. This overpowered one of the finest brains the country can boast of, and broke that great, glowing heart! Few Horace Greeleys in the United States now, I fear!

For some years past he had practically separated himself from *The Tribune*, though he kept the superintendence of it. He devoted himself chiefly to writing letters, addressed to young men, and reading them at the various institutes. It was a moral and intellectual treat to hear him, though he had but little elocutionary power, and but a poor voice. But he possessed the eloquence of truth and sincerity, which touched every heart, and a logic which appealed to every brain. He was a man who excited almost universal love and veneration; so that when, during the course of the presidential election, he found that, from pecuniary motives, he was reviled, ridiculed, spat upon—despised he could never be—and that contumely and insult were heaped upon him, the vile calumnies seemed to fall too hardly. They burnt into his breast and festered there, until the noble, guileless heart burst asunder with the agonizing bitterness of unjust ignominy. Like King Lear, he tore his silver locks, and exclaimed—"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, than the sea-monster!" His colossal intellect was shattered to its base, even before the mighty Reaper could gather him to his rest. The disappointment of his life's work was too appalling, and madness fell upon him!

Horace Greeley had been the patriotic *father* of his country—of the broad lands which extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His opponent, Ulysses Grant, was the scourge of one half of it. The scourge was raised on high—the friend was sent into the gutter! Let it not be supposed that I would depreciate the many fine qualities of the President of the United States: I merely relate what occurred, and lament.

CHAPTER III.

BROWN STONE FRONTS.

THE worst symptom in American life is its superficiality, morally and socially. In the go-ahead class of Americans there is a desperate love of ostentation, of show, of sham and make-believe; and a corresponding disregard of reality, worth, solidity, and earnestness.

In New York, where this characteristic is especially conspicuous, most men's ambition is to live in a house with a "brown stone *front.*" It is called brown stone, but is of a reddish chocolate colour, and is one of the handsomest stones I know. No matter what the rest of the house is built of—wood, brick, or plaster and daub—it must have a stone front, and *look* like a stone building. If it cannot be actually veneered with "brown stone," it must at least be plastered to resemble it. Houses are advertised, without any other recommendation than that they have a brown stone front. That is considered the *ne plus ultra* of earthly habitations—the summit of all desires—the crowning effort of the love of make-believe. If his house *looks* like a nobleman's mansion in front—and you could not pay him a greater compliment than to tell him it does—the New Yorker is satisfied.

A lady about to marry would make any sacrifice of herself, if a brown stone front were only thrown into the matrimonial bargain. Speaking with a gentleman of the various lots in life one would like to have chosen, I said I should like to have been a sea-captain and live always at sea; he said he would like to have a comfortable income and live "in a brown stone front, on Fifth Avenue." An American lady, a mere casual acquaintance, lamenting to me over her own unhappy married lot, complained that her husband was twice her own age. I remarked—

"You must have been aware of that before marriage."

"Oh, yes," she replied; "but ten years make a great difference in a man turned of fifty; and besides, when I married him he lived in a brown stone front, while my lover, who was young, had not then made a position, and there was no knowing when he would, so I married——"

"The 'brown stone front,'" I interposed.

She laughed and said, "If he only had it now I should be content, in spite of his age."

The "brown stone front" being obtained, the next object seems to be so to furnish the house that it may resemble, as nearly as possible, a royal residence. But every article is painted and varnished to look like what it is not. What is apparently massive oak carving betrays itself as deal; enormous mirrors reflect one foreshortened in a most singular way. The very "Utrecht velvet"—with which even a New York washerwoman, so great and so general is the love of display, will have her chairs seated—is a compound of some trash that Utrecht would scorn to recognize. Most of this ostentatious class go to Europe for no better purpose than to *say* they have been, or to gather ideas for making the grandest display on their return home. Numbers of ladies visit Paris with no desire beyond that of seeing the fashions, and taking home something newer than their neighbours have got. To endeavour to dress like a Frenchwoman is laudable enough, but the first two essentials of *her* dress—appropriateness and unpretentiousness — are always conspicuously absent in the American ladies' toilette. When in Europe they go to state balls and concerts, attend drawing-rooms and aristocratic *réunions ;* they see and hear of princesses, duchesses, and other women of fashion, who are clothed in purple and fine linen, ermine, velvets and satin, with diamonds, emeralds, pearls, &c., *ad libitum*—all delicious for a woman to contemplate—and straightway on their returning to their country come down dressed up to this mark, as nearly as circumstances will allow, to the breakfast-tables of a common *restaurant*, having partly ruined their husbands to effect their display. American husbands, by-the-way, are models in this respect. They do not complain at extravagance if it only makes a show. On the contrary, the more recklessly money is lavished the more they exult over that fact. "You will find my wife a smart woman," said a husband, glorifying himself and his better half; "quite an elegant lady. These sixteen boxes are her luggage. She spent in Europe thirty thousand dollars on dress." I could have sworn that they lived in a "brown stone front," and that the wife would display her diamonds at the cabin dinner, and so it turned out. Of course there are Americans—both men and women—of talent and genius who visit European cities for the study of art and of science, and who wish to contemplate the marvellous works of bygone ages, while others seek general improvement or the mere excitement of travel. The greater part, however, visit Europe for the "*say*" of the thing, and because it denotes that they have wealth to squander.

This disposition to ostentation throws an air of flimsiness over all their undertakings. Their buildings have all the same showy, meretricious appearance. Many of their pretentious "white marble" buildings are only veneered to the depth of a few inches. If an earthquake could shake America, they would all fall down like a tower of cards ; or if the nation were to decay like the Roman Empire, there would not remain a vestige in half a century to mark the spot where her cities had stood.

There are some substantial blocks of buildings in Broadway and other parts of New York for warehousing purposes, such as we find in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. The churches are mostly pretty, tasteful structures, but there is not a cathedral to compare with those of the French, German, and Italian cities. The cathedral in New Orleans—the finest religious monument in the country—was built by the Spaniards. There is, in fact, nothing grand or splendid in point of architecture, solidity, or size. The capitol at Washington has a very shabby back or front (or whatever it is) of brick, the entrance to which is by a small, mean door at the top of an ordinary flight of steps. The Fifth Avenue, where are congregated the much-coveted "brown stone fronts," is, *in front*—a very handsome-looking street—the rich colour of the stone being in itself a beauty unrivalled by any building material as yet in use. If New York were built of that stone entirely, as Aberdeen is of granite and Bath of white stone, it would, indeed, be superb. But the houses behind the stone fronts are mere shells; and it is only in Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue that these stone fronts even predominate. There are, however, some few exceptions to the general want of substantiality. One is a real stone and marble mansion, back, front, sides, and all, which a Scotch capitalist is building for himself. This mansion is called a palace—*faute de mieux*—for ostentation extends even to the naming of the most ordinary things—the "Silver Palace Sleeping Car," to wit. How mellifluous that sounds, but what a horrid place of torture is the reality!

The class of people I have been describing would, I am aware, be termed "shoddy" by every American. You would be told they were merely *parvenus*, a "fungus-growth of the war," and that you had *not* seen "our best people." You might reply that you had had letters to senators, judges, admirals, generals, governors, &c., and the answer would be that they were "the wrong ones." Where, then, are you to look for the right ones?—there being no independent gentlemen living on their incomes as in other countries. Individuals and families—

"our best people"—may, indeed, sometimes be met with; not in society, for there is none, but quite promiscuously, in all sorts of company, there being no exclusiveness in America.

If a woman can afford to wear a good dress and sit at the same table, she will consider herself the equal of whoever may be present; and there is no conventionalism to put her down or to subdue her. She may eat with her knife, and stretch with it afterwards into the butter at arm's length, without attracting any sort of notice. Indeed, I never heard of a woman being silently tabooed in this country for being vulgar and ill-bred, nor could such ostracism be resorted to; for the few could not control the many, and refinement and good-breeding in America are the exception and not the rule. And so it must necessarily be when the presidential chair can be occupied by men taken from field labour and tailors' shops, and their wives from the kitchen. Society must have a nucleus somewhere, and if that be not in high places, where power and wealth congregate, it is useless to look for it lower down the ladder; unless, perhaps, among artists and literati, and their number is so small in America, that they do not form a society, but merely, as in Boston, a *coterie*.

√ Rarely does an American possess a "country seat;" for, as all the wealthy people are in business, they congregate in the cities. The great showman, Barnum, however, has gone on the European system, and built himself a handsome country home, to which he retires to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. And no doubt the little Barnums, if there are any, are destined to form the American aristocracy of the future, and might appropriately assume the title of "Princes of Humbug." There are houses of the "villa" description in the suburbs of most towns; generally they are of wood, and in a semi-Swiss or Italian style.

Although aspiring to be, in the future, the greatest nation on the earth, the Americans are too impetuous, too hasty, to do much for posterity. Their efforts are too diffused, and their results too ephemeral. They think more about themselves than about their children. They change the old adage, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," into "Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof;" let those that follow pick up the scraps or make for themselves. They build their railroads to carry them, perhaps, as long as they live, if they do not live too long. Thus, throughout the country, wherever wooden sheds can be run up to serve for the time, not a decent station is ever made. The railroads barely suffice to carry the train along;

and it has not unfrequently happened that the passengers have had to turn out in a body to repair the line ere they could proceed. Americans being ever in a state of eager hurry, admire nothing so much as what they call "smartness." Keenness, quickness, sharpness, activity, seem to them the most desirable of all qualities, and they are doubtless the chief characteristics of the American. Fulton launched the first steam-ship on the Hudson, but Papin, a German, first patiently and toilsomely worked out all its intricacies. Professor Mo r [illegible] is said Morse to have been the first who made electricity speak intelligibly; but much study and "midnight oil" had been devoted to it by others, ere this discovery could be brought to bear fruit. I assume that Americans are more rapid than profound, more ingenious to apply than studious to discover. They have endeavoured, by a sudden jerk, to invest their new country with all the results attained by the mother countries only after centuries of toil, industry, patient thought, and experience; but their haste has been in a great degree fatal to their project.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

IT may seem superfluous, in these days of intimate relations and rapid communication with the United States, to discourse upon or describe the American character. But probably there are still many whose ideas on the subject are as limited and imperfect as were those of the author herself, before visiting the country. For, comparatively few English men or women go to America, for the mere purposes of travel and observation; and even those few remain too short a time, and are too strictly enclosed by the conventionalities of visiting and organized sight-seeing, to be able to take a comprehensive and unprejudiced view of the vast and varied field of American character. Charles Dickens and Lord and Lady Amberley were the only compatriots, as mere travellers, the author met with, on her journeyings North, South, and West.

Those who go to America, in most instances, go to make it their home. With Americans it is quite the reverse. Their first and strongest desire is to travel; and the next is, to travel in Europe. It is with them a passion, a mania, a kind of craving necessity. It is a desire without a reason. "I must see Europe before I die" is its audible expression, over and over again repeated. The fact of having been is what they wish to accomplish, and nothing else. I have heard some Americans say they would so like to see something "very *old*," which is but a vague idea, at best, for a voyage to Europe. But whatever the motive, it is the desire of every man, woman, and child in America; and timid women, who would not have dared to enter a street-car alone, and who have never been a hundred yards from their door-sills unattended, have been known, upon having saved enough money for their purpose, to set out on the European tour with all the confidence of "our special correspondent." Every girl longs to go to Europe for her marriage tour; and of two *prétendants*, the man who proposed such a trip would stand the fairest chance of winning the bride. I believe there are thousands who would marry for that alone; some conscious of the motive and some not, of course. If a man is successful in his speculations — and what American does not speculate ?—or if he "strikes oil ;" has a good harvest or cotton crop ; floats a bubble company, and succeeds in selling his shares before it bursts ; discovers a mine, or sells an invention for doing something twice as fast as it has ever been done before, immediately he promises himself a trip to Europe. It is the reward of merit, or, in other words, of "smartness." For a man to become prominent in his own country without having had the baptism of Europe, would be most remarkable ; he would, to say the least, have laid himself open to the charge of eccentricity. It is an epidemic—this desire to see Europe. What else can it be ? It is not curiosity, for scarcely one in a thousand gives himself time or opportunity to examine, or even to *see*, anything that might be novel or interesting to him. How few Americans ever visit Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Lille, Toulon, Bordeaux.

American travellers rarely bring letters of introduction. Disregarding them in their own country when presented by others, they probably do not anticipate that English people are more tenacious than themselves, about whom they receive. Life in England being within closed doors, not in public rooms, as in

America, few American travellers ever see any English society, except such as may be enjoyed in taverns and bar-rooms; while American ladies often return to their own country without having made the acquaintance of a single English *lady*.

English people have certainly but little real knowledge of Americans; their ideal generally being a man with ill-fitting clothes, lank dishevelled hair, and a strong nasal twang; while the imaginary American woman is gaunt and bony, sallow-complexioned, loud-voiced, elbowing her way through the world, and (as she herself would express it) "sticking at nothing." Such individuals are no doubt to be met with in full form at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and at all places of public resort on the continent. But they are no more to be regarded as types of the American nation, as a whole, than is a cockney commercial traveller to be considered a representative of the people of Great Britain. Like the American in question, he would represent a class, and that would be all. Thus the Americans, although they are our cousins and grandchildren, are greater strangers to us, generally, than are the inhabitants of most foreign countries.

In America, you may have fifty letters of introduction, and not one of them bring you a particle of civility, or sometimes even a return-call; while, on the other hand, a person will make your acquaintance casually in the public-room, or "ladies' parlour," as it is called, of the hotel, or be introduced to you by the *landlady*, and show you every attention that may be useful to a stranger; or they will come and call from merely seeing your name in the paper, and perhaps proceed to introduce you all round. Every one will then ask you how you like the United States system and social life, with the same serious and inquisitorial look as if he were a doctor probing you for symptoms. Politeness forbids you to say you don't like it at all; and so you find yourself repeating the fib over and over again, until you become heartily ashamed of the falsehood, and wish you had faced the truth, and said that as yet you had seen nothing to like—which must, in fact, be the case with Europeans on their first arrival in America.

If you have come from France, you miss all that elegance, polish, and suavity which characterize French society. If you are direct from England, you seek in vain for its quiet, sober, well-regulated comfort and genial hospitality, and it would puzzle even the panegyrist to say where is the compensation for these shortcomings. Wherever I have travelled, hospitality, according to the custom of the country, seemed to be the first and common duty, and only in those lands, the Cannibal and Fiji Islands, where they *eat* their guests, is there such a dearth of hospitality as in America. They have no custom of visiting at a friend's house for a week or a month or so. It is rare indeed to find guests staying at any house; if you do, be sure they are paying for their board. Even when the guest is a member of the family and makes no actual payment, a good deal of barter has to be practised to make things pleasant. There are no Christmas gatherings nor summer junketings. If a gentleman takes ladies for a day's outing, he will probably ask them to defray expenses some time later, without any idea that he has committed a breach of etiquette and hospitality. A gentleman once presented me with a magnificent bouquet, at least I thought he had, but as the bill was sent in to me on the same handsome scale, I found he had only *ordered* it. If a stranger be invited to spend the evening at any house, he will be entertained with a long talk on the merits and wonders of America; and though there may be singing, music, and card-playing, besides *dancing* in which few English ladies would join, and no French girls be allowed, as it partakes too much of the *Bal Mabille* style, yet all festive entertainment is absent. One, two, three, five hours you may remain and enjoy yourself, if you can. But it is a fast and not a feast you are bidden to. For you are offered neither bite nor sup. You may, if you like, steal into the corner where the inevitable pitcher of ice-water stands and refresh yourself there. Two or three glasses are placed by it for the use of the whole company, after the fashion of Miss Sinclair's fountains for cabmen and ragged schools in Edinburgh. The guests may expend as much time and energy as they like in amusing themselves and their "hostess;" but she will expend no money nor provisions on them. I remember seeing in *Punch* a sketch supposed to have been taken at the Vegetarian Festival at the Crystal Palace. One man is taking his departure; another seeks to detain him, saying, "Don't go yet, old fellow, don't go and—— I'll stand *another lettuce.*" The American says, "Come to my house, old fellow, and dance, and sing and talk for the honour and entertainment of me and my guests for four or five hours and —— I'll stand a *glass of ice-water.*" Why the vegetarian's offer was reckless prodigality compared with it!

In New England, however, they still retain the old-fashioned Northumbrian tea, all seating themselves round a table covered with a white cloth and an endless variety of cakes. These, with the peculiar American disregard of euphony, are called by the ugliest names conceivable; they are followed by numerous other indigestible compounds; so that you are no longer at a loss to account for the sallow complexions of those who are devouring them so eagerly, with bitters and molasses; the everlasting ice-water is handed round with the tea, and is *mixed with it* by some persons. On the table is placed a variety of pickles, hot-peppers, preserved fruits, and dry smoked uncooked beef, which is cut up into very fine shreds and forms thus a very good relish.

Wines or spirits are rarely offered at any entertainment, not even at weddings. A marriage in America is a considerably drier piece of business than a funeral elsewhere; sometimes the marriage takes place early in the morning—six or seven o'clock—and bride and bridesmaids go shivering to the altar, in the cold semi-twilight, in what they call their "travelling suits," and armed with large umbrella over-shoes, waterproofs, and all the disagreeable appurtenances for setting out on a long journey. Their breakfast is a scramble of hot dough, beef-steaks or some other "hunting" breakfast fare of the time of Queen Elizabeth. After the ceremony there is no feast, no drinking of the bride's health and groom's happiness, no blushing bridesmaids, no fun or festivity whatever. "All going merry as a marriage bell," is a mere fiction; there are no bells, or if there are, they ring no joyous peals. Usually marriages take place in the house or before the magistrate, but it is just becoming *fashionable* to have the ceremony performed in a church, with veils, bridesmaids, &c.

It is said that the English can do nothing unless eating and drinking enter into the programme; in America they do everything without it. Which is the better custom? Having gout in view may admit of argument, but there can be no two opinions as to which is the more hospitable one. A French gentleman of distinction, describing American customs to me, remarked as the culminating point of everything *outré*, "*On m'a offert un verre d'eau! Voilà tout.*" Had it been *eau sucré*, or flavoured with *fleur d'orange*, he would not have felt it as a slight; but simply *un verre d'eau* excited his disgust. Probably one of the causes of this Lenten fare is the ultra-prudism about drinking wine. Few ladies are bold enough to acknowledge that they take anything of the kind, and I have absolutely heard a lady declare, when her sister lay dying, that unless she had positive proof that the brandy, which the doctor had ordered, was indispensably necessary to save her life, she would not allow her to take it. Many ladies procure medical certificates that they may be allowed to indulge a little, otherwise they take it *sub rosâ*. For a lady would lose caste immediately, if she were seen with a bottle of wine placed by her *serviette* as in France. In the great cities, reckless men and fast ladies, who are beyond the pale of salvation, "past praying for," may be occasionally seen indulging in champagne; but in the provinces of the New England State, in correct society, a lady would be tabooed completely if she were to take wine with her dinner; and gentlemen set the example by not ordering it.

All this would be highly commendable were the result a sober nation, superior to the allurements of dissipation. But, the actual consequence of this extreme abstinence in public is over-indulgence in private, and drunkenness among the better classes is more prevalent than in any other country. It is a mere prudish affectation of a virtue which they do *not* possess, and is of precisely the same character as the mock modesty of American ladies, who would appear overwhelmingly shocked (if they did not faint) at the word "leg" used in their presence. You must say "limb" of a fowl, and the word "breast" must be avoided, if possible; yet the same women have freely displayed their own legs, when skating in crinolines and short petticoats.

The Germans have determinedly adhered to their *Lager Bier* in defiance of the forbidding looks of their would-be-thought Puritan neighbours. To a stranger who has possibly never in his life sat down to his dinner without wine, it appears a little shabby and inhospitable to have a pint and a half of water set before him instead, and it is a long time before he can accustom himself to eat a dry dinner, *à la* horse.

With the exception of Turkish hamals, Arabian camels, and locomotives, I never saw anything take in so much water as an American woman. Three pints of iced water with breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, is a very moderate estimate, and when the meal is over, she betakes herself to the first water-tank or fountain at hand, or if there is none, rings her bell. The boy, knowing full well what it means, rushes up to her, bearing three or four quarts of ice-water, which is to be her supply until the next meal. A lady, one of the *élite* of society, travelling the same route with us for several days, amused us very much by the race she made for every fountain we approached. In the railroad-car, or the steamboat, at the stations, in the vestibule of hotels, in the streets; wherever, in fact, there was water to be had, she stopped to drink, filled the large goblet to overflowing, thrust her left foot forward and the right arm back, waving it gently in time to each gulp. Often she took a second glass, remarking, when she had finished it, "I drink a deal of water." The observation was evidently superfluous, the fact was beyond contradiction.

I used to be amused when presenting letters of introduction, by noticing what evasions the persons to whom they were addressed would have recourse to. They would receive me with that cordiality and frankness which is one of the charms of American intercourse.

"Happy to make your acquaintance. My friend tells me you are most accomplished. We are proud to have you in our city. I guess we can show you as much intellectual society as in any city of the United States. We shall be delighted to have you come to us to entertain you, and make your stay agreeable. We must show you all our lions. Our cemetery is as fine as anything you'll have seen yet—splendid monuments. Guess you know something about sculpture? Been in Italy, my friend tells me. I doubt if you'll find them much a-head of our cemetery. You are stopping at the 'Phynix House'—first-class hotel—nothing much to beat it. But you must come to us; you English like home comforts, and we can show you something of that. We want to give you a favourable impression of *our city* and people."

After this conversation, one hears nothing of these friends for four or five days. You may have other letters of introduction, which call forth the same welcome, and you begin to wonder how you can distribute yourself amongst so many friends; but you will get a note or a visit to say how they regret, "We cannot have you come to us as we had hoped, as we are to have painters in the house, but we shall like to make your stay agreeable, and show you the beauties of the place. Guess you like buggy-riding?" Then another finds it "Right provoking that her sister-in-law with four children have just arrived, and 'crowded' them up so, she could not make you as comfortable as she should like to," but she hopes you will come up some evening, as the cars run within two blocks; she knows it will "be a real intellectual treat to have me."

Not meeting the great intellectual lights I have been promised, I am told it was unfortunate I came at this time, as the great Professor Jellybobs is visiting the Springs. The buggy-ride also does not come off, as something happens about this time to one or all of its *springs.* Perhaps I go to an evening party where I am entertained with ice water, but find that I have to *entertain* the whole company with music and singing, and even reciting. Every lady refuses to touch the piano, but flatters me by saying that I played such good dance music she would like to take a turn. Tables and chairs are soon bundled out of the way, and off they all go in a waltz.

Finally, I had to take a carriage and drive out alone to see *the cemetery*, which was usually very pretty, with flowers and evergreens and monuments without any special artistic beauty, and similar to scores of others I had seen in America. What struck me as most extraordinary was, that wherever I went I arrived at an unfortunate time. "If I had come last week, or could have deferred my visit for another month, my friends could have given me a reception which would have astonished me." At one city in particular, where I had, I remember, a great number of letters of introduction, one and all to whom they were addressed lamented that I had not come a week sooner. They usually inquired to whom I had brought letters, and upon my mentioning, amongst others, Judge N——, they would exclaim, "Well, that's a pity; he died only a few days ago, choked by trying to swallow an oyster. I tell you, madam, that oyster was nigh half a foot long, and could not be got either up or down. The doctors cut his throat, but it was no use, they could not get it out. Yes, madam, I tell you it was a great oyster! A pity you did not come last week, you would have seen the most *elegant gentleman* in the States. He would have been delighted to make your acquaintance, and would have entertained you like a prince. Every delicacy of the season at *his* table, and flow of intellect as well; and although we should have done our utmost to make your stay agreeable, we do not feel up to the mark just now. It is a *real* pity you could not have come a week or two sooner." I said I regretted I did not know that Judge N—— had not the capacity to swallow an oyster half a foot long, or I would have hastened my journey. After hearing this absurd story repeated at least twenty times, it became difficult for me to control my facial nerves, and to look grave for the occasion. The oyster case, however, was a fact, though I failed to see the connection between it and not entertaining a stranger.

In another city the excuse was a broad audacious fiction. My friends there had gone a little further than usual in their hospitable invitations, and the day and hour had actually been fixed for my visit. My boxes were being placed upon a carriage, which I had to pay three dollars for, when a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family I was about to visit, rushed up to me, seemingly very much excited. He said—

"My friend, Mr. B——, has suddenly been subpœnaed on a jury, and he has commissioned me to wait upon you."

"Oh," I replied, "I am sorry, but it is not of much consequence. I suppose he will be at home to-night or to-morrow."

"Well," he said, "I reckon"—(he was a Western man)—"that's not the worst of it—they've got a corpse in the house."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "I trust no member of the family is dead?"

"Well, not just that—at least, none of them you know; but Mr. B——'s brother-in-law's father has died down away in Arkansas, and they are sending the body on to be buried in Tennessee. You wouldn't feel, I reckon, like stopping in the house with it, would you?"

"Certainly not," I replied, quite shocked. "I could not think of inconveniencing them under such circumstances. Pray express my sympathy and condolence."

"Well," he said, "I reckon there's not much need of that, as they never saw him in the flesh. But we'll just have your boxes taken off the carriage."

It came afterwards to my knowledge that the *jury* and the *corpse* were both *myths*, the lady having declared to a friend that she had neither servants, glass, nor plate, and therefore could not receive me, yet she had come to visit me in a carriage and pair.

The funny excuses I received were endless, varied, and general. But I am bound to say that some families received me most hospitably and with warm kindness, and that I met with individuals both intellectual and gracious, of whom I still retain an affectionate remembrance, so if friends were *few*, they were really sincere.

One very prominent feature in the American character is the love of *hazard*—the speculation of gambling. This love of risk and chance has both its good and bad side. It creates enterprise, but it destroys permanency. An American will not adopt a business or profession, and plod with it through life, no matter how fair an income he is making by it. There seems to be a necessity for him to speculate in something. If by chance he is connected with shoemaking, he will invent a new kind of ladies' boots to lace half way up the leg, and call them "gaiters." There is no demand or need for them at all. They are also very inconvenient; no improvement on the old ones. Nevertheless he has a few thousand manufactured and distributed to the leading bootmakers, with a very high price set upon them, higher than any other boots. Then he advertises them, vaunts and extols them, spends every dollar he has or can borrow in this process, gets them shown off on false legs, sometimes on real ones. "I reckon I have put out ten thousand dollars on this venture, and I am bound to make twenty." And in a very short time the whole of the female portion of America are walking about in the said "gaiters." Trade and commerce is carried on in this same speculative way. There is no end to the inventions by which a heap of money is to be made at one *coup*, rather than by patient working for moderate profits.

A gentleman told me that he had once made twenty thousand dollars upon a cargo of onions which he bought for a trifling sum in one of the Pacific Islands, and carried to a large mining district, where they were too busy picking gold to attend to the cultivation of onions; nor did they need or think of them. They had lived for a length of time without, and had well nigh forgotten them. But when it was announced with a great flourish of trumpets that a hundred thousand bags of onions had arrived, every one "concluded" "they felt like having some." But the excitement and speculative ardour had to be fomented; and the first applicants for the onions had to be refused, being told that they could only be sold in certain large lots. Disappointment aroused competition, and the onions rose in value in the market. Onions seemed at once to become a necessity of life, and no doubt the miners scented them afar off, and determined to have them at any price. You could not find a surer way of securing an American purchaser than to tell him the article was too expensive for him. "I reckon I have as much right to eat onions as any man in these parts; and onions I'll have, if I pay a dollar apiece for them." In fine, such was the result: the onions sold for *one dollar each*, "though of course," said my friend, "there were not nearly so many as I had set forth; I only wish there had been." Government places are speculated for, much in the same way. For instance: a man is in business as a tailor, when it occurs to him that, as he has a large custom, he could get himself nominated as a candidate for the post of senator, governor, postmaster, &c. .He spends a great deal of money in bribery, coaxing and talking his friends into the idea. He reckons, or calculates, that if he gets the berth, he can make more money out of it in four years than he could out of tailoring in six. Then comes the excitement—the gambling delight. If he is not elected perhaps he is ruined. But the fear of bankruptcy never deters an American from speculating. If he loses one fortune he sets to work to make another. He will turn lecturer, retailing some one else's wisdom as his own; set up a newspaper, so libellous and scandalous that everybody buys it; or he physics the people with some new pill, or poisons them with some new candy.

There is a versatility in his genius for speculating in money, which is unappreciable in Europe. Whilst the ruined Englishman would be lamenting over what was to become of his wife and children, the American poetically suggests she should sell her jewelry, her furniture, or go to her mother whilst he goes to Chicago or Cincinnati, where he thinks he is bound to make money, and where, when he gets a bit straight, she can "come to him," and bring the children.

This is one reason why husbands and wives live so much apart in America. The wife goes to her mother, and speculates on her own account in a boarding-house, if she can succeed in inducing any gentleman to lend her the money, for the loan of which he takes out his board. He also gets a number of his friends to lodge in the same house. If the husband in Cincinnati does succeed in making money, the wife will "go on to him;" but if he does not, or spends it on some one else, she "concludes" to remain with the rich friend, and notifies him to that effect—namely, as he does not seem able to support her, Mr. ——— can; and she is decided to break off with the old love, and take Mr. ——— in marriage.

It is unnecessary to allude to the speculations of Wall Street. The country is kept in a ferment by the reckless spirit of risk. "I will make twenty thousand dollars, or I will lose every cent I have," says an American with the greatest *sang froid*. Newspapers write sensational articles calculated to provoke shooting or whipping, as a mere speculation to sell the paper. The writer knows that if he can produce an affray hot enough, he will sell so many more editions of his paper. He takes the risk of being shot or flogged himself, and sits in his office with a loaded revolver near his inkstand. The indignant sufferer from the article walks in—inquires if he is the writer of the obnoxious article. The editor places his pen in his ear, lays his hand on the revolver, and admits he is. The aggrieved is thus reduced to bullying abuse, and cannot proceed to violence, as he would at once lose his life; the editor coolly waiting with his finger on the trigger.

The next morning the paper has two columns descriptive of the affair. It surpasses all the other papers in interest, and sells five times as many editions. The speculation has succeeded, although the editor has risked his life, and in some cases has even lost it; for his foe has waited for him, and taken him when unaware of danger, and shot him down.

There are few editors who have not had affairs of this kind, accidental or provoked, and upon some of the Western papers they employ what is called "The Fighting Editor," who fathers all the objectionable articles.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLESTON, S. CAROLINA.

THE summers in New York are extremely hot, the winters extremely cold. It was because of the near approach of the latter, with its sleighs and fur robes, that we determined on commencing our tour by way of the sunny South—the repulsion of a New York winter proving more powerful than the attraction of a New York fashionable season.

The first Southern city we entered was Charleston, which, after having visited a score of others, still seems to me the most interesting and the most worthy of description. The first glimpse I had of Charleston filled me with that sort of tender pity which is felt on entering a beautiful cemetery; that sort of feeling which inspired Hamlet when he apostrophized the grave of Yorick. It was just after the war of Secession, and there was a sad, suffering, woe-begone look about the place, that appealed to the heart, as well as to the sense of poetic melancholy—a thing sufficiently rare in America.

The battered walls, and broken pillars of churches standing in desolate dignity, for pillars, even in ruins, always seem as though they dared to be free; the roofless houses, the paneless windows, and the stagnation reigning over a city once so beautiful, wealthy, and full of vitality, could not but strike the stranger with a sense of desolation, and even of awe; though he should not have read in the faces of the inhabitants the history of hope departed, of strife in vain, of useless sacrifice, of poverty and humiliation, bitter contempt, and smothered hatred. And all this was plainly legible on the countenance of every Charlestonian.

"A pleasant spot 'twas said to be in days of yore,
But something ails it now—the place is curst."

Most of the houses are built in purely Southern style, with piazzas and verandahs all round, often made of wood; so that they easily fell into ruin and decay when neglected. But others were of handsome stone, especially those situated on what is called "The Battery," facing the harbour. These stately mansions seem to have fronted the whole tide of war, and to have bid defiance alike to time and tide, fire and shell. Nearly all of them had been abandoned by their owners. In some few cases, ladies, who alone of their families had survived the terrible havoc, were even then secluding themselves in the back apartments. They had barely sufficient food to sustain life, and performed for themselves the most menial offices; scarcely ever venturing abroad into the garish sunlight, and carefully concealing their destitution from all.

The stone gables and pilasters bore evident traces of the enemy's fire; but considering the length of time that Charleston was invested and shelled, it is only astonishing that any Charleston was left to tell the tale. The streets must have been beautiful in summer, from the avenues of trees which lined them on either side. Everywhere in the garden or other convenient spots, magnolias spread their broad, glossy leaves, and perfumed the air with delicious odour. The wild orange and cactus, with many other tropical evergreens, abounded and lent a charm of poetry to that air of misery, which otherwise would have characterized a town so battered as Charleston was; but with this rich floral setting, she still wore a melancholy smile in the midst of her ruin.

Along the esplanade, or "The Battery," is a fine sea-wall, which was the former fashionable promenade of the inhabitants of Charleston; it was then generally deserted, except by a few negroes on Sunday. Charleston is situated at the mouth of two rivers, the Cooper and the Ashley, on a pretty bay in which lies Sullivan's Island, Forts Moultrie, Pinckley, and Sumpter, so celebrated in the civil wars of the United States. Fort Sumpter was the bone—or rather *rock*—of contention from the beginning to the end of the war. From Fort Moultrie rose the spark which set the whole land in a blaze, and half buried it beneath the smouldering ashes. Little did the haughty Carolinian, when he heard the "boom" of that first shot ring over Charleston, dream that it was the knell of his pride and power—that his proud splendour and fierce unrelenting sway should by that shot be hurled in the dust, in which he was then grinding, with his iron heel, his cowering slave. "How are the mighty fallen!" What a story of terrible retribution was written in bloody cipher, on many a ruined wall and fallen stone in Charleston!

On commencing these sketches of America, I had formed the resolution of avoiding the vexed subjects of war and politics; but on becoming better acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, I found that to have dismissed war and politics entirely from consideration, would have been to materially interfere with that correct view of men and things, which it has been my earnest wish to give. In the South, especially, scarcely any conversation was addressed to me which did not include those subjects. "How do you like our city, madam? Ah! you ought to have seen it before the war." That was the constant refrain, and then would follow the speaker's particular notions on this point. If I inquired what was the commerce or population of a place, it was always with the same result.

"Well, there is nothing much doing now; no crops to speak of since the war;" or, "I reckon the city is full of Yankees. Do you mean with or without the Yankees?"

If I inquired the value of produce on land, they invariably began by telling me what it was "before the war." In fact, the late war, with its horrible results, had so impregnated their minds, that it was impossible to ignore the hold it had on them, and the influence which the memories of it exercised upon their daily life and course of thought.

Above all stalked that dark Frankenstein of the South, the negro—their own creation, and now their endless bane. And, as the position of the Southern man has been vitally affected by, and is still intimately involved with, the altered status of the negro, as that negro is, at the present time, the great instrument wielded by the North for the political torture and oppression of the South, we must, in noticing the South, of course notice the Southern man, and, to understand his position, that of the negro must be considered; to comprehend which, politics must be pretty fully discussed.

A stranger sailing direct from New York to Charleston will be greatly struck with the change which forty-eight hours can produce, as much in the inhabitants as in the climate. The South Carolinian seemed almost of a different race. Tall, thin, well-formed, sinewy men, sallow complexioned, with long features, long, dark, straight hair, and deep-set eyes of a most peculiar grey. Actually they are of a light pale colour, but at a little distance simulating a *dark* mysterious hue, as though they had more in their depth than could be read at a single glance. They have a carriage differing far from the hurried shuffling tread of the business and money-making man of the North. It tells of rule and authority. 'Tis the steady, stately footfall of a man conscious of the ownership of the land upon which he walks. This carriage struck me as resembling more that of the Circassian than that of any other race I can call to mind, the Circassian being the highest type of manly beauty; for much as the beauty of their women has been vaunted, it in no way excels that of the men. Their figures are the perfection of symmetry, averaging six feet. The dark, flashing, dauntless eye bespeaks the unconquered warrior soul.

To return to the Southerner. There is more dignity—more native polish—about him than the Northerner. His demeanour conforms more nearly to the established idea of a gentleman. The Northern man appears to have adopted a semi-French manner, which sits uneasily upon him; but the Southerner has a bearing of his own, which is graceful and becoming. Their long frock-coats, and broad-leaved hats of straw or felt, are suitable to the climate, and the latter far more becoming than the hideous "chimney-pot." In summer they wear no vest, and with their broad white shirts and white trousers they only lack a *ceinture*, or sash, for the dress to be really picturesque. There was a look of deep depression on the face of every man in Charleston; and although I should never wish to have seen him in all the glory of a slave-owner, yet to behold him in the ruins of his former power was very painful.

The siege of Charleston having lasted nearly the whole four years of the war, few of the houses escaped quite intact. Even those that appeared to be uninjured, were so much shaken in their foundations, that doors and windows had fallen from the perpendicular, and so gave a general look of wreck and disorder to the city.

A terrible fire which devastated Charleston at the commencement of the war, added much to the desolate appearance, for no attempt had then been made to rebuild the portion destroyed. This fire spread diagonally across the city from one end to the other, sweeping everything before it. Persons who heard the fire-bell ringing a mile away and gave themselves little uneasiness, as the fire was not in their district, were afterwards obliged to flee for their lives. The burning embers fell so thickly over all parts of the city, that it became dangerous to walk from under cover. Two of the finest churches in Charleston were destroyed. And the State house, in which the vote of secession was carried, was burnt also.

St. Michael's church, the oldest in the State, was looked upon with great veneration by the inhabitants; not for its beauty, for it was one of those ugly English churches which years ago were considered the proper thing by our Puritan ancestors: the "rebuke-to-vanity" order of architecture. It has a chime of bells which every Sunday ring out the *refrain* of their own vicissitude, not

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London;"

but

> "Peal again, O Charleston bells,
> In spite of Yankee shots and shells."

Those bells have a remarkable history. They were cast in England early in the last century, and continued to be the pride and glory of Charleston until they became a mark for the shot from Morris Island, then in the occupation of the Federals. So many shells were sent whizzing around these devoted chimes, that no less than thirty had hit the house next door, the hotel in which I stayed. But the steeple seemed to bear a charmed existence. The Charlestonians however, being a people of little faith, decided to take down their precious bells, and convey them into the interior of the country, where they hoped they would be out of danger. But sometimes our seemingly wisest precautions prove our direst snares. The bells were taken to Columbia. The steeple was never hit, or at most was but slightly grazed by all the fire of the batteries; but Sherman's troops ran riot over the unfortunate Columbia, the flower of South Carolina, and wantonly seized and broke up the wandering bells, and many a house and home too. The horrors of war came to an end at last, and the affectionate care for the bells returned; the fragments of them were collected and despatched to England to the same firm, which more than a hundred years ago, had sent them out to chime in a foreign land. By a reference to the books of the establishment, the exact weight and calibre which the bells had formerly borne, was ascertained. The metal was recast and the bells again shipped for Charleston. But further vicissitudes awaited them. They were seized at the Yankee Custom-house, and a duty of several thousand dollars was charged on them. The impoverished Charlestonians were unable to pay it. Thus, they lay impounded for many months until the ladies, with their usual zeal, contrived by means of bazaars and concerts, to realize a sum sufficient for the release of the bells from durance vile. Restored to their belfry they once more ring out,

> "Peal again, O Charleston bells,
> In spite of Yankee shots and shells."

From this church tower during the still hours of the night, comes the tristeful cry of the watchman, "Past twelve, all's well: bright starry night," or "stormy night." An old English custom, now rarely met with, except in some far away town to which the modern policeman has not penetrated. It is curious to note these old mother-country customs, amongst a people so ready to repudiate any affinity with it, and who are themselves unconscious whence they derive them.

The Charleston ladies have a habit of wearing loose shawls about in the house, not for warmth, for they are constantly hanging off instead of on their shoulders, as was the fashion with our grandmothers, and is portrayed in English pictures of that date.

Charleston maintains its freedom, has its full quota of churches of various denominations, and as in all other Southern cities, duplicated into white and black. White Catholics and black, blue Presbyterians and grey; the "blue" referring to the shade of their opinions, the "grey" to tints of race.

By the kindness of the general officer in command, we were permitted to make a tour of the different forts and fortifications, and particularly of Sumpter and Moultrie, now so celebrated in history. The key of the South so fought over and wept over, taken and retaken, and bombarded for four years, Sumpter was nothing more than a ruin ; but a ruin of different kind from the ruins of the city of Charleston, ruins

"That weep o'er the unreturning brave."

Sumpter is almost a circular island, the centre scooped out like a basin, with deep galleries beneath in the thickness of the outside rampart. Inside these walls were chambers sufficient to shelter its three or four hundred defenders. It is a good criterion of the superiority of earthworks over any fortifications of masonry. All the brick work round Sumpter was soon smashed to pieces, but the earthworks and gabions could be replaced in a few minutes, when destroyed or broken by the shot. Indeed, in Sebastopol it would appear that they made use of whatever came first to hand, and rammed in the dead gunners, thus making him defend his post dead or alive. "Bury me where I fall," said a gallant young officer leading a forlorn hope, and so it came to pass. But I doubt if ever a soldier requested that a gabion should be made of his dead body. It was a ghastly sight when at last a Russian fort was taken, and these horrid sepulchres unearthed. A general officer in command at Fredericksburg, told me that the most horrible task he had ever had to perform, in all his experience in campaigning, was the having to cut a trench through the dead bodies of his own fallen battalion, killed some weeks before in an assault upon the enemy's work, in which they had been repulsed and compelled to retreat leaving their dead. How often must the dying and badly wounded share this fate, abandoned by both sides from the proximity of the guns and continuousness of the fight.

Sumpter stands a proud, defiant, though artificially formed rock, four miles out in the bay, and right in front of Charleston. It is the stern guardian of the city, which, situated on a slip of land between two rivers, is almost an island itself, and almost unassailable, except by water; so, until Sumpter fell Charleston was able to hold her own.

Shells fell all over the city, causing dismay and sometimes death. One came through the roof of the college, where a number of professors were holding a scientific *réunion*, on some supposed vestige of pre-Adamite creation, which had been found on the Ashley River, a short distance from Charleston. The shell struck the table, round which they were gathered, without injuring any of them, went down through three storeys, and buried itself in the cellar, carrying with it the *specimen* and the *débris* of the table. But so long as it could be supplied from the town (for which there was facility enough during the darkness, and even in daylight), Sumpter was impregnable. One of the exciting amusements of Charleston about this time, was the carrying of provisions into Sumpter, and to enhance the pleasure, ladies frequently joined the excursion to spend the evening with their lovers, brothers, and husbands imprisoned there. Very many parties are said to have come off within these dismal walls, but (like the ghosts) they had to flock home before daylight, leaving behind them, no doubt, a ray of light to cheer their brave defenders.

Charleston can boast of as many handsome buildings as any other American city. One of the finest is the gaol, which is similar to, though not as handsome, as the Calton gaol in Edinburgh. It has a large and handsome orphan asylum, in the grounds of which an armless statue of the great Chatham has found refuge. This house contains three hundred orphans, as well cared for as any in the country, or probably out of it. The children were put through some arithmetical drill for our edification ; others added, subtracted, multiplied, etc., with such rapidity, that it might have been Sanscrit for all I could tell. Nothing appears to me so wonderful, as to hear the little children of those charity or normal schools racing away at figures as hard as they can talk, never making a slip or a mistake. There is also a college where medical students can graduate, and which turned out before the war some of the principal medical men of the South. The arsenal, which is now used as barracks, was formerly a large military school, such as West Point.

The houses in the suburbs are detached, and are surrounded by gardens and magnificent trees. The streets are for the most part unpaved, which renders the city very quiet but very dusty in dry weather, and very muddy in wet. Cars run through most of the thoroughfares, and are the principal means of transit, carriages of any kind being scarce. In fact, it requires some agility in a stranger to ride in a buggy in Charleston streets, the seat being not more secure that that of a dog-cart, while the ruts are both deep and sudden. There is, however, in the buggy a little iron rail, under which you can insert your feet, so that in case of losing your balance, which you continually do, you may still hold on with your toes.

The most wonderfully beautiful tree which attracted our attention in this tour in the South, was what the Americans call the "live oak" (*quercus vivens*). It grows in most of the Southern States, is of great durability, and highly esteemed for ship-building. The tree has no resemblance to our English oak, except in its full leafy form, the leaves themselves being small and evergreen, resembling those of the prickly holly. These trees grow to an enormous size, and are green through the winter. They are draped also with what is called "American moss," which, however, has no affinity to our moss, but is rather of the lichen species. It is of a silver-grey colour, and instead of creeping and clinging, swings itself from every bough and leaf, and droops perpendicularly towards the earth in most delicate feathery festoons. It shapes itself into the most symmetrical forms, ever keeping a fine point downwards, and draping heavier as it ascends like a stalactite, or icicle. We drove into the very heart of an old forest of these trees, some of them hundreds, and some supposed to be even a thousand years old. Long avenues of them, draped with the grey tillandsia, looked like the interior of an ancient cathedral, the moss hanging in stalactites from the bright, green, leafy, dome-like, pointed Gothic architecture.

If the Pilgrim Fathers had suddenly come upon one of these avenues on landing from the "Mayflower," they would have imagined that Nature had herself built them a temple "in freedom to worship God." Anything more awe-inspiring and impressive can scarcely be conceived than these giant trees, spreading their leafy arms and dropping a grey fleecy veil over the earth. There is something weird and ghost-like in the swaying and trailing of this fragile lichen. Such forests should be haunted by "goblins grey." An artist's pencil could but faintly portray the thrilling effect of this scenery, and as we traversed it by a long plank road, the hollow echo of the horses' feet was a fitting accompaniment to the scene. It was just such a spot as one would not care to visit alone at dusk, unless on a tryst with a spirit of gloom. I believe if only a squirrel had suddenly sprung from the undergrowth of tangled shrubs, I could scarcely have suppressed a scream. If ever spirits of the air were conjured to descend to mortals, 'twould surely be in these dark forests of pine and oak, with this grey mysterious curtain overshadowing them. The stone pine and cypress tend to increase the grandeur of the gloom. No sight has ever touched my heart with such a mysterious feeling of fear and awe, with the exception of the Egyptian sphinx.

Two-thirds of the population of Charleston were said to be black, or "black and tan," for the shades and varieties are numerous, the mixture of races and the freaks of nature having made such confusion, that there seemed to be quite a population of odds and ends. Long hair with negro features; light copper-coloured skin with thick lips and frizzled hair, the latter seeming to hold its own the longest. Those who have known the negro in his native country, or in an Asiatic costume, cannot realize his extreme ugliness until they have beheld him, or rather her, in a modern fashionable bonnet, trimmed according to negro taste with a red ribbon, yellow rose, and purple feather, and stuck in ungainly attitude on their black frizzled hair, throwing into strong contrast the sooty face. Certainly modern dress is not becoming to the black race. They look far better with a bright coloured handkerchief bound round the head.

Some of the mulattos are rather pleasing in appearance where the right shade has been hit off, but that is not often the case, and where the skin becomes quite white or yellow, and the eyes remain dark, the effect is startling and repulsive in the extreme. The negro children are funny little round black things, fully realising the word "piccaninnies." They have much the same sort of beauty as little pups, or little pigs, lacking entirely that exquisite loveliness and angelic sweetness, which surrounds the rosy form of a white infant. I saw a curious specimen of a little darkie not over a foot high. It was running and hopping about upon its tiny little limbs, not thicker than a man's finger, dressed in a single garment of gay-coloured cloth. I could scarcely make out whether it was a gigantic fly, or one of those little creatures we sometimes see seated on a box-organ, and playing cymbals to its master's organ-grinding, it so much resembled a monkey.

The cemetery is about a couple of miles from the city, and was in keeping with its fallen grandeur. In its palmy days it must have been one of the most picturesque of its kind. It had all the adjuncts of beauty and solemnity which nature and art could bestow, and the effect produced by the tilentia drooping over the monuments was as fine as can be imagined. The cemetery was nearly covered with wild flowers, not having been attended to during the war. I thought its beauty enhanced by this floral decoration, but its lavish overgrowth was considerably deprecated by the Charlestonians.

To turn from the sublime to the ridiculous, there was one tomb which struck me as essentially comic, and as such it must attract the attention of all strangers. It consisted of a square of ground railed in, and dedicated to the memory of "Mrs. Maria Wise, wife of Alfred Wise, native of Islington, Middlesex, London,

She departed this life, fifty-one years of age
She was——————————but words
Are wanting to say, what—
Say what a wife should be—
And she was that."

This epitaph was written on a slab of white marble, forming what looked like the front of a miniature temple of Bacchus; the rest of it being built of shells, fragments of a blue pot, and the bottoms of green bottles. The hands of the bereaved husband had placed them there, and perhaps he had consoled himself with the contents of the bottles. On a shield on the opposite side was the inscription,

"True love never fades in this temple:
Raised as a tribute of love and gratitude
To the soul of Maria—
O, sainted Maria!"

In another part of the enclosure was a small ship, also the handiwork of the bereaved. It was erected in memory of an event which had occurred to "Maria," she having nearly been drowned on her voyage to America. On the side of this ship was inscribed, "I had your first and last kiss," but no corroborative evidence was offered. On the other side was the motto which adorns the two cent coinage of the United States, "In God we trust," and at the bows was the French flag. At the main-mast was the Union Jack, at the stern, the American "stars and stripes." Besides the ship there was an obelisk made of three pieces of wood, nailed together and painted to imitate *lapis lazuli*, on the three sides were written, "Sacred —silence—sleep." It would be impossible to enumerate all the odds and ends that adorned the tomb of the "sainted Maria." More or less they had all fallen into decay. The cruel moral of the story of the "sainted Maria" being that Thomas had married again!

Ruin and despair were the characteristics of Charleston at the time of my visit, and it is very doubtful if the city will ever rise again to the same importance as before the war. The trade which made it one of the proudest and wealthiest cities of America, had been diverted into other channels, and the men whose energy and enterprise made it what it was and at last brought about its ruin, are dead, or have been scattered abroad, poor and broken-hearted as those who cling to its broken pillars. *Væ victis!* is the general cry through the Southern States.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE Negro question, or "Coloured People Interrogation," as they would have it called, had plunged the whole Southern community into ruin and something approaching despair. The sudden turning loose of five millions of savage natives upon civilized society, was very much like throwing open the flood-gates of a place that shall be nameless, although it seems to be a favourite term in America. That such an experiment did not result in the production of five million demons was owing to the fact, that more than four millions of them were yet too imbued with the nature of the lower animals to rise to that of the fallen angel, and participate in his capabilities for mischief. But all the evils which could arise from the policy of freeing slaves, in order to harass the white inhabitants of the

South, have arisen. The first of these fell upon the unlucky porcine division of the liberated negro.

The only idea which the word *freedom* conveyed to his dark mind was that he should then and there step into the position occupied by his late owner, whom he imagined was henceforth to play "nigger" to him : he foresaw no other interpretation and considered this a feasible and proper arrangement. But his late owner not quite adopting this idea, the poor helpless creature being no longer attended to, fed, lodged and physicked, like cattle, and no better able to take care of himself, suffered, and perished like sheep deserted by the shepherd; for though I have likened the negroes to swine, they differ from the practical self-sustaining and philosophical race of American hogs in this particular. The negroes, from the moment of emancipation, have steadily decreased in numbers, from various and inevitable causes, one of which is, that in their affinity to the hogs, they possess very little love of offspring, and take no care to shield their young from infantile dangers. In slavery times, it was to the interest of the owners that every little one born should live, and the attending to their wants was quite a business for the ladies of the household, whilst the negro-mothers would be perfectly indifferent in the matter, having scarcely any idea of the duties of mothers or wives.

Before I was initiated into the mysteries of colour, I said to a black woman, very simply—

"How strange that your three children should be of such different complexions—one quite black, another light yellow, and the third copper colour."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, grinning delightedly; "that's 'cause of their *paws*" (fathers). "This one's was a real white man, as fair as you, miss," and so on. She had not been married "yet," she told me, but was going to be, when she could meet with "a nice white man." I told her she could not be lawfully married to a white man, as there was a law prohibiting these unions. She replied, "Oh, I'll get him some way," being evidently very indifferent as to the mode.

Numbers not willing to undertake the cares of maternity, have recourse to the most horrid form of infanticide; and where the law is so loosely administered, and the injured party too feeble to resist, crime can be committed with the greatest impunity. The "attorney-general," or "district attorney," troubles himself little how many small blackamoors are put quietly out of the world. Sometimes some philosophic Northerner will write to the newspapers to say, that this crime among the negro women is reaching a frightful pitch. The Southerner only shakes his head, and murmurs, "I told you so." And there the matter drops again. The real negro infants thus become few and far between. The mulattos fare better, as the white father is compelled to provide for their maintenance, for some years at least; and thus they are allowed to enter on this wearisome world, though usually delicate, and of much frailer organization than either the pure white or pure black.

I do not recollect ever to have seen an aged mulatto; but many of the real negroes profess to be over a hundred. Their ideas about figures or truth are, to say the least, indistinct and hazy; nevertheless, many of them are very aged. Another reason for the decay of the negro is, that he is an animal devoid of courage of that kind which can only be expressed by the word "pluck." When he is taken ill, he lies down and gives himself up; he has no idea of struggling with pain, and overcoming disease by resistance. In this he resembles a sick monkey, and, utterly bowed down and demoralized, he sinks before the slightest ailment, and dies. In slavery times, the death of a slave was so serious a loss, that the master threw all his energy and medical skill into the balance to counteract the pusillanimity of the negro nature, and, *bon gré mal gré*, dragged him back to life.

Now, left to himself, he is not only more prone to maladies, from his singular inaptitude for taking care of himself, but as he cannot comprehend the necessity of having a doctor, he creeps into a corner and dies very much like a dog, unheeded by his fellows and uncared for by his white neighbours.

When an epidemic occurs, it sweeps the negroes off as a murrain does cattle. A clergyman assured me that in his district, when the small-pox broke out, it carried off seven hundred negroes and only twenty whites. The Southerner points to these facts in triumph, and with a prophetic denunciation that the negro is doomed to speedy extinction. Not that I can see that one party's errors can justify the other's shortcomings, any more than that two wrongs can make a right; but it seems a satisfaction to those who have been ruined, to find that the *canaille* for whom they suffered are in no wise benefited. I agree with the Southerner so far, that I have never witnessed much honest prosperity among the freed negroes.

The males have been employed by government, for which their invincible ignorance wholly incapacitates them, and consequently have had to be summarily ejected for fraud and peculation. The females waddle about the streets of most of the Southern towns in terrific finery — the transparent livery of their sin. With the exception of the mulatto hairdressers of New Orleans, I have never met with a female of the negro tribe earning, by her own industry and capacity, even decent clothing at the American prices. The female negro is now possessed with the idea (the only one which seems to have entered her angular cranium) that she is a *lady*, and that any sort of labour is *infra dig.* If she has a husband to earn a livelihood for her, she refuses every sort of work, and will loll, half-clothed, about her filthy hut all day long; her children rolling about like so many young pigs. Few negresses can sew, and they scorn to scrub. Even the finery which they worship (when they can obtain it) has usually been contrived by white women. The unmarried ones—or I should rather say those who have no man to support them—will go out as servants, or do washing. I have known instances where a score or so of women, whose husbands were earning on a plantation rations of meal and bacon, refuse to do the washing of the family either for love or for money—compelling them to send it to the nearest town, five miles distant. If the white ladies up at the house would not do washing, such employment, they considered, must also be derogatory to *their* position.

The cabins, in which the whole family live together, consist of but one room, through the roof of which the water, when it rains, pours in streams. This herding together is entirely *par gôut*, for they have simply to cut down more trees and construct more rooms, and the leaking might be stopped with wood lying close at their doors—land and wood being of such small value in this country, that they can always have as much as they need. But the negro, except in very rare instances, has used his freedom to live in idleness and filth. The "Freedman's Bureau" offered several acres to each negro, with rations for his family for twelve months, on condition that he fenced it round—and forest trees grew there as thickly as asparagus—and planted for the next year, when the land became his own. But to the negro such advantages were offered in vain. That to live they must labour, few could comprehend, and they are still under the delusion that emancipation means sloth and sleeping in the sunshine. To cultivate their own plot, was an effort far too much for most of them; they preferred to live on charity, odd jobs, and thieving. For the negro, like a cat, is a born thief, and where he does not steal, his laziness recoils from the difficulty of the operation. He is also an intuitive liar, and only speaks the truth by accident.

As domestic servants, the negroes are the most tantalizing that can be imagined—having neither industry, exactitude, cleanliness, prudence, nor obedience.

Some of them show an aptitude for cooking, but it is only by great exertions that they can be induced to practise it. Others show some agility as waiters; but it requires the most stringent regulations to keep them in order, instant dismissal being the only remedy for inattention. No hotel proprietor would hire them if he could obtain white servants. Indeed, you may find in them nearly all the instincts of the lower animals, but little which characterizes them as man, save the power of speech; even that is very imperfect, the tongue being too large to articulate distinct sounds. I am speaking here of the pure blacks. They possess the mimicry of the monkey, the sagacity of the dog, the stealthiness of the cat, perversity in exact ratio with that of the mule, uncleanliness proportionate to the swine, laziness intense as that of the sloth, arrogance emulating that of the barn-door fowl, and vanity which outvies the peacock's. To counterbalance these qualities, so glaringly prominent, you seek vainly for those attributes which distinguish man as the highest of animals.

You find the negro wanting in the sense of right for right's sake; he has no idea of duty to

God, himself, or his neighbour. He is devoid of truthfulness, or any appreciation of it; is incapable of understanding virtue or devotion; he has no respect for justice, no patience under suffering, no fortitude under adversity, no admiration for the good or the beautiful, no milk of human-kindness for his fellows, and no true veneration for the Deity. His worship is made up of grotesque dancing, howling, and vicious excitement—presenting a more debasing and grosser spectacle than that of the dervishes. It was even stated in the public prints that they had, in New Orleans, reached the fanatical pitch of sacrificing young children and practising magic rites, called Houbon, by which individuals indicated at their meeting were secretly poisoned, ostensibly by the arts of witchcraft, but, in reality, naturally enough. This jugglery was suppressed by authority, and they were restricted to more harmlessly profane orgies. Of practical Christianity, the best of them cannot be said to understand much.

They have a natural instinct for "lifting up their voice," and in some places are called to church by the bellowing of a horn; but of the silent prayer of the heart, the love of little children, the charity to their neighbour, the giving of "a cup of cold water for Christ's sake," they have no more conception than their own

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hogs. The old and decrepit are left to die, and the children to starve, unless they receive care from the whites. Black mothers will shut their infants in a closet, whilst they go out for the whole day. They have turned a dying woman out into the forest to be devoured by bears or panthers, on the mere excuse that they wanted the miserable pallet on which she was lying. Their cruelty to their offspring is sometimes ferocious. A woman, rather decent of her kind, in the service of a friend of mine, insisted upon beating her child almost to death, the family having frequently to rush to the rescue of the poor infant. Her only excuse was that she wished it would die, and although she was the only servant of the family, they were at last obliged to put her in prison to prevent the accomplishment of her wish.

Of the rights of property the race has no conception. Opportunity is all that is wanted to make them thieves. As domestic servants, they steal the provisions so ruthlessly, and with such audacity, that I have known families in moderate circumstances almost starved out by their incessant plundering. In the country they ruin the planter by stealing his corn, cotton, pigs, poultry—anything indeed that is portable. If they are caught, imprisonment is no punishment to them; they are fed and left in idleness—that is all they want. If anything like civilized law were administered in the case of the negroes, as of white people in other countries, we should soon see as many of them in thraldom for small and great crimes as before the emancipation. Not that this is any argument in favour of slavery, but it is a strong proof that the negro cannot assume the position of a free man and citizen, with the right of suffrage and the right to do as he pleases, unrestrained by rigid laws.

In the more distant States, the Americans, so far as they are governed at all, are self-governed. The so-called court of justice being at best merely a *locale* where they settle disputes among themselves. Occasionally, a planter catching negro thieves *in flagrante delicto*, shoots one or two, and the law is equally gracious to the avenger as to the aggressor. The planter states (if it ever comes to trial) that he warned the negro to drop his hog, or he would shoot. He did not drop the hog, so he shot, and the negro died of it. Such is freedom in the South. The negro is free to steal if he can do so without being caught, and the proprietor is free to shoot him if he can catch him. Thus, in the nineteenth century, in this new republican country, we have come back to

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who's able,
And he should keep who can."

To such creatures as I have described, the right of suffrage has been given; the right of choosing leaders; the right of making laws; the right of swaying for good or evil one-third of the great continent of America! Creatures who cannot sign, and do not even know their own names, who cannot speak any known language intelligibly, and cannot be made to comprehend anything above the animal instincts common to the brute.

An instance occurred, where a black jury had to be sworn, of one of the negroes not knowing his own name. When it was asked, he replied "Dan." "Daniel what?" said the clerk of the Court. "Don't know 'bout Daniel. Used to be called Thompson, when Colonel Thompson owned me, but somehow I likes now to call myself Smith, but 'spects Dan's my name." Nothing more definite than this could be obtained from him. Such men as these were to decide the complicated rights of absentee ownership to property. However, before the Court rose, Master Dan had to be ejected, it having been discovered that he was a notorious hog-stealer. What if we canvassed the jails in England to obtain Members of Parliament!

When the Legislative Assembly was sitting in Charleston, one of the newspapers took the trouble to investigate the private history of each member. When set forth daily, it was little less infamous than the records of the Newgate Calendar, or a police court roll. Such were the legislators dictating laws in the once proud Charleston. An honest upright negro would indeed be regarded as a *rara avis.*

To enumerate instances of their ludicrous ignorance would fill a volume. Two or three illustrations shall suffice. A negro was a member of committee in Louisiana Legislature, where a scheme for a canal was under discussion. "Gen'l'men," said this darkie, probably not understanding either the words "scheme" or "canal," "hold hard a bit. Wouldn't it be better to wait until *de machine* come on from New York, den we be better able to decide about it!" Evidently he had confounded "scheme" and "machine," and thought them one and the same thing.

One of the most practical and intelligent negro servants I have met, was cook and housekeeper to some friends, to whom I was paying a visit. She could read, write, and sew, and studied her Bible every Sunday. She became very much interested in my travels, wishing to know the names of the various places to which

I had been, all of them "Greek" to her. Finding that she read her Bible, I thought she might feel interested to hear about Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs. "Missie been there?" she exclaimed, her eyes glittering with wonder and delight; "I reckon now missie's been everywhere, pretty near." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "I 'spects missie's been as far as heaven now, and seen all de angels, and tell all 'bout it." Rather nonplussed, I remained silent, and she continued—"Warn't de singin' beautiful? and warn't de angels' wings all golden? I 'spects Missie knows all about it." On relating this story to her mistress, she laughed, and remarked that, like the rest, she could never grasp an immaterial idea; but that, as far as everyday life went, she was nevertheless the best negro she had ever had, and far more intelligent than most of them. The profundity of their ignorance is quite startling, though sometimes very amusing.

Some other friends had a negress whose sayings and doings used to cause us merriment by the hour. She was one of the largest and most hideous creatures I ever saw, and as big and muscular as a man. One eye protruded on account of a great cut at the side, the other was blood-red; her blubber lips projected over immense fangs, and her hair was like tangled masses of grizzled tow. She had been a field hand belonging to a South Carolina family, and had joined the Federal army in its march into Savannah, believing firmly that she was marching on to Paradise, but the unmannerly gibes of the soldiers, who pretended to take her for a man, and made her carry a knapsack and gun, terribly disconcerted her. Footsore, and worn out, she arrived in Savannah, and, like many others, she found no Paradise with golden harps, but only a beleaguered city where famine reigned. She was taken compassion upon by my friends, who put her to rough work and cleaning. They chanced to be Catholics, and some members of the family were about to make their first communion. Noggie—that was her appellation—took deep interest in the proceedings, and her greatest delight was to be allowed to go to the handsome cathedral, where, I fear, her excessive devotion by no means conduced to gravity in the congregation. The statue of the Blessed Virgin draped in white lace, with a wreath of white lilies as an emblematic crown, had particular fascinations for her, and before this she would sit and rock herself, clasping her bony knees, grinning with delight, and showing all her fangs like a laughing hyena. One of the young ladies, seeing her zeal, undertook to instruct her and make a devout Catholic of her.

She would listen by the hour together to these instructions, shaking her shaggy head, and uttering growls of wonderment. She even learnt almost the whole catechism by heart from hearing it repeated; but the distinction between the ceremony of baptism, and that of a first communion, never could be drilled into her cranium. She wanted to do "'zactly as Miss Maria"—to wear a dress with long train, and a wreath of flowers on her head. When she was told that she was at liberty to take another name in baptism instead of "Noggie," and was asked after which of the young ladies she would like to be called—Miss Lucy or Miss Maria—she declared she would be called "Blessed Virgin Mary," and short of this high distinction she manfully refused to be baptised at all. After much persuasion, and the sight of her long trained white muslin dress and the "reaf" of flowers which she essayed with delight, she yielded the prefix of *Blessed Virgin*, and condescended to Mary. "Mighty sure," she said, "everybody tink, just like Blessed Virgin." Before her toilet was complete—and the young ladies could scarcely accomplish it for laughing—she contrived surreptitiously to cut off the sleeves of the dress to make short sleeves, which she conceived to be fashionable. The priest* who performed the ceremony, and the congregation who witnessed it, were almost suffocated with suppressed laughter, for Noggie, resplendent in her own imagination, put on all the airs of a great baboon, wriggling, and nodding her head, with the lilies upon it, like an old sweep-broom carried in May-day procession. Poor Noggie was quite equal to the feat of imitating her young mistress in wearing short sleeves and flowers in her hair, but deaf, and dumb, and blind, to those inward aspirations of which these outward forms are but the symbols.

CHAPTER VII.

HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

AIKEN, South Carolina, is situated on a ridge of sand-hills, covered with pine trees. It is considered one of the most healthy places in the United States, and particularly beneficial to consumptive persons, owing to the turpentine exhalations from the woods. The trees are tapped, and the resinous gum which exudes is eaten by invalids, as it is believed to be highly valuable in strengthening the lungs. Turpentine and resin are also manufactured in great quantities. The place consists of a sprinkling of houses, the cavalry barracks, and a very large hotel, generally filled with invalids, on whose account, however, no relaxation of hotel discipline is allowed. The few respectable houses around are occupied by doctors, who have a fine time of it at Aiken.

The rides and drives through the forest are beautiful; and being the only bit of hilly country within two hundred miles of Charleston, it is very refreshing and pleasing to the sight—the sandy roads, or rather tracks, answering the purpose of green sward. You may ride through miles and miles of this forest; indeed, the railroad from Charleston to Aiken runs through an almost unbroken line of pine trees. The species is called the fat-pine: it will light and burn like a candle, and is often used as such by the poorer inhabitants. It also supplies the place of paper for lighting fires.

At Aiken, to my great joy and satisfaction, I met once more the old log-fires of France; though not like them in all respects, as the ashes are cleared away every morning as with coal-fires; the result being that the wood, instead of smouldering for a week, goes out four or five times a day, in spite of any amount of vigilance, and any amount of wood consumed. However, such as it was, it was very grateful after the suffocating stoves of the North, and the sulphurous-smelling coal-fires, which at one time throw out a furnace heat, and then give no heat at all. So dreadful and unbearable is the heat from this coal, that it is often necessary, even with frost and snow on the ground, to throw up the window in order to breathe freely.

It is more than probable that the pernicious overheating of the houses in the] North is one cause of the sallow complexions of the Northern people, and of that pallid, dried-up look, which is recognized in Europe as "Yankee." At least, it is a potent ally of iced water and hot cakes. Every office or house of business that you visit is kept so hot, that you must inevitably take cold in returning to the street; and your own room is either freezing, or like a smelting-house; so that you are constantly occupied in swinging the door backwards and forwards, in order to relieve yourself from the sulphur which emanates from the coal, which is principally anthracite. It is quite an American characteristic, that although wood covers the land for thousands of miles, and is more agreeable to burn, yet, as coal has become *the fashion*, coal they will have, even though they have to import it from England. Just as they *will* have ships built in the Clyde, when there are hundreds of square miles of oak and solid mountains of iron under their very hands.

Nothing is esteemed in America for its intrinsic worth, but entirely for what it costs. In some countries a man is estimated by how much money he is worth; but in America it is "How much does he spend?" If he pays the highest price, he is held in the highest estimation. If an American wishes, as he invariably does, to ascertain your status and position in society, he will not form his ideas from your appearance, your conversation, or your manners; but at once pounces on the heart of the matter, and inquires where you stopped in New York, or any other large city with which he is acquainted. He knows then what you paid a day. If you tell him you staid at such and such an hotel, where your board cost you five dollars a day, and you were half famished at that, and would like therefore to find one where you might pay seven, he at once conceives the highest respect for you, and will show you some civility. Should you ask him to recommend you an hotel, you may be perfectly certain that it will be the most expensive one he knows. But if you happen, yourself, to stumble upon an out-of-fashion, moderate house, which has not the eternal, many-coloured carpet, and the mirrors, distorting you into all sorts of shapes, but where you get comfortably served in a plain way, your friends will make an onslaught upon you to get you away. They would nearly as soon see you lodged in jail as in a house where you are not paying an extravagant price, and which is consequently not fashionable. Indeed, by most of your friends, it would be considered a *casus belli* —a sufficient cause for cutting your acquaintance; unless perchance they were gaining something by you, when they would content themselves by silently despising you.

I can safely say that out of the hundreds of calls made by strangers upon me in this country, very few occurred at a private house, when I had been fortunate enough to get into one. It would almost appear as though the inhabitants of a city thought it their duty to sustain the proprietor of the principal hotel, by calling upon any guests of distinction he may have, and telling them, as they always do, of the merits of the establishment. They congratulate you on being "well located;" "Very fine house, the Tremont House," is their exclamation. "Very elegant gentleman, the proprietor;" "You will find the clerk a most accommodating gentleman;" "Table supplied with everything the market affords," and they might add, "all served up in greasy water." Prudence, economy, even honesty, seem to be old-fashioned virtues, quite out of date in the country. No one asks or cares *where* you get your money, if you get it. No one cares whose money you spend, so that you spend it. It would be nearly as prudent to admit yourself a pickpocket, as penniless. If a man adroitly cheats his neighbour he acquires reputation and respect as a "smart man." "Mean," "shabby," "cheat," are obsolete words, or not used as terms of disparagement; "mean" and "shabby" denoting only poverty.

At Aiken we visited a negro church, or rather barrack, the sun streaming in through every chink and crevice. The seats were unplaned planks, and nailed on two rough stumps. The preacher was a light mulatto, with very few traces of black blood, save that undefinable monkeyishness which Du Chaillu notes as going far to prove their affinity with that race. When the preacher perceived he had half-a-dozen strangers in his congregation, his antics became most amusingly grotesque. He had evidently been to hear some fashionable preacher, and had copied his gesticulation as nearly as might be in sepia; but the enunciation seemed rather to bother him. Unfortunately, he had hit upon a difficult text; and, as it was the style to bring it in every few minutes, he constantly repeated —"I *heerd* a *wice* crying in the wilderness"— in such a variety of lugubrious and tragic tones, that we, his white audience, overcome with laughter, were fain to bury our faces in our hands. But when he rolled up his nigger eyes, and twisted his mouth until the aperture came in the middle of his cheek, we could control our emotions no longer, and were obliged to retire howling into the wilderness too, whence doubtless he heard our "wice" plainly enough.

It is trying to witness all the shams and make-believes in the grand helter-skelter race after so-called style and fashion. People are constantly acting parts with which they are not familiar, and which sit ill upon them; but when negroes commence to do the same sort of thing, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROADEST STREET IN THE WORLD.

AUGUSTA TOWN, in Georgia, is built on the beautiful river Savannah. The climate, during the month of February, reminded me very much (in the evenings especially) of similar nights upon the Nile. Not a breath of air stirring; all hushed and still; sometimes hot, and the sky of a deep bright blue. In the day, when the sun was clouded, there was a sort of fog or mist, but entirely different in quality and texture from that which we know by the name of *fog* in England, and more resembling the summer haze, which prophesies a hot day. The climate in Augusta is considered superior to that of Charleston, as it is never visited by yellow fever, although there are plenty of chills and fever. In winter it is charming; flowers were growing in the open air wherever they were allowed, but there seemed little taste for their cultivation.

The town had evidently been laid out with some very exalted idea of grandeur and magnificence as to the future of the city, for, as far as my experience of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America goes, I know of no such street as the main street of Augusta, Georgia. Of course it is called Broad Street, as, with few exceptions, all American main streets are. There would seem to have been a terrible difficulty in naming the new places, for after having called them by the names of those of the "Old Country," American invention apparently came to an end, and the same names in different places have been repeated six or a dozen times over. Augustas are numerous, and I visited six or eight Columbuses, and as many Mariettas. But this Broad Street really merits its name, for it surely is *the* broad street not only of America, but of Europe. It is fully as broad as Sackville Street, Dublin, and more than three times as long. The Causeway, or, as it is called, the Side Walk, also is very wide, and as it is the fashion to have the shops half outside and half in, you may pleasantly walk four miles amid rows of hams, sides of bacon, salt fish, dried peaches, pumpkins, etc. The street is well shaded by a double avenue of trees, which extends for several miles beyond the city, outside of which the only living things we saw were pigs and mules. The latter abound, and go in droves like oxen, for which, judging from the toughness of the steaks, it might seem they are sometimes mistaken. When my facetious friend gravely asked the attendant if he had brought us the "buttock of a donkey?" I fully expected his grinning reply to be, "He am elegant mule, marm." The pigs are a different race from ours, a long-legged, sharp-snouted, race-horse breed; frisky too, and when young, the merriest little woolly-haired creatures that ever rejoiced in dirt and sunshine. They live at free quarters in the city, and have fine times of it in Broad Street, occupying themselves in rooting up the offal and running races with the dogs, during which pastime any two-legged occupants of the thoroughfare are in considerable danger, if the race-course chances to be between their legs.

The buildings on either side of Broad Street are by no means in keeping with the magnitude of the street itself; they are mostly small, irregular erections of wood, the stores being chiefly pork shops, groceries, and drinking bars. A mile and a half apart, and occupying the central portion of the street, are two market houses; others, which are the private dwellings, all detached, with gardens around them. This forms the handsomest portion of Augusta. Across the river there is a small city named Hamburg, in which is established one of the largest lager beer breweries in the country.

Augusta is thought to be a thriving town, and has a sort of reputation which it is difficult to account for. But this sort of fabulous repute is enjoyed by many persons and things in America. How it springs up, or why it fades so rapidly, would perplex a philosopher to discover. I imagine that Barnumism has a great deal to do with it. Barnum has dubbed himself "the prince of humbugs," and, like all princes or leaders, he has had his followers more or less successful in his line. I cannot account for the phenomenon in any other way.

A stranger arriving at any place within five hundred miles of this real nonentity, this unformed city, is immediately asked, "Have you been to Augusta, Georgia?"—"No, you have never heard of it." Then follows a flowery description which excites the imagination of the traveller, and induces him to visit "Augusta, Georgia" as one of the wonders of the world. "You are writing a work on the country, ma'am? You must not omit Augusta, Georgia." "What do you think of the society of our country?" "Ah, you ought to see the society in Augusta, Georgia." "Do you notice that very beautiful girl? Think her handsome? Well, she comes from Augusta, Georgia." And until you have visited this celebrated city with the biggest street in the world and little else, you are crammed by almost every one you speak to about "Augusta, Georgia." But I am unable to say that I discovered anything more interesting in the city than I have notified above.

Augusta suffered less from the war malady than many other Southern cities, yet she was still very ailing and complaining. I begin to be strongly of opinion that it is almost as difficult for a Southerner to get through a sentence without saying, "before the war," as it is for a New Englander to begin one without saying "I guess." But whether I "guess" or "reckon" or "calculate" or "conclude," I certainly believe that the destitution, misery, poverty, and suffering that prevailed throughout the South at the time of my visit was very great. Tales of wretchedness and distress met one on every side. The Southerners seemed to cleave to the English much more than the Northerners, and only with a smile and sigh uttered the reproach, "Ah, you did not behave well to us!" which, on the whole, is somewhat just. Their hopes of assistance or acknowledgment were raised only to be blighted. Whereas there was and is a bitter, vindictive feeling towards us in the North, because sympathy was expressed for the South. They would say with a bitter chuckle, "Guess we'll lick you

English through creation for trying to help those cursed *seceshists.*" The sad story of their woes was generally the theme of the Southerners' conversation. Augusta, although laid out for such a magnificent future, is not likely ever to attain much greater proportions than those which she possesses at present. We had expected to find something infinitely more interesting and imposing in Augusta than we did, and consequently departed rather disappointed. A more extended sojourn in the country showed us, however, that this reaction was inevitable if we allowed ourselves to be at all excited or interested by the descriptions of the natives, and we found that the surest way to attain our object of seeing what was interesting and noteworthy was, to judge for ourselves as to our route and destination, regardless of any mirage, no matter how attractive, that might be conjured up by well meaning but imaginative friends, therefore, contrary to all precedent, and totally without recommendation, we resolved to entrust ourselves and our happiness to the Savannah River, and visit the city of that name at the mouth of it.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

ALL that has ever been said or sung of the delights of sailing on a river, floating down the stream, gliding on the bosom of rippling waters, can never out-feature nor over-rate the pleasures of sailing on some of the American rivers, and the Savannah, in Georgia, is one of these. It is navigable from Savannah to Augusta, Georgia. It is not a wide river, but it winds and meanders in every graceful curve that fantastic Nature in her wildest moments could invent, running up and down and round about, rushing forward rapidly for fifty yards, and then turning coyly back, as if loth to leave such pleasant nooks and shades.

The water is of a light yellow, the banks low and swampy, thickly covered with luxuriant verdure, and rich in forest trees. From the larger trees hangs the sweeping grey funeral moss or lichen, the tilentia, called by the country people the "Death Moss," as much from its sombre appearance as from its growing in low unhealthy districts. It waves over the bosom of the stream like a pall or funeral drapery, but the green cane lent a brightness and cheerfulness to the landscape. On either side, the trees stretch themselves across the stream, as if anxious to twine their boughs overhead, and, with the exception of a few patches of corn, the whole length of the river is embowered in trees like a water avenue, their shadows being reflected in the water, as at the prettiest part of the Thames, near Richmond.

Many of the trees were leafless, it being winter, but the exquisite silver-grey colour of their branches almost atoned for the absence of foliage. Many of them were decorated with tufts of mistletoe, and I am sure I saw more of this much-esteemed parasite in my two days' journey on the Savannah, than I had seen in all the rest of my life. Garlanding from bough to bough, and perfuming the air with its delicious sweetness, the flowers of the yellow jessamine—the pride of these pristine woods—peered star-like everywhere. Sometimes the grouping in the woods, and the soft curves in the river equalled in graceful picturesqueness all that art and ingenuity has been able to achieve, even in the landscape pictures of the Bois de Boulogne or the far-famed Virginia Water. The sky was more brilliant, and the air more soft and fragrant than either of the latter on their balmiest days.

Everything is estimated by contrast, and smoke-dried, miry-street-tramping people, rush out to Virginia Water, and believe it a paradise, while no one speaks of the beauties of the Savannah River, because there are *two hundred miles* of it. A gentleman of my acquaintance informed me he could not "stand two days of such monotonous beauty," and preferred to go by cars, where he would not be compelled to look at anything more interesting than their usual furniture—the stove and the water-tank.

Some of the landing places, where we took on board wood or cotton, were exceedingly picturesque, and generally situated on some abrupt eminence or "bluff" jutting into the river. A few scattered log-huts were sheltered by magnificent pines as straight as an arrow, and from sixty to a hundred feet in height. Wild duck and wild turkey abounded everywhere, and the river was full of shad and cat-fish. In many of the small inlets, trout was plentiful, not to mention alligators.

Fox-hunting, I am told, is a favourite sport, but I have never been fortunate enough either to hear of, or see any meet; and I rather fancy that if there ever has been any foxhunting, it must have been "before the war," and I could almost believe that these handsome bloodhounds had been kept to hunt the niggers. The little creeks run far up the country, and are navigated by flat-bottomed canoes, propelled by paddles, which are like spades with long handles. They seem to serve a double purpose, viz., rowing, and baling out the water, for these "batteaux" (the old French name is retained) invariably leak. Our steamer carried the mail, and it was curious to observe the manner in which the almost solitary inhabitants of some of these lone forests would receive a letter—for one letter was usually the extent of the delivery. He looked at it attentively, handled it affectionately, passed it from hand to hand caressingly, as though it were a love token from his betrothed, and he wished to extract some of its sweetness before devouring it *en masse*.

As twilight fell we passed a party bivouacking in the open air. The women and children were seated round a large blazing fire and superintending some culinary operation, while the men were endeavouring to erect a sort of tent. We anchored for the night at a place which had modestly dubbed itself "Little Hell," in contradistinction, I presume, to a larger place of that name. Owing to the number of sunken rocks in this part of the river, it is dangerous for vessels. It was a curious and novel sight after sundown to see the negroes light fires at short intervals along the river's brink, and load and unload the rude country waggons and the vessels, by the lurid glare of pine torches which they carried in their hands, and which made them look more like pantomimic demons than anything else. Indeed, the dark waving curtain-moss overhead, the lights dancing hither and thither through the forest, following the teams of waggons as they wended their way through the dense foliage, the music of the tree-frogs, and a rustic attempt at Pandean pipes (made of cane-stalks) gave the whole thing more the effect of a grand pantomime at Drury Lane than an ordinary incident of prosaic traffic. And as we stood and watched the strange scene, we half expected to see Harlequin and Columbine come floating in, touching the cotton-bales with their magic wands and turning them into boxes of babies, and the glossy Africans into snow-white lilies, or some such feat. Then again I thought "earth" is a purgatory undoubtedly! Is this, after all, Little Hell?

The curious little steamer upon which we made this voyage was called "The Swan." She bore no resemblance to that majestic bird in the symmetry of her proportions, for she was a long flat boat, or barge, with a hurricane deck hoisted up on poles, and looking anything but solid or safe. Upon that the cabin was perched, and around it was a little balcony on which to sit and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of life—always provided you had no foolish fears of being tipped over into the water from the breaking of said poles, of being launched into the air by the bursting of the boiler, or that the engine—which keeps repeating in hoarse vulcanic roars, "Going, going, going, gone"—means that you and he are going to your last home, and that his next agonized puff will be the end. If you can disregard all these tokens, then I say you may travel very pleasantly.

To return to the "Swan;" she resembled her namesake in the cloud of white foam which she threw up from her stern wheel, and we enjoyed the sail as much as any swan ever appears to do. Our swan stopped frequently to take in a supply of down in the shape of cotton-bales. Then the clerk of the boat—always a very distinguished personage in America—made his appearance. This one was a tall, well-built young man, with dark flashing eyes, and a mass of black hair escaping from under a broad-brimmed Italian brigand hat; he wore a short black velvet coat, a scarlet necktie, and jack-boots reaching above the knees. As he sprang from a ledge of rocks on to the paddle-box, he looked so exactly like Fra Diavolo when he appears over the rocks to the revellers, that I really expected the darkies to strike up "*Diavolo! Diavolo!*" and the "Swan" at least to respond "*Eccolo* QUA QUA!"

As a rule, these river steamers do not hurry themselves, and the "Swan" formed no exception to it. She was therefore not patronised by many travellers. But the majority of American travellers seem to move about without any definite purpose. It is not for pleasure, for they studiously avoid it; still less for information, for most of them devote their whole time to grumbling, or reading the newspapers, both of which they might do equally well at home. They occupy their time with calculations as to when they shall arrive at their destination, and if they do enjoy any pleasure on their travels, it must be in the anticipation of the happy moment when the journey will be ended, for any unforeseen delay always seems to make them exceedingly miserable. They are in haste to get to the dining-room to take a discontented meal, after which they rush out as fast as possible, only to discover by studying the regulations when the next will be. Paying their bills, I believe, they *do* enjoy thoroughly. I have watched a man travelling with a large family, who never appeared in a pleasant frame of mind except when he stood with his hands in his pockets preparing for a fresh start, and paying out money on all sides.

At none of the landings where we stopped was there a wharf. The "Swan" had to run alongside as close as she could, and a gangway was run out. At one place it took fully twenty minutes to get this gangway settled. The negroes had scarcely got half a dozen bales of cotton over it, when it slipped into the water again, amidst a terrible hullabaloo from the negroes, who yelled in despair, but did not attempt to stop it. Although the water at the edge was only about a yard deep, the captain was compelled to urge them in very vociferous, and not very euphonious language, before they could be induced to get the end of the plank on shore. Finally they succeeded in getting their end so far, that a number of other negroes, who were about starting from the deck of the steamer, went straight into deep water. They seemed, however, to swim or float like porpoises, and were none the worse for their ducking, though the captain declared, in great disgust, that he could get more work done from three pairs of sailor-like hands than from a dozen negroes.

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CHAPTER X.

THE CITY OF CAMELIAS.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, is as remarkable for the beauty, as for the badness of its streets. As is usual, they cross one another at right angles, are immensely wide, and are planted with magnificent trees—the evergreen oak, magnolia, and others. Broad Street, in particular, has a double avenue of splendid trees, which gives it a quiet, retired character, and makes it a pleasant and shady promenade even on the hottest days in summer, while in winter, the unfading foliage contributes wonderfully to the cheerful appearance of the city. Broad Street extends from one end of the town to the other, and where the side streets cross it the trees form a handsome square, which is railed in from the thoroughfare. The magnolia, cedar, and camelia, with many other beautiful trees and shrubs, bloom there perfectly in the open air, and surround the private houses, which are nearly all detached.

Flowers, however, (as in most other places in America) are but little cultivated, or Savannah, with its profusely blossoming camelia japonica, might be much more beautiful than it is. The badness of the streets consists in the want of pavement, the roadways being left in their original loose, sandy state, and the footpaths bricked or planked, the roadway being left to itself.

Savannah is built on a plain of sand, or rather of very fine dust. Not a stone is to be seen there, nor indeed for miles round, and even the bricks are brought from Philadelphia. Vehicles passing along the streets—sinking sometimes up to the axletrees in sand—make very little noise, and the quiet which therefore reigns in the town harmonizes well with its cool shady streets. Of all the towns we had yet visited, the streets of Savannah pleased us the most. It possesses little in the way of handsome buildings or monuments, excepting a noteworthy one in the square, the statue of General Palaski, who, like many other of Poland's sons, died fighting bravely in a foreign land.

Savannah had, when I first visited it, neither street-cars nor regular hacks, but a few very ancient vehicles might be persuaded, under

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pressure of a five-dollar bill, to emerge from their seclusion and draw you laboriously through the sand. They were, however, rarely troubled, for when people had not "buggies" they waded along on foot. But a change has occurred in Savannah in this respect, and I found when I was last there, that pleasant hacks might be hired for the small charge of fifty cents per hour. There is another institution which Savannah does not recognise, and that is the postman. As in Charleston, his "rat-tat" is never heard there—a great luxury to those who have suffered from its too incessant repetition in London. Most of the citizens have private boxes at the post-office, and when they have an inspiration, or dream, perhaps, that letters are awaiting them there, *they send for them.*

Quiet and peaceful as Savannah looked, it yet had its troubles; the cry heard in all Southern cities was rife there, viz., the injustice of the North, and there were lamentations over the hardships and suffering which had fallen upon the too frequently innocent victims. The United States government was deaf to all complaints, and refused to redress any grievances inflicted by Northern troops on Southern people, for no other reason than that they had the misfortune to be residing in that part of the country which was in rebellion. When Northern generals entered a city, they not unfrequently ordered out the only inmates, women and children, who had thus to seek protection elsewhere, to live in the forest, or upon the charity of some one a little less unfortunate than themselves. Almost in every house in Savannah, might be seen a box or barrel full of Confederate bank notes, representing the former fortune of the possessors, but then of no value except for lighting fires—indeed not so much, in a place where pine wood supplies the kindling material, which lights as easily and burns as rapidly as paper.

The first result of the entrance of a Northern army into a city, was, that each family found itself without any servants, and was compelled to set to work and do its own cooking, washing, scrubbing, and ironing. This may not seem such a very dreadful hardship, but to people who had been served by slaves all their lives it was no ordinary trial at first, however salutary it might have proved in the long run. But the greatest evils of that period fell upon the negroes themselves. Bewildered and dazzled by the idea of freedom, and having no notion of it other than that it guaranteed them board, lodging, and clothing, they spread themselves over the face of the country in search of this "El Dorado," and perished by the wayside and in the swamps by hundreds and thousands!! Some returned to their former homes, and, as may be easily imagined, were not received with much kindness. Others, as I have said, succeeded in joining the Federal army, without very much bettering their condition.

The decrease in the coloured population from the emancipation at the close of the war up to 1866, was estimated at *a million*—statistics fearfully suggestive of misery and privation. The mortality among the children and aged persons was especially very great. The able-bodied men who joined the Federal army were drilled and organised into regiments, commanded by white officers. Jacksonville, on the St. John's river, was the first town occupied by these troops under General Higginson, but there was no fighting for them, the town having surrendered. It is said that on the Mississippi they fought well, but of their bravery I should have considerable doubt, or of that of any other troops whose officers had to stand and cut them down, or run them through when they retreated or refused to advance. With a battery behind and a battery in front—to take which was their only safety—one would think any soldiers would advance rather than mutiny; for the latter more spirit and independence of thought was required than these emancipated slaves possessed.

One of the most cruel and unnecessary incidents of the war was related to me in Savannah. After the occupation of the town by the Northern troops, they commenced throwing up fortifications, and for this purpose most wantonly invaded the cemetery, which in this country resembles and is held in the same regard as in France—the inhabitants making it a continual resort, and decorating the graves at stated periods. In digging the trenches and throwing up earthworks, the dead were necessarily dislodged from their graves, and cast up, some coffinless, in various states of decomposition. The inhabitants heard with horror of this desecration of their dead, and rushed out in frantic excitement either to stop so unnatural a proceeding, or to take their dead again under their own care; and the latter they were obliged to do, for the soldiers were inexorable. The afflicted relatives collected the remains of those so dear to them—mothers, fathers, and children, who had been buried for years. The coffins in the vaults were more accessible and easily removed, but for several days, the greater part of the women of Savannah were employed in carrying away the dead bodies of their relatives to some safer refuge. So few male inhabitants were left in the town that it was difficult to obtain a *man* to assist in this arduous labour. Some ladies told me, that with only the assistance of an aged negro, they had moved with their own hands, and conveyed to the cellar under their house, the corpses of their father, and the husband and child of one of them. More than a week passed before they could find a suitable place in which to lay their dead. Anything more irritating to American people could scarcely have been devised, than this unprovoked and unnecessary desecration of their cemetery.

Although Savannah is not the capital of the State, it decidedly ought to be from its situation and commercial importance. Situated on the beautiful Savannah River, and only fifteen miles from the sea, it was fast becoming the most important town on the seaboard of the South, and though it did not then compete with New Orleans as a cotton market, yet in wealth and activity it had surpassed its larger and prouder neighbour, Charleston. Cotton continued to be the staple commodity of trade, in spite of the difficulty which the planter experienced in getting negro labour, and notwithstanding the relinquishment of his former enormous profits and the obligatory abandonment of his Grand Seigneurism.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SAVANNAH TO FERNANDINA.

WE left Savannah by the "Betsy Baker," a sort of cross between a river and sea boat. We chose the "inner passage"—the name given to a series of rivulets and lagoons skirting the coast for twenty miles, and joining the sea near the mouth of the St. John's River. The "Betsy Baker" stopped at all the small towns and hamlets on the coast until we reached Fernandina, but that being one continuous marsh or bog, with here and there a clump of evergreen oaks garnished with pendent moss, presented little that was interesting. Once or twice we ran on a sand-bank, and there remained until the tide washed us off. Now and then we passed a fort in a state of dilapidation, and not unfrequently there rose above the brushwood "Sherman's sentinels," viz., gaunt staring chimneys standing alone, attesting witnesses of the destruction of the rest of the building.

We reached Fernandina in about twenty-four hours, and then came to a dead stop—a misty rain or fog, which had followed us for some distance, becoming so dense that it was considered dangerous to cross the bar that night. So we were obliged to wait for the next day's tide, the captain not daring to attempt the passage owing to the impossibility of seeing the buoys. A large party of Northerners—out on a pleasure, health excursion to Florida—looked upon this as nothing less than a calamity. They had set out intending to tear through the country as fast as steam would carry them, and having reached their destination, to face about and rush back again as quickly as possible. Therefore, to lose twenty-four hours by the way without puffing and steaming—even though it was to breathe the soft sweet atmosphere of Fernandina—in no way suited their taste. Some of them declared that it was an unendurable vexation which they could not and would not bear. However, they had to try, for Fernandina is an island, or rather, is situated on the ancient Spanish settlement of Amelia.

When the next day dawned there was still a heavy fog, which lasted just long enough to prevent us from catching the tide, and so doomed us all to another twenty-four hours waiting. Of all trying things, to remain in a state of waiting is the most exasperating, and our fellow-passengers seemed to think so. It was vain to tell them they might walk on shore and amuse themselves; that there was an hotel at which they might pay four dollars a day for the privilege of living upon nothing, if they preferred it to living free of expense, as they were doing on board. But this paying of four dollars a day—the principal joy of New Yorkers—seemed to have lost its attraction. In vain also was it to speak of lovely drives among wild roses and jessamine, or of one of the most beautiful beaches in the world—fine hard dry sand—on which they might drive for thirty miles. In vain to point out the interesting fortifications called Fort Clinch, all in a perfect state of preservation, as the fort was taken by *ruse*, rather than by assault, and in the following manner:—

The Federal fleet was lying down the river watching vainly for an opportunity of attacking this formidable fortress, which was bristling with cannon and filled with men. At last a *ruse* was planned. A small cutter belonging to a gunboat contrived to lie *perdu* for awhile, in one of the wooded coves or creeks which abound here. Suddenly she starts forth, is immediately discovered by the fleet, and every boat gives chase to her, for she carries the Confederate flag. She plies every oar and strains every nerve, apparently making for the fort for refuge. The Confederates seeing their own flag chased, watch the race with intense interest. Thick and fast around the fugitive fall the Federal shot without ever striking her, the pursuers all the time keeping so close in her wake that the Confederates, though waiting eagerly, find no opportunity of firing without risk of injuring what they take for one of their own boats, but which seems to bear a charmed life. The chase grows closer and more exciting ; every eye is watching eagerly the fate of the hard-pressed little craft, when in an instant, and within reach of a safe harbour, she suddenly tears down her flag, and with her companions, pours volley after volley into the unsuspecting fort, which, thus taken by surprise, was unable to prevent a landing. Before any rally could be made, the gunboats had steamed up, and the surrender of the fort became imperative.

To return to the "Betsy Baker," the impatience and vexation of our Northern passengers rendered them proof against all the delights which were offered them, as a set-off for the want of those which they had been looking forward to. Even the delight of riding in an ambulance drawn by six mules, and with an escort of cavalry—politely offered to us by the officers of the fort—they were indifferent to, as well as to the shooting of a pelican for us that day off Cumberland Island, the burial place of "Light Horse Harry Lee."

Pelicans are plentiful in these parts. They are enormous creatures, measuring eight feet from wing to wing. They have a large leather bag beneath the bill, and a long spade-like beak, which gives them a very ugly appearance when flying, but when skimming along the water, with beak pressed in, the pelican looks like a miniature Roman galley proudly breasting the waves. I wished for their quills very much, yet felt remorse when I saw the great handsome creature prostrated by a shot. Gulls of various descriptions abound, also wild fowl, on the swampy banks of the river.

When the fog at last cleared off, and the sun came out, it was as hot as any July day I have ever felt in England, and this in the middle of March. Strawberries were ripe where they had received the slightest attention, peas were fully grown, and the wild, vine-like raspberry made the parterre gay with flowers resembling our English dog-rose, but having a delicious perfume. There was a general air of indolence and carelessness about the place, and we only saw one garden in which the rose seemed under cultivation. Fences were broken and ragged, and houses out of repair. Squalor, dirt, and negroes, form apparently a natural sequence, and whatever hope of amelioration there might have been "before the war," all chance of improving his condition died away when the negro became his own master. There were at Fernandina some of that class of Northerners who, in contradistinction to pressing the negro below the level of a domestic animal, seek to elevate him above, and cause him to assume a superiority over the white man. This arises from sheer perversity or fanaticism, but as a natural consequence of it, the negro has become so elated and unmanageable, that he is of little use to himself or to anybody else. Violent changes are invariably hazardous, and nothing can exemplify it better than the state of affairs produced by the late war in this country.

A negro woman coming to ask me for my washing, after establishing herself in the most comfortable chair in the room, and beckoning to a friend who accompanied her to walk in and make herself at home also, inquired first if I was acquainted with a "coloured gentleman," a friend of hers, for whom she had been in the habit of washing so well that he would guarantee her the best laundress in the State. I felt inclined to inquire, in my turn, if her friend was "fast colour." But she proceeded to say that if the linen was not very large she would do it for the small price of six shillings (sterling) per dozen. Only sixpence for a single pocket-handkerchief or pair of cuffs!

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAND OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida, is the oldest town of the United States. Ponce de Leon, one of the companions of Columbus, discovered Florida in 1512. At that period, when the love of the marvellous still held sway, equally over the lettered and unlettered mind, the story was rife, that away to the north there lay an Elysian land, teeming with fruits and flowers, and possessing a river whose waters conferred perpetual youth and beauty on all who bathed in or drank of them. Inspired by this brilliant legend, and hoping to make a discovery far more important than that of Columbus, Ponce de Leon set sail from Porto Rico, and landed at Florida near the present site of the town of St. Augustine. It was early in April, when nature decks Florida in all the beauty of Paradise. No wonder that De Leon believed the fable of the promised Elysium was realized at last, as he gazed on this lovely land, bathed in clear and balmy light, redolent with the odour of fruits and flowers.

In Florida, not only do the flowers, and shrubs, and undergrowth display millions of blossoms of beauty, but the very forest trees fill the air with the fragrance of their pyramids of flowers. Palmettos spread their fan-like leaves to waft the breeze; the date-palm waves its majestic plumes in the translucent air, while the feathery acacia and chaporell tremble to the gentle kiss of wooing zephyrs. Such is Florida in April. Later in the season the glossy leaves of the magnolia reflect the glowing sunshine, whose rays add yet a deeper tint to the radiant scarlet of the pomegranate and golden hue of the oranges, hanging in tempting clusters among their fresh green foliage.

On the placid waters of the thousand and one lakes of Florida, lilies lie in all their grace and purity, cushioned on velvet leaves, or dance in the air, tightly suspended on their spiral stems, or humbly hide in the mossy nooks and fairy dells. Sometimes the Fleur de Lis of France clothes the "hummock" lands in royal purple, or the gorgeous scarlet trumpet lily decks them in dazzling beauty; putting to shame "Solomon in all his glory." Not only the lily blooms wild perennially in this land of Ponce de Leon, but the eglantine, the rose, verbena, and jessamine mingle there their fragrance and foliage; while round every projecting rugged trunk that needs a shade, the vine twines its delicate tendrils.

Through the "pine barrens" sighs the "best-loved west wind," with a sweet and hallowed tone, like the voices of our loved and lost ones whispering to us from the spirit-land. The red-bird radiates prisms of light from his flaming wings, and when the heavens—always blue—are spangled with the stars of night, showers of fire-flies fill the air, like brilliant messengers of heaven, floating and skimming on the vast expanse of the ethereal vault. If they are not fairies Ponce de Leon might have taken them for such, illuminating the orange-groves, lighting up the dark cypress and the ancient cedars, hung with sepulchral moss, while wood nymphs and forest sprites were holding high carnival.

All this, and more than this of beauty, that pen fails to describe, Ponce de Leon must have beheld when he landed in Florida in April. And he might easily have pictured, in the almost lake-like waters of the St. John's river, the realization of his day-dream. Smooth and silvery it flows through a bankless expanse of luxuriant foliage, draped with "lace-like moss" on ever-green oaks and lined with alternate pine and orange-trees. Now it spreads out into a wide and placid lake, where the lonely pelican floats at stately leisure; now it narrows to the limits of a shady stream, mirroring in its clear depths every leaf and spray; while here and there the pink crane, in solemn meditation, stands on the brink of the soft, sweet waters.

Ponce de Leon might well have mistaken them for the elixir-bearing flood. Perhaps he drank of them by the quart, in true American fashion; though, alas! he imbibed with them neither youth nor beauty; but only became like the Americans of to-day, very considerably yellower. And indeed, quarts of ice water in conjunction with pounds of steaming hot bread would destroy the beauty of Venus herself. Awaking from his dream, and finding the native Indians fierce and implacable, Ponce de Leon became disgusted with his paradise, and returned to Spain "a sadder, and probably a wiser man." Nevertheless, similar hopes and aspirations continued to be indulged in by more than one of his contemporaries.

The first permanent settlement was effected by the French, in the reign of Charles IX., during the Coligny troubles and after the Saint Bartholomew tragedy. The Huguenots, who then obtained permission to exile themselves to America, are still traceable in some of the

Southern states. These southern states, by the way, in their own hour of discord and disunion, instead of allowing those who dissented from their opinion to retire, endeavoured by pains and penalties to force them into adhesion to the newly-established order of affairs; so true is it that those who have suffered from oppression themselves, are none the less ready to oppress others.

The French had scarcely begun to enjoy the results of their freedom, when Menendez, the Spanish commander, arrived from Spain, with power to take possession of Florida and govern it in his king's name. He surprised the Huguenots by night, during a heavy thunderstorm, and butchered them almost to a man. The few who escaped into the woods were soon induced by famine to surrender. They were then allowed to choose between the renunciation of their faith or death. Unanimously they chose the latter, and were accordingly murdered in cold blood; "Dying as their fathers died, for the faith their foes denied."

This took place at Saint Augustine, on the east coast of Florida, and the blood spilt at its baptism seems to have flowed freely within and around its walls and towers for three centuries of its history. Often it has suffered greatly from the ravages of fire, sword, and famine;

and its inhabitants have acknowledged more foreign rulers and foreign flags than those of any other city in America. Its present occupants bear traces of this, and, indeed, in coming to any ethnological or moral conclusion as to Americans or their character, it is essential to bear in mind the various causes which have contributed to the peopling of this vast and magnificent country.

America is not a country that has been overrun and conquered by a stronger people; the native Indians have *retired* before the white man, leaving hardly a trace behind them. From the earliest date we find it the sanctuary of brave men driven from their homes by persecution, as the Huguenots, whose brethren had sealed their belief with their hearts' blood, and who themselves, the first settlers at St. Augustine, were doomed to be the victims of another St. Bartholomew, in which three or four hundred heroic pioneers were to fall. Persecution—both religious and political—has tended more than any other cause, to establish this great nation. The pilgrim fathers would never have sought the wild New England shore; the gallant cavalier, South Carolina and Virginia, or the Irish and Germans have found their way to the prairies of the west, but for political persecution at home.

The penal laws against the Irish in the last century and the beginning of this have been a prolific cause of emigration, and have done more than anything to depopulate Ireland and colonize western America. Where a man lives under a ban for his religious or political opinions, when hope drops her wings and lies fainting under the spurning foot of persecution, then the human heart casts about in search of a spot where it may be free : free to expand and glory in its thoughts and aspirations, and to worship as it sees fit in a temple or on a mountain top. Such a spot was found in the benignant continent of America, with her fair wide bosom open to take in all who mourned or were afflicted, to gather them into her genial embrace, and make them welcome to her spacious fold. The persecuted patriot who had sought to stem the tide of tyranny and usurpation ; the religious enthusiast, who had braved faggot and instrument of torture for a conscientious principle of faith, and bid defiance to inquisitors and hell's power to pain ; the woe-begone Irish mother with her brood of starvelings ; the sullen father with spirit nigh crushed into bitterness and evil from the long borne burden of his wrongs, have all come trooping with eager footstep to the "Land of the Free ;" the land of corn, and fruits, and flowers ; the land of every clime, of every sky, and every temperature for every race.

God's mercy goeth not out of reach and His dew falls on the fevered eyelids of those who weep. Beautiful, generous land! offering to man every gift that man's heart can rightly desire! Surely Ponce de Leon might have been contented with his share in its discovery! Such, however, is human nature: he had set *his* heart upon a particular object, viz., youth and beauty *à perpétuité*, and not realizing that, all the rest availed not to satisfy his cravings.

The same thing happens to this day on the same spot. There where the sweet and the bitter orange still abound; where fig, peach, lemon, and pomegranate refresh the eye and cool the palate, northern travellers grumble every day because they cannot procure dirty *tap water* iced. Drinking ice-water is an American mania, an anti-hydrophobia sort of disease, and it is quite probable that if there is not a good supply of ice-water in heaven, they will all petition St. Peter to be allowed to return to New York. Because Wenham lake ice cannot be "raised" in Florida, they repine, and disregard all those adjuncts which go to make life enjoyable, and in which Florida abounds to a greater degree than any climate I have yet visited.

In 1580 St. Augustine was attacked by Sir Francis Drake, but without success. About this period also the Franciscan missionaries came to Florida, for the purpose of Christianizing the natives. They settled in St. Augustine, where they built their first church. The burying-ground still exists, and many of the old Spanish tombs remain almost perfect. It is a most interesting place to visit. The tombs are constructed of the *Coguina* stone or shell, and bear a strong resemblance to some of the Egyptian sarcophagi, or stone coffins.

The Franciscans were indefatigable in their endeavours to civilize the Indians; but there seems to be something in the nature of the red man incompatible with either Christianity or civilization. After three centuries of missionary effort, the Indian tribes remain as wild and primitive as the trees of their own forests. Padre Corpa, the foremost of the missionary band, rejoiced in the conversion of one of the chiefs with all his tribe; but venturing to lecture his new convert upon the unchristian number of his wives, his doom was sealed. He was barbarously murdered at the foot of the altar, as he was preparing to celebrate mass. The devoted padre stipulated only for sufficient time to perform the service, and whilst he prayed for their forgiveness for the last time, his executioners lay around, gloating over their prey like famished wolves and glaring upon him with savage hyena eyes. No sooner was the service concluded and he turned to give them his benediction, than they rushed upon him and tore him limb from limb. The missionaries, however, were not discouraged; they steadily pursued their sacred calling, and built over twenty churches and mission-houses through Florida.

The castle or fort at St. Augustine, the most picturesque building in the town, was erected in 1620, principally by the forced labour of the Indians, who for sixty years were compelled to work as servants to the Spaniards. This is more than the Americans have ever been able to make them do even for themselves. The Indians consider it an indignity to labour, and to the present day no argument, persuasive or forcible, has had the effect of inducing them to live otherwise than in the complete simplicity of unsophisticated nature. They will neither construct dwellings nor provide for the future. They will live upon the produce of the land as provided by nature, and upon the animals which come within their power to destroy for food. But they have an utter aversion to anything which we call improvement and cultivation, and when pressed, they only retire farther back into their fastnesses.

In 1681 the famous "Friend," William Penn, obtained from Charles II., of England, a grant of land in Florida, which he strove to colonize; it is to be hoped, from his character and principles, by other means than fire and sword, like most of the colonizers of the period. St. Augustine was visited by a famine in 1712, owing to the non-arrival of the ships from Spain with the usual supplies, upon which the inhabitants depended for their support. So that after one hundred years of settlement, the Floridans were still unable to obtain for themselves the necessaries of life in a land abounding in fish, fowl, game, fruit, and vegetables! Stranger still, even at the present time, a century and a half later, almost *everything* is supplied from the north, and northern energy and capital help to furnish much that is produced on the spot.

Spaniards were never good colonizers, and rarely did more than simply stagnate upon the countries they had conquered. This *dolce far niente* system still prevails at St. Augustine; for instance, the orange-groves having once been destroyed by an accidental frost, the Augustinians have considered that a sufficient reason for never planting or grafting any more.

During the eighteenth century, General Oglethorpe (Dr. Johnson's friend) twice attacked them in great force, and was repulsed. In 1763 it was ceded to the British, and it is only just to say that Florida prospered more in the succeeding twenty years of British rule than she had done in the two hundred years of their predecessors'; the exports of indigo and turpentine rising from almost nil to forty and fifty thousand pounds yearly.

1784 saw this province of Florida, in pursuance of a treaty, given back to Spain. The country was then harassed by the Americans, who were yearning for more territory, when, in 1812, the King of Spain, coming to the sage conclusion that the colony cost him more than it was worth, sold it to the United States for so many dollars.

St. Augustine is by far the most interesting town in Florida; to the moralist from its many and varied vicissitudes; to the antiquary from the old customs and characteristics of Spain that still linger there; from its narrow streets, projecting balconies, verandahs, and ancient porticoes. There is also the old Catholic Cathedral, with its quaint Moorish belfry, and a chime of bells which, if played as in ancient days, would produce melodious sounds enough; but now the frequent call to prayer is produced by the bells being *rattled* with a *stick*.

On Sunday the Episcopalians, who have a pretty little semi-Gothic, semi-gingerbread church on the opposite side of the square, are at a certain time brought to a summary standstill in their devotions. The minister has usually arrived at the peroration of his sermon when the rub-a-dub-dub commences in the cathedral; the congregation cannot hear another syllable to save their souls, and the ringing or rattling continues often for half an hour.

The fort is of course the chief object of interest in St. Augustine, and there is not a more picturesque spot anywhere, especially by moonlight. As of Melrose, it may be said, "Who would see Fort Marion right, should view it by the fair moonlight." Few places are more mysteriously romantic. The fort was designed to command both land and sea, and has round towers at each corner of the ramparts, where cannon are mounted. The fort is built entirely of the Coguina stone—in itself a geological marvel. It is a concrete of small shells which centuries have massed together so as to form a hard rock, but with each shell perfectly visible and distinct, and sometimes as complete as though they had been glued together but yesterday. The whole castle resembles in material one of those toy shell castles which we purchase for children at sea-ports.

Within the fort are shown chambers without light or fresh air, which are said to have been used by the Spanish Inquisition, from the fact of a skeleton in chains having been very recently found in one of them. It might have been that of one of the unfortunate Huguenots who escaped the massacre of Menendez only to meet a more agonizing death, for there is no record of any other religious persecution. The chambers have the usual appearance of the vaulted alcoves formed inside fortifications of this period. One of them has evidently been a chapel, for there is the altar-stone still in good preservation, and the holy water vessel, which at the present time is used for culinary purposes. Round the fort is a moat, which can easily be filled from the sea, and a drawbridge and portcullis. This moat is enclosed by a broad wall, which forms a delightful promenade, being always swept by a pleasant sea breeze.

The frowning battlements and picturesque Moorish towers, whence we expect to see emerge the stately dark-eyed Spaniard of Rembrandtish outline; the little chapel where the brown-cowled Franciscan told his beads, regardless of the shrieks of his heretical victims in the adjacent vaults, gave to this castle an air of mystery and romance possessed by no other place in America. Visitors linger in wonderment over the narrow window so high up in the stone vault, from which the wild and romantic Indian chief, Coacouchee—whose history is full of poetry, marvel, and pathos—made his daring escape.

Scarcely had St. Augustine been ceded to the United States in 1821, when difficulties arose with the tribe of Indians called Seminoles. The Spaniards and English had lived on amiable terms with the Indians of this tribe, and had allowed them to retain peaceable possession of the best "hummock" lands for their villages. But the number of new settlers from the United States interfered with the savage life of the Indians, who had no idea of being driven out of their forests and swamps, hunting-grounds, fishing rivers, and lakes, in order that the new-comers might grow corn and cotton! Hence feuds arose, which did not end in mere solitary murder and massacre, but brought about the Floridan war, which raged round St. Augustine for five or six years. Treaties were made to confine the wild man within certain limits and boundaries. But the Indian—having ever considered this beautiful country as specially made for *his* benefit by the *Great Spirit*—could never be induced to define any limits or bounds for his rovings, and was very apt to help himself to any crops or produce found ready to his hand. In fact, the problem of the wild and civilized man existing together had to be solved, and the solution could be but one, viz., the disappearance of the former.

Coacouchee, the chief of the Seminoles, had come under a flag of truce to entertain what was called a "talk," or negotiation, but was seized and confined as a prisoner in the stone chamber, whence he made his wonderfully daring escape through a loop-hole, dropping himself some fifty feet.

Nothing can justify bad faith towards any people, but policy and necessity were the excuses set forth for this unjust detention of an ambassador, this violation of the sacred rights of the flag of truce.

The United States had been at war five or six years without making any permanent conquest of this handful of men—the tribe of the Seminoles. It was like warring against the wind: scoured from the land, they sheltered in the trees; swept from the forest, they were heard howling in the cypress swamp; driven to bay, they could swim the river, or paddle their bark canoes across and back like a fox doubling—an army would have to seek a ford, or construct a pontoon bridge. Their unerring shots whistled through the pine branches, and their spears, like the tongues of snakes, hissed through the *hummocks.* There seemed no probability of vanquishing them by fair and honest warfare! A pitched battle was a farce. There was no enemy to be seen after the first round. It resembled a game of "Mother Bunch," who thinks to drive all her chickens before her, whilst they are all scattered around. Hence treachery as base as their own was had recourse to, and they were finally partly forced, partly trepanned, partly cajoled into going far west, and settling upon the hunting grounds of Arkansas.

As recently as 1836, St. Augustine was kept in trepidation by the inroads of the Indians on various plantations in the environs. The State negroes carried off crops and perpetrated sundry atrocities, in a similar fashion to the Indians of the west at this very day. But in regard to the enormity of these crimes, we should never lose sight of the peculiar position of the red and the white man. The one is the natural inhabitant of the soil, living upon it as his birthright, and, as he believes, by special dispensation of the Great Spirit, using all his gifts for his own benefit and that of his family. The white man he regards as an intruder and encroacher, and the destroyer of his only means of life.

There is far more poetry about the red man than the black. Novelists have done much to idealize him, to associate him intimately with the idea of the dark pine forest and luxuriant *hummock*. Agile, daring, and graceful, decked with the most brilliant trophies of bird, beast, and fish, he could well become the hero of a theme for poets to sing, or for novelists who write wild stories of the flood and field. So well does he seem adapted to the country, and the country to him, that even at the present day one expects every moment, when traversing the vast and lonely glades of pine, or sailing on the smooth bosom of the St. John's river, to espy his heron-plumed head peering through the branches, to see the brushwood and undergrowth crushing under his agile spring, or to hear his war-whoop echoing through the oak thickets.

The story of Coacouchee, as detailed by General Sprague, in his history of the Floridan war, is full of interest and poetry.

He was the son of a great chief, called King Philip; he was thus an hereditary chief, and besides, possessed, in his own person, all the requisites and qualifications of a great Indian leader. Shrewd, daring, active, and enduring, he was enabled to exercise a commanding sway over his tribe, and he even appears to have won in some degree the respect of his enemies. War to him was a pastime, and he delighted in the excitement of it, as a hunter in the pursuit of game. Often when pursued into a deep swamp, he would turn and jeer his pursuers, who were floundering with their arms and accoutrements in the mud and water, which his own lithe figure had skimmed easily through. He was fleet as a deer, and as strong and fierce as a wolf. He was about twenty-eight years of age, slight in person, above the middle height, and with a countenance bright, playful, intelligent, and attractive. After many hair-breadth escapes and wonderful feats, he was taken in the manner described, and confined in the fort, whence, as related, he effected his escape, and after that succeeded in giving his captors a good deal of trouble.

When he was again captured and brought into camp, he was informed that he would be restored to liberty only on his consenting to emigrate with the whole of his tribe to Arkansas, that he must send for his family and all his warriors, and that they would be conveyed on shipboard with him. Iron manacles were placed on him, to impress him with the futility of any attempt to escape, and to urge him to influence his own and other tribes to depart. For a time these irons seemed to eat into the very soul of the warrior, and deprive him of all spirit.

His haggard and ghastly countenance bespoke the secret suffering of the wild animal caught in a trap, for to be chained is the deepest degradation which can befall the free limbs of an Indian. Death in the field would be regarded as a boon in comparison. However, by judicious advice and argument, he was finally brought to understand that his future in Arkansas would be one of freedom, and even more brilliant than in Florida, and that as his own destiny was inevitable, it was his duty to encourage the other chiefs and tribes to join him.

In these views he at length coincided, and messengers were sent, bearing his authority, to bring in the other chiefs, the women and children. He divested himself of his last garment, and sent it to his brother, with an earnest entreaty to yield himself up, and spare him any longer the degradation of his chains. The persuasiveness of this appeal could not be resisted, and the greater part of his people came in. The meeting between the tribe and their chief was touching in the extreme.

His irons were struck off, and he was once more a free man. A vessel was lying in Zampa Bay, ready to bear him to his new home in Arkansas. When on board, he stood in the gangway gazing intently and with lingering regret on the beloved land his foot might never more press—the land of his birth, the haunt of his childhood, the grave of his fathers. As the vessel heaved anchor, and put to sea, two large tears filled his dark eyes, and rolled down his bronzed cheeks. "I have taken farewell," he exclaimed, "of the last tree of my *own land!*"

The existence of a Great Spirit was acknowledged by Coacouchee, as by all Indians, and honoured most devoutly by festivals, games, dances, &c. To this Great Spirit they believed themselves accountable for their acts.

Coacouchee's dream, as related to General Sprague, is full of the highest sentiment of poetry and spiritualized love and tenderness, which proves that the Indian, with all his ferocity, has yet the soul for chivalry which has made him the hero of song and story. The Indians are very different from the black race, who are neither graceful, symmetrical, handsome, nor modest, and lack all that picturesque and simple dignity which distinguishes the Indian chief.

Coacouchee's story ran thus:

"The day and manner of my death," he said, "are given out, so that whatever I encounter I fear nothing. The spirits of the Seminoles protect me, and the spirit of my twin sister, who died many years ago, watches over me. When I am laid in the earth, I shall go to live with her. She died suddenly; I was out on a bear-hunt, and when seated by my camp-fire alone, I heard a strange noise, a voice that told me to go to her. The camp was a long way off, but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy; the wolves howled about me. As I went from hummock to hummock, sounds came often to my ear, and I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached the camp. She was dead! I sat down alone, and in the long grey moss which hangs from the trees, I heard strange sounds again. I felt myself moving, and went above into a new country, where all was bright and beautiful. I saw clear water-ponds, rivers, and prairies, upon which the sun never set. All was green; the grass grew high, and the deer stood in the midst looking at me. Then I saw a small white cloud approaching, and when just before me, out from it came my twin sister, dressed in white, and covered with bright silver ornaments, while her long black hair, which I had so often braided, fell down her back. She clasped me round the neck and said, 'Coacouchee! Coacouchee!' I shook with fear. I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads, in the other she held a cup sparkling with pure water. As I drank, she sang the peace-song of the Seminoles, and danced round me. She had silver bells on her feet, which made a loud, sweet noise. Taking something from her bosom, she laid it before me, when a bright blaze streamed above us.

She took me by the hand, and said, 'All here is peace.' I wanted to ask about others, but she shook her head, stepped into the cloud, and was gone. All was silent; I felt myself sinking, until I reached the earth, when I met my brother, Chilka; he had been alarmed at my absence, and was seeking me."

Coacouchee firmly believed in the reality of this vision.

His subsequent history was not unworthy of his previous career. The same officer who had struck off his chains in Zampa Bay, and seen him safely landed at his new home in Arkansas, chanced in the course of his duty, years afterwards, to be quartered upon the Mexican frontier. One morning, happening to look out from his tent at daybreak, he was astonished, and somewhat alarmed, to see a cloud in the distance, which looked like a body of armed men. The sun's first rays caught the glitter of steel. Summoning his orderly, the officer rode to the crest of a hill, in order to obtain a better view of the enemy, if enemy it was. Here he saw a single horseman advancing with a white flag. He stated that his commander wished for an interview with the general. Presently who should ride up but the Indian warrior, Coacouchee. He was partly, and only partly, transformed into a Mexican officer. He had donned a plumed hat and military full-dress long-tailed coat, with sword and epaulettes. Then he considered he had condescended far enough to civilization, for the rest of his person was still in the natural state of the red Indian.

Poor Coacouchee! as Burns said of Cutty Sark's garment—

> "Though in longitude 'twas sorely scanty
> It was his best, and he was vaunty."

He met his old enemy with affectionate greeting and upon equal terms, for he was decorated with the insignia of a colonel in the Mexican service. He seemed delighted to prove to his former captor that he was a great chief, in spite of the irons they had placed upon him. And he pointed with exultation and pride to the band of warriors under his command.

In Florida every vegetable, fruit, and flower can be cultivated with the smallest amount of labour. Oranges might be as plentiful here as apples in Herefordshire or peaches in Georgia, if they were only cultivated with as much care. Lemons and sour oranges grow wild, and the bitter-sweet orange forms a most delicious tonic drink, nearly equal to quinine for giving an appetite. St. Augustine is quite free from "chills and fever," the scourge of the south. But the same want of energy and ambition is observable here and throughout Florida as in most southern states and cities. The same reason invariably given—"the war." "Before the war" everything must, from all accounts, have been in a state of perfection; but the whole South was, "after the war," in a terribly dilapidated condition.

What with four years' ravages of war, six years' ravages of neglect, and a century of Southern laxity and negro laziness, the South appeared to be almost as wild and uncultivated as though, instead of a couple of centuries, it had only been settled a couple of years. The inhabitants were for the most part wretchedly poor, possessing no money, but heaps of Confederate bonds. In many instances they were literally penniless—more especially those called "*the best* people" of the country—and in several small towns in the South there was a system of borrowing and lending carried on, which would have been amusing had it not been so sad. There reigned a listless apathy, a morbid inertness, as of people who had expended their last effort, and a hopelessness very terrible to behold hung over most of the Southern cities. They were crushed, broken, ruined, and humiliated.

The rapid change of climate from mid-winter in New York to the balmy spring weather of Florida, is not one of the least astonishing results of steam. Persons snowed up in New York, shivering through their furs, having their extremities pinched blue, red, and all sorts of unbecoming colours, tormented with colds in the head, which bid defiance to broths, caudle, Dr. Brown's lozenges, etc., etc., have only to put themselves comfortably to bed in one of the excellent coast steamers, take a rather long nap, and awake in this flowery land, inhaling the perfume of the orange-blossom and beholding the golden fruit hanging in rich, tempting clusters.

Wrapped to the eyes in mufflers, the half-numbed travellers plod on to the steamer-wharf in New York; now over hillocks of snow, now through slushy swamps of melted ditto, while a bleak north-east wind whistles through blocks of buildings, black and dreary as though they, too, were suffering from the bitter cold.

Every one he meets is huddling himself together to keep the little warmth he has in his body from escaping. The steamer when reached is coated, and sheathed, and draped in snow, ice, and icicles. All her spars are slippery with ice, her rigging and ropes stiff with it; she is united to everything around with ice, and when she moves, there will be a terrible crashing and bursting asunder of icy bonds. She looks as dreary as ship can look, and of the captain there is nothing whatever to be seen or understood but his eyes. A great fur cap joins with his beard in concealing his nose and mouth, and a coat of similar material disguises the rest of his person, and you only discover that this furry, hairy animal is the captain from hearing the clear, distinct orders he issues.

How surprised you are when two days after you are greeted by a pleasant, fair-faced, white waistcoated individual, straw hat in hand, with "Fine day, ma'am ; making twelve knots," and find that he is the captain come out of his shell, or rather his furry skin. You, too, have come out of your fur coat, if you had one, and are watching the porpoises play and bask in the sun as you run past the famous Fort Sumpter. Any one who has experienced this rapid transition will never forget the delights of the sensation ; the sudden relief from all the wearisome precautions against frost, the speedy vanishing of the enemy who has so long held us in durance vile, and fastened his bitter fangs on us ; the release to the respiratory organs, which begin again to exert their functions without conscious effort ; the feeling of exhilaration and happiness, and the sense of enjoyment which transports the whole being.

In speaking of Florida as a slip of land projecting from the American continent, it may interest English readers to know that Florida is in fact, nearly the exact length and breadth of England and Scotland together. A magnificent river, the St. John's, flows through its length for three hundred miles, and then meeting another, the Indian River, they form, united, a great boat high road through a rich and luxuriant country. It is a "providential highway" which needs no macadamizing or rail-laying, and it supplies gratis unlimited rations of fish; bass, cat-fish, perch, and others swarming in its waters, and wild-fowl crowding over them.

The inhabitants of St. Augustine are entirely different from the rest of the mixture forming the United States. They, too, are a compound, but of other ingredients, consisting of Spaniards and Minorcans, a few original English settlers, and but a small proportion of Americans. They speak a sort of Spanish patois; intermarry among themselves; and live as much apart from the surrounding population as though St. Augustine were an island.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANIMAL-MAN.

JACKSONVILLE is delightfully situated on the St. John's River. The climate, judging from the heat at the commencement of March, must be considerably warmer than Nice, or the northern parts of Italy. Our principal efforts in Jacksonville were directed to finding the shadiest spots, and the coolest impromptu toilette devices, for we had arrived in moderately warm winter clothing. A violent snow-storm that occurred, as we heard, in New York, at this very time, seemed to us almost incredible, though the details given by invalids rushing southwards at the eleventh hour, after losing all hope of recovery from having remained too long in the cold, were quite refreshing to hear, not that we rejoiced in their misfortunes, but the contrast was so pleasing—streets three feet deep in snow, the trains requiring nine engines to carry them out of it, the passengers in the meantime being half dead with cold, while we were watching the bright, smooth-flowing river—at this point about two miles across, and fringed with dark green pines, and light green water-oak—inhaling the orange-perfumed breeze, the fragrance of the acacia's golden balls, and experiencing all the soft languor of the *dolce far niente* of this enervating climate. It was a kind of luxury to us to think of the bitter hardships of the frigid zone.

The St. John's river is one of the most magnificent in America, differing entirely in character from the Hudson or Ohio. It has a special beauty of its own in its immense expanse of water, which occasionally spreads into lakes of five or six miles in width, and then dwindles into a comparatively small stream. From the mouth upwards, for two hundred miles, it is from a mile to two miles wide.

Almost every river of any importance in the United States takes a southern course, with the exception of the St. John's, which runs north. The bar of the river is frequently dangerous for vessels to pass, and they will sometimes remain several days at Fernandina, as we had to do, unable to cross the shallows.

Jacksonville had been held and evacuated by both sides during the war. There being no fortifications or defences of any kind, the stronger party walked in, and the weaker ran out, as the case might be. A battle was fought some fifty miles beyond, at Lake City, in which the Confederates repulsed the Yankees under General Seymour, who fell back on Jacksonville. There are a few insignificant breast-works, which were commenced by one party, and finished by the other, but could have been of little use to either. A short distance further up is the Federal camp, delightfully situated by the river, and overshadowed by immense evergreen oaks, which were just putting forth a most beautiful feathery flower on the top of the dark drooping lichen moss.

The troops were all living under canvas except the General and his staff, who, as usual, had their head quarters in the most picturesque house of the town. In camp there was a young bear, trapped in the neighbourhood, whose gambols with some of the soldiers were quite one of the recognized entertainments of the place. Bruin was strongly attached to the military, and upon one occasion, the pay-day, the soldiers having gone into Jacksonville, and the camp being deserted, the poor beast, unable to endure the solitude, started for the town, and was discovered wending his solitary way along the road, in search of his playmates.

The climate of Jacksonville is capable of producing very early fruits and vegetables. In the first week in March there were plenty of peas and strawberries, but the inhabitants do not seem to take the trouble to cultivate them, and scarcely grow any green vegetables—not even salad—while the few that grow naturally are as expensive as they would be in Covent Garden. The rugged open country was thickly strewed with flowers—wild roses and wild raspberry blossoms; but lettuce and asparagus, which require a little artificial culture, though not more warmth, were very rarely to be met with. The explanation given was ever the same: "Before the war." "We can get no work done now." "We cannot afford to pay a dollar a day for the production of articles with which we can dispense." And the presumption is that until negro labour is brought down to negro value, the South must remain in the same deplorable condition, for there is no country in the world where the hirer could afford to pay the rate of wages demanded by these brainless and lazy blacks. Hoping at the same time to make profit and to extend the basis of their operations, these freed men had imbibed such an extravagant notion of freedom, that they consider it derogatory to be hired for labour, and often refused to work on any other terms than *part profits* with the proprietor of the soil, and so long as the negro is fed and pampered by the North, he will not accept the wages which thousands of white labourers, infinitely superior to him, are compelled to work for. This puffing up of the negro out of the position which he must inevitably sooner or later sink to, is one of the terrible evils of the conquest of the South by the North.

The attempt to force so degraded a race above that of the white man, was one of the greatest political blunders ever committed, and one of the greatest crimes against the law of nature. The negro in his present state is an animal devoid of any sense of morality, religion, virtue, or truth. He was born of immorality, knows nothing of the commandment, "Honour thy father and mother." He never knew who his father was, but "'Spects he was a white man." As to his mother, one would hardly ask him to respect her, for if she have several children, they are only half-brothers and sisters, for whom he certainly cannot have the same affection as he would were they legitimately of one family. It would be impossible for him to realize the sanctity of marriage, even supposing his parents had taken the trouble to go through that ceremony, seeing that his master could dissolve the union at will, and replace the wife or husband at option.

The result of this state of things is, that the negro, male or female, is a coarse, revolting animal, whom it is astonishing that any white lady can bear to have familiarly about her.

Possibly some few negresses, brought up under the immediate care of their mistresses, may have been a little less degraded than the common herd, but generally they are so utterly wanting in womanly decency, as to very much favour the hypothesis of their species being closely allied to the monkey tribe. Southern ladies, from having been brought up among them, doubtless feel less the degradation of being put on an equality with such creatures. It may be assumed that in slavery times they were on a very familiar footing with them, though, as a consequence, they had often to punish them severely, to keep them in proper subjection. The men, however, feel the change in all its bitterness.

To inflict such a race of servants on any European woman, would assuredly be to drive her mad. No white servant in the South will even eat at the same table or sleep in the same room with blacks. I verified their objection very forcibly on one occasion; for having stepped into a street-car filled with negroes, I was only too glad, after a few minutes, to step out and walk. A cattle-van would have been less offensive to the olfactory nerves.

In large establishments, such as hotels, where numbers of servants are kept, they are under the necessity of having the servants in each department of the same colour, as the two races cannot work together. Among the Southern people there is a stronger antipathy towards the mulatto than the black, especially on the part of the ladies, who may be supposed to feel a stronger aversion than the men towards this amalgamation of the races. Although, as I was informed, the mulattos exceed in numbers the blacks *pur sang*, yet I never met with an instance of a white mother owning a black child. There are, however, two or three cases on record of white Northern ladies—who, surely, must have been demented—having married black slaves.

What effect education and freedom may produce on the negro race remains a problem, to be worked out by time; but the Southerner is of opinion that the negro intellect can be cultivated only to a certain degree, and there it comes to a standstill. In my own experience, I have never met with a thorough black who was even ordinarily intelligent, and in the various black schools which I visited, I remarked that the degree of intelligence and learning among the scholars was in proportion to the amount of white blood in their veins; and it is a curious fact that, though born and bred in a land where the English language only is spoken, the negro is yet unable to acquire the pronunciation more perfectly than a parrot. It is not only that he speaks it with an accent, that he transposes his tenses so as to become almost unintelligible—as, "I been gone done it"—but, owing to some physical defect in the organs of speech, he cannot pronounce the *th* at all. Probably, the tongue of the negro being too large, this difficulty disappears only when the white blood begins to predominate. This, then, is the race put upon an equality with the Anglo-Saxon, and lauded even as superior to it!

The feelings of compassion which the horrors of slavery have inspired have caused this overrating of the negro, and with the removal of the cause these may probably die away; for it is noticeable that few of the Northerners who visit the South have any wish to take charge of their protégés. This makes it very evident that their extreme negro appreciation has become a mere political *ruse.*

Bad as the Irish servants are at home, ten times worse as they are in America, yet they are pearls of great price compared with the negroes, and the Northerners prefer taking an Irish servant in the crudest state, wild from the bogs of Ireland, to a negress who has been from her infancy under the special tutelage of some Southern lady.

The Southerners, for their part, are only anxious to get rid of their blacks; for, being no longer useful in their natural sphere, as "hewers of woods and drawers of water," they are not ornamental in any other. Planters maintain that cotton cultivation can never succeed where it is optional for the labourer to work or not, as he pleases; for at a particular period, if the labour is not assiduous and regular, the whole crop is destroyed. A white paid labourer would understand the importance of this, as he understands the necessity of getting in the harvest, and would require no other incitement to work night and day if necessary. The Tipperary harvestmen, who gather in our English crops, never object for a moment to labour through a moonlight night when the weather is likely to change. I have seen them in the Shannon, middle-deep in water for hours together, rescuing the floating hay-cocks. But the hay and the corn might float till Doomsday, for all the labour a negro, unless he were compelled, would put forth to save it. This want of forethought, of sympathy, and of appreciation of what is right, makes a wide distinction between the black and the very lowest class of white man.

The black appears to have no idea of cause and consequence. He does not cast back for experience, or forward with any aspiration; his whole world is concentrated in the present. The present is all in all to him; the past and the future, blanks. It has often been a matter of considerable astonishment to strangers, and even to the Southerners themselves, that the blacks did not rise in revolt against their masters, when these had their hands full with the North. The reason, I think, is very apparent. The negro is not capable of seizing an opportunity, unless it be the opportunity of stealing chickens and eating them for his present consolation. Numbers of the negroes, did, indeed, run away; but I am of opinion that it was usually in search of the "flesh-pots of Egypt." The greater number remained at their old homes; for whatever their sufferings may have been, they seem to have had little idea of a remedy, until it was drummed into them by emissaries from the North. The idea of freedom being extremely vague, it was necessary to put it in a very tangible shape for the negro to comprehend its bearing.

Like the Asiatic Armenian converts, whose principal idea of Christianity consisted in the wearing of a straw bonnet, sent out for purposes of conversion—the rest of their persons being covered by the Turkish unmentionables and jacket—the negro's idea of freedom was donning a pair of buck-skin gloves, such as his master had formerly worn, and having a cart and mule of his own, and somebody else's hogs. Without these tangible proofs, the abstract idea of freedom was beyond his comprehension. Hundreds of half-clad negroes sought the Federal head-quarters, devoutly believing that mule and cart were to be theirs, and invariably providing themselves with a piece of rope or string with which to lead away the animal—harness not entering into their dreams of bliss.

Such are the creatures who are now members of convention in every State, forming laws and exercising civil power, an aggravation utterly unendurable, even to a spirit crushed and broken. To listen to these blubber-lips attempting to make laws for Anglo-Saxon and Norman races, descendants of the bold barons who signed the Magna-Charta, is a humiliation to which history does not furnish a parallel; it is a travesty of the Scriptural phrase, that "the last shall be first, and the first last;" for it would puzzle logicians to discover by what particular virtue the negro has been raised to his present high position. Certainly it is neither for his wisdom nor his humility, they being alike undiscoverable in his composition.

In the white race, true genius springs often from the soil; Burns was a ploughman; one of the most eminent physicians of the present day was a baker's boy, and innumerable instances could be cited in which native genius has asserted itself, and found its own level. But we have as yet seen no spark of the Divine afflatus radiating from this black foundation, and only when it is tempered down to a very light brown does it approach even mediocrity.

The negro's principal faculty is his power of imitation, and this is sometimes carried so far as to pass for natural and original talent. I once heard a mulatto who could use the *th* preach a sermon, the manner of which was so entirely that of a fashionable preacher, that with closed eyes I might have imagined myself in some New York west-end church. The matter, however, would soon have dispelled the illusion, for greater nonsense I never heard uttered. This man was held up to me as a gem of eloquence by my Northern friends who took me to hear him. It was, however, agreed that we should stand outside the window in order to inhale the pine-tree fragrance, rather than the *Bouquet d'Afrique* inside.

It would be a pitiable sight to the civilised European world to see this self-asserting "greatest country in creation" legislated for, and partly governed by this semi-slave, semi-brute, dark sediment of generations of man's evil passions!

CHAPTER XIV.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

LAKE City, Florida, lies in a pine forest on the railway route from Jacksonville to Tallahassee, and a few miles distant from some sulphur springs much frequented for their curative properties. The whole road from Jacksonville to Tallahassee is through a pine forest, with here and there thick "hummock" lands.

For about twenty yards on either side of the railroad, the ground has been cleared of the trees, probably to feed the engines. These open spaces were covered with grass and wild flowers wherever the palmetto undergrowth had been burnt. In the second year this land will produce a good crop of Indian corn, a field of which presents a totally different appearance from one of our corn fields. The stalks, which grow from six to nine feet high, are surmounted by a feathery white flower, surrounded by handsome broad-green leaves. The ear shoots out from the side, shaped like the staff of an old spinning-wheel. A bunch of furry silk fringe, sometimes yellow, sometimes pink or purple, droops from the extremity of the ear, which is closely wrapped in the same broad green leaves. A field of Indian corn is in itself a young forest, frequently extending from a hundred to a thousand acres, and when in bloom is a magnificent spectacle.

Lake City is so named from the number of small lakes which surround it. The smallest of these, and the closest to the town, is in form like a jagged crescent. It is about three quarters of a mile across, and is draped round with magnolia, flowering bay, oak and pine. It was evening when we arrived at Lake City. There had been heavy Florida rains, so that the foliage was looking fresh and green, and very cool—a desideratum when the thermometer ranges from 85° to 90°, and millions of mosquitoes are swarming in the air. The sun was setting, and as it burst forth from the clouds for a moment, a magnificent rainbow was seen arching the crescent lake from one horn to another. A more splendid effect of colour and scenery could scarcely have been conceived than that which then presented itself to our admiring gaze. The weird "death-moss" festooning the trees caught the tints of the rainbow, and became resplendent with bright scarlet, green, and purple, which brilliant hues were reflected in deeper shadows in the water. One pine tree—the top a towering crown of brilliant green, hung round with transparent flame-coloured moss—looked like some high priest, or "Prophet of Korassan," covered with his luminous veil. The effect lasted but a few minutes, but though brief, the magic beauty of the scene could not be excelled.

The other lakes are at various distances, from two to five miles from the town. From the shores of the largest one—which is five or six miles long—rises a beautifully wooded hill, a great feature in the scenery of this part of the country, the peninsula of Florida being almost a dead level throughout. On the hill stood the ruins of a planter's dwelling, which must have been a pleasant abode in its hey-day of wealth, but like everything South, at that time looked picturesque only from its ruin. Its broken windows and hanging shutters denoted a place "where owlets nightly cry."

On the bank of the lake a large alligator was disporting itself in the sun, while a little farther on was a turtle, with its bright eyes peering above the water. The water is so transparent, that—as at Green Cove Springs—every twig and lichen at the bottom can be distinctly seen. It was delightful to remain still in the boat and watch the fish as they darted around us. We were in great hopes that we might discover in these clear depths some water kelpies, or "jenny green-teeth," or some such mysterious creatures, regaling themselves in their crystal grottoes. This lake abounds with game and water-fowl of every description. The whole estate—of over one hundred acres of corn and cotton fields, with the privilege of shooting and lake-fishing—was to be sold for a few thousand dollars. What a rare opportunity for a family of small means and many sons to settle in this magnificent country! Additional land, within six miles of a central trunk railroad, and in a climate perfectly delicious for nine or ten months of the year, was to be had at an almost nominal price.

The lake is one of those natural phenomena of Florida ,usually called "sinks." It once suddenly disappeared in the course of a few hours, leaving the fish stranded in the mud. After two or three years, it reappeared in the same sudden and mysterious manner. Sometimes the "sink" is formed by the falling of a large track of land into a subterranean lake, whose waters rush up and fill the void. A few weeks before our arrival, a whole plantation of several acres sank in this way, and a lake appeared, in whose clear water could still be seen the tops of the pines which had formerly grown there.

All through the country are springs of sulphur, magnesia, and iron. It is a pity there are not *quinine springs* in a country where chills and fever are so prevalent as in many portions of the south and west, and where, indeed, they must continue to prevail so long as people persist in living in natural swamps, or cultivating them artificially in the midst of their cities. In twelve months' experience of the different climates of the South, reckoned unhealthy, I was never able to perceive any particular unhealthiness in the air; but I have felt the effect of different waters frequently. But people fit themselves for the reception of disease by the manner in which they live. They rigorously exclude light and fresh air, carefully avoid exercise, and studiously aid dyspepsia by the quantity of hot bread they consume and the rapidity with which they swallow all their food—a half-masticated, horrible mixture of ingredients which would have driven Abernethy mad. Children are also allowed to live in this manner from their earliest years, and they will consume pickles, ice-cream, pea-nuts, preserves, turkey with sage stuffing, and cranberry, game, beef-steaks and onions, fried oysters and cheese, batter-cakes, coffee and mince-pies, steaming hot corn-bread, and several tumblers of iced water for their usual meal. If any man, woman, or child can feel comfortable, or be healthy after such a luncheon or dinner, there is no truth in gastronomy.

To live on the banks of the river is considered particularly unhealthy; but it is more likely that the unhealthiness lies in the swampy ground and slimy pools around than in the swift flowing river. The waters of the Mississippi flow at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour, and must create strong ventilation; but its spongy, gingerbread banks are frequently overflowed, and retaining a certain portion of its muddy waters, become stagnant pools and swamps, which slowly exhale the pernicious malaria. Many cities are built on these flats for the sake of the advantages they offer for traffic.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

WE reached Tallahassee, the capital of the State of Florida, on the 4th of July, the great American fête day; in fact, the only commemoration day kept throughout the United States. Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, are more or less defunct; even New Year's day is only kept in New York by a series of visits, as elsewhere described. There are no battle days,* birth days, accession days, or commemorative feasts, so far as I have witnessed, except that of the Declaration of American Independence. If this Tallahassean display was any criterion of the kind of liberty obtained, it certainly seemed more like licence.

In the Northern cities no doubt some exhibition like the fêtes of August in France might be witnessed; but at Tallahassee it was a mixture of the grotesque and the disgusting; apart from the military staff and a few Northern men, there was an overflowing slough of negroes, given up to what they no doubt considered enjoyment, but which was anything but edifying to European eyes, and anything but gratifying to European noses. There is something distinctly porcine in a multitude of negroes let loose for a saturnalia, and in their females especially—one shrinks from applying the name of *woman* to these creatures. One cannot say they were lost to decency, for they have never yet arrived at the point of possessing it. Disgustingly fat, grossly proportioned, dark, greasy, sensual, they appear to have no sense of shame; but flaunt and glory in their indecency, from ignorance, of course, and natural brutality, for they are destitute of the instincts of a white woman. Even the most respectable and decent among them do not appear to have the remotest comprehension of the commandments; and in this city of Tallahassee the spectacle of their degradation was especially pitiable and appalling. The public thoroughfares were crowded with them, both on foot and in vehicles; indeed, they seemed to be the only people able to afford carriages. There was what purported to be a torch-light procession, but it would have required something even more brilliant than pine-wood to have lit up this dark mass. For instruments they had a drum that made a discord with the music of the cicula and tree-frog, which in this climate make night more noisy than the days. They had also a few white calico lanterns, on which were scrawled sundry mottoes, such as, "We are marching on," which was obvious enough, "Lift up your voice to God," which they seemed to interpret *to the hustings*, where they were expected to cheer the speakers.

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* Except the anniversary of that desperate battle and glorious victory at New Orleans. Loss on the American side *six* men!

But even this could only be effected by means of a fugleman who could understand what the orator was talking about. Nor did they appear to comprehend better when addressed by several brethren of their own colour, who, having always lived North, and been educated there, had caught the knack of talking without saying anything, and delivering words without ideas. One of them, a mulatto, had also succeeded in imitating the false shoulders then so much worn in America, and with this addition (for negroes all slope in the shoulders) he presented a really handsome figure. His features also were straight, and the chin not too prominent, though nature in her fickleness burst out full negro in his diabolical rolling eye.

The Governor was entertaining a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were enjoying their champagne—for when an American does offer you wine, nothing less than champagne is thought of—when suddenly an unbidden guest walked into the room. He addressed some offensive language to one of the party, at the same time placing his hand upon his revolver, which he wore—as is usual with Americans—in a pocket made for the purpose at the back of the trousers. One of the officers immediately sprang to his feet to reach his sword, which stood in a corner of the room; but a lady near to him contrived to seize it first, and playfully withheld it, saying, "Fie, fie, what fight in the presence of ladies?" During the few seconds of this altercation, the unmannerly intruder was seized from behind, dragged out of the room, disarmed, and very much ill-used. But had the officer drawn his sword, he would assuredly have lost his life; the stranger had entered for no other purpose than to shoot one or more of the party, and the first person who had interfered with him would have fallen before his wrath instantaneously, before he could have had time to defend himself.

In spite of this untoward incident, our feast went on, the lady keeping sentry over the high-tempered officer for the rest of the evening.

The 4th of July was also the occasion of the transfer of power from the military to the civil authority, Florida having been at last received again into the Union, and her senators elected. This event was celebrated during the day by two skirmishes between the civilians and the military, in which one man was badly wounded. The officers also had taken part in a pell-mell fight; shots had been fired, and the town was again patrolled by the military. This was rather a warlike reinstatement of civil power.

On the following day, at a small place called Madison, four negroes were shot in a fight, the original cause being the thieving some corn, though this sort of theft had become so very common an occurrence, that all were surprised it should have occasioned any disturbance at all. Negroes are generally inveterate thieves, their religion not extending so far as a respect for the eighth commandment; it does not even reach the one preceding it. Hogs, calves, poultry, do not enter into their category of "neighbours' goods."

The House of Delegates was in session at Tallahassee when we were there. It is their business to form the State laws, which are subsequently submitted to Congress. The delegates were a motley throng indeed; some were dressed like men from Noah's Ark, some in the Dick Turpin style, and a few were *Cassino*-looking lawyers, with "lean and hungry looks." With the exception of the Governor, who appeared to be a man of honest sterling parts, and of practical sober judgment, the legislative body of Florida was a burlesque upon similar assemblies in other countries.

You might have listened in vain for the subtle rhetoric, the logical argument, the profound statesmanship, or the fiery stream of patriotic eloquence. The eloquence of this "Modern Athens" (as the Tallahasseans call their town) was very much like what may be sometimes heard in passing the bar-room of a country public-house. One orator, who occupied the rostrum of the "Athenian" capital, reminded me of the showman with the learned pig; he posed all his questions so that the same answer would suit. "Can you forget slavery?" "No!" "Can you forgive your tyrants?" "No!" "Will you vote for any but Grant, your deliverer?" "No!" Had he left out the "any but," the answer would have been the same. There was a great deal of yelling and screaming, but not one hearty cheer, and no real enthusiasm, for the simple reason that the black mob hardly understood a word that was said.

Tallahassee is situated on a rising ground, which is described by every inhabitant as a "*rolling* country." So perpetually is this word "rolling" used, that it finally conveys the impression that the country must be in motion, and when the traveller arrives at the top of the hill and fails to discover anything resembling a town, it flashes upon him that Tallahassee, being in such a "rolling" country, has probably rolled itself somewhere else.

We were driven up in a "*shandridan,*" a tumble-down vehicle called a "team," which threatened every moment to fall to pieces, and at last were set down at a long rambling wooden building, very much resembling Noah's Ark—having a platform encircling round it like the boat on which Noah's Ark is usually represented as fixed—and appearing to float on the sea of sand which rolled around. Opposite, in a square among fine evergreen oaks, stood the capitol, with massive columned portico—looking most imposing in the moonlight, and reminding me of some Italian marble palace; but alas! daylight transformed it into whitewash, with the measles.

If you think you would like to lodge in the town, supposing yourself to be in the suburbs, you walk a couple of hundred yards, pass a large wooden building (the market house) and a few shops, and find yourself again in the suburbs on the other side. It is really difficult to define where Tallahassee is *proprement dit,* as the French geography hath it. A few respectable houses are scattered about here and there, and of course there is for each sect a whitewashed church; but where the great fashion and aristocracy of the South would bestow themselves, was a puzzle to me. Yet by the hour together a stranger must listen to descriptions of the gentility, the culture, the high refinement of these Southern nobility, who lived *en Prince*, whose hospitality was unbounded, and wealth uncounted, whose dwellings were adorned with the statuary of Italy, the paintings of every school; whose tables rivalled those of the richest nabobs in gorgeous plate and *recherché* china; whose libraries were worth untold dollars; whose ladies adorned themselves with diamonds like Eastern houris. Such were the descriptions. I regretted I had no spectacles *couleur de rose* through which I could see them realized.

Looked at with the naked eye, Tallahassee appeared to me as I have described it. Yet this is the capital of Florida, the seat of all the refinement and intellectuality to be met with in the State. Yet one of the aristocracy observed to me, "We do not patronize literary entertainment here, we are out of the way of it." "You like a good *circus*, with plenty of noise and fun?" I suggested. "Exactly so," he replied.

A copy of E. A. Poe's works was not to be had in Tallahassee, where the *élite* of the South reside. There is not a house to be seen that would rent for a hundred a year in England.

There is no appearance of style, of luxury, or even of comfort. With a heat almost tropical, there are few or no appliances for keeping one's self cool. The windows are without venetian blinds, and for the most part require a prop to keep them open; the houses, too, are without verandahs. You see the everlasting hot and dusty American pattern carpets covering the floors, instead of the polished wood or tiles of other countries. No cooling drinks or tempting dishes; even ice water did not enter into the hospitality of this country. The leaving at your hotel of a soiled bit of card-board with the name of your visitor written thereon in pencil, is the climax of courtesy in Tallahassee, so far as a stranger may be permitted to speak from experience.

The country so much lauded as "rolling," has no very distinctive features. It is prettily wooded and undulating, and abounds with corn and cotton fields. The latter—the plants being young—looked at a distance very much like potato fields, though on a closer view the leaf appeared to be more delicate; the plant also grows higher, and has a pale pink, yellow, or blue flower. But the country in general that is around Tallahassee is just such as might be seen in England, France, Germany—anywhere in fact—a rich hilly country, with nothing singular or striking about it except its name, which is odd enough.

Tallahassee has, however, one interesting and historical circumstance connected with it, as having been the residence of the Princess Murat, whom the elegant Tallahasseans designate as "Mrs. Murawr." There, in the small one-storey cottage, under its shingle roof, lived and died the son of the great Murat, King of Naples; and there, as if to bear calm witness to the vicissitudes of fortune, and in silent testimony of "How are the mighty fallen," on a broken chiffonier stood the lovely bust of Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples, traced in exquisite beauty by the chisel of Canova, a startling contrast to all around in that mean Tallahassean room, which nevertheless possessed a chair and girandole of the Louis XIV. type, and a good oil painting of the Prince, relics of the better time.

Sermons there may be in stones, but there was a profound and pathetic one in the lovely face which had shared the glories of the fierce Murat, the man who, when told on entering Naples that heaven's cloud was surely about to burst upon him in vengeance, as on that day, the anniversary of St. Januarius, the blood refused to liquefy, replied, "If that blood is not liquid before three o'clock this afternoon, I will blow up the city of Naples, to join the saint in heaven." Of course it liquefied. Murat has passed away, St. Januarius is forgotten, but the face of the fair Caroline remains intact in all its soul-like beauty, shedding a lustre still over that mean little Floridan room. It was the only vestige of art statuary or painting that I saw in all Florida.

From Tallahassee we drove to Quincey, also celebrated for its refined society. We saw only a very pretty little town, beautifully situated in the "rolling" country, and here we quitted with regret, in spite of the heat, the beautiful state of Florida, and crossed into Georgia.

Next to river travelling, I am in favour of driving in a buggie, for when once you acquire the seat, as in the Irish car, the buggie is the most delightful conveyance in the world for seeing the country, and enjoying the fresh air.

I was preparing for a long night drive, and, seated in the public room of an hotel, was engaged in cutting up some concentrated beef tea. A gentleman walking up and down observed my occupation, and approaching me, said,

"I guess that's a new kind of *chaw* you've got there?"

I looked up at him in amazement.

"What kind of bacca do you call it?" he continued. "I should like to try it."

I handed him a piece. He commenced chewing it.

"I guess it tastes like soup," he said.

"Just so," I replied. "We have a ten hours' drive before us, and I shall no doubt feel exhausted."

"Well, if you do, I'll give you some Bourbon whiskey," he answered, quite amiably.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VALIANT WARRIORS BOWED.

BAINBRIDGE, Georgia, consists of a square, with the usual four churches of different denominations, and a few scattered houses, extending over a large space of ground. That it is situated on the Flint River is, I believe, its only recommendation or claim to beauty. Land is cheap here, three hundred acres having been sold by auction for thirty-six dollars.

I could not discover that Bainbridge was celebrated for anything in particular, except the semi-savage and wholly lawless character of its inhabitants. As a solitary exception to the rest of America, a lady could not be sure of not meeting with the grossest contumely there, while hospitality was as yet so little known and practised at Bainbridge, that "the stranger within their gates" might also be insulted. Murder and brutal ruffianism are rather fêted than otherwise. Whilst we were there, a *gentleman*, having sworn to be revenged on his enemy, met him on the market-place, struck him and insulted him; but his opponent, being the more powerful man, seized on his assailant, held him, and called for help. Before it arrived, the *gentleman* managed to draw out his revolver, and shot his enemy through the heart.

The murderer, though arrested, was allowed to go freely about on bail, paying a round of visits to his friends, the men giving him drinks, the ladies sympathy and flowers, for to be arrested by the military and held to bail was to become a martyr, the taking a man's life being a matter not worth talking about.

A friend of ours, chancing to arrive at the city, was taking a drive with one of the inhabitants, who called at a house where the murderer was receiving his tribute of praise. Our friend was introduced to him, and was on the point of shaking the blood-stained hand, when he was made aware of the fact of the murder. Instantly he turned his back upon the gentleman, walked out of the house, and also very soon out of the city, for after refusing to do homage to the pet murderer—the hero of the day—his own life would not have been safe. I need not say that the *gentleman* was not punished, although a form of trial was gone through.

Looking over the balcony one day, I saw, riding down the main street, a handsome one-armed man, with a slouched hat, semi-knit brows, and the war-like moustache which denotes the Southerner. His horse was a powerful grey, and he sat him like a rock. I was just thinking what a fine picture of a highwayman he would make, when I saw him stoop in his saddle, and speak a few words to a passer-by on foot. Instantly the individual addressed raised a heavy stick, and aimed a blow at him. The gallant grey swerved, and with one bound bore his master some ten or twenty yards away, while he, without a move in his saddle, turned his face, in which there was a hellish sneer, towards his assailant. Quick as thought the latter drew his revolver, took deliberate aim, and fired four shots in rapid succession; but the grey was nearly out of sight before the last was fired, and, more fortunate than Tam o' Shanter's mare, she carried off not only her master, but her own grey tail in safety.

I thought of calling "Police!" but recollected in time that there were none, also that the affair was no business of mine, and that I should be regarded very much as the stranger who interferes between man and wife, had I given any alarm. There were others in the street, who witnessed the rencontre, as well as myself, but none of them took any steps to secure the man, who doubtless went home, loaded his revolver, and waited his next chance. But my acquaintance with revolvers and bowie-knives did not end here.

I had been waited upon by several of the principal citizens, who had in the most courteous way intimated that they wished to make my stay agreeable to me, and were going to initiate me into the manners and customs of "Southern chivalry," and I have no doubt I should have been very favourably impressed by their efforts on my behalf, had it not been for the unfortunate accident of meeting a previous acquaintance in a United States officer, then commanding that post. It appeared that a bitter war was being carried on between this gentleman and the "chivalry" over whom he was placed in military command, and my shaking hands with him seemed to be the match destined to kindle the smouldering embers of their wrath.

Before one could say "hocus pocus, quick, presto," three duels were on the *tapis;* the mayor and corporation were sitting in full conclave; the negroes were assembling in force; the soldiers were under arms, and slouched hats and fierce moustaches loomed nearer and nearer. Round the hotel, which did not admit of being put in a state of defence—for neither door nor window would shut, and the legions of vermin and mosquitoes that besieged one inside, made it impossible to withstand another siege from without—I could observe the sun's rays glancing back from many a bright substance that was not a button.

The fierce sparkling eyes and knitted brows told me plainly what it was they were handling. Utterly shocked and bewildered by so warlike a demonstration, I sent for the mayor, a towering individual, some seven feet high, and broad in proportion, and who filled up the whole doorway as he came in. There was surely enough of him to afford any protection I might require. I told him, the insult having been offered to me, as well as to the United States officers, I wished the "haughty warriors" to be made to bow, and at least to apologize to me, as I could not fight them, and although I think the mayor would have enjoyed a general skirmish as much as any one, I took such great pains to impress upon him that I had visited Bainbridge with no other object than to observe the "manners and customs" of the place, with a view of putting them in my book, to be published in America and England, that he assured me my name was held in the greatest respect and veneration throughout the South, and that I should have as many "haughty warriors" on their knees before me as I chose to name.

I stipulated that the hotel should be cleared of armed men for an hour, that I might pass out unmolested to the house of a Northern lady, a friend of the commander. She had written to say she would receive me if I could come to her, but that it was not possible for either her or her brother to enter the city at that moment. If the commandant himself had ventured to come, or had sent any of his people, there would have been fighting at once.

"When will you like to go?" asked the mayor. I told him one o'clock. I packed up everything, for the lady was to send her buggy as near to the hotel as was thought safe, and a servant was to watch for me and conduct me to it.

When I was ready I opened wide my door and stood on the threshold. The stairs and galleries swarmed with armed men. I had overrated my power with the mayor, as he had not kept his promise. I ought to have insisted that he should see me out, but it was too late. To recede before a danger is surely to be overtaken by it. There was only one other white woman in the house, the mother of the proprietor. I had tried her before, but she was too timid to be of any use, and moreover, I had no means of getting to her without going for her myself, for in few Southern hotels are there any bells.

I resolved, then, to face my foes, and stepped on to the verandah, and stood amongst them. I heard the click of a revolver, and noticed a man cleaning a bowie knife. They all looked at me, and I looked at each one individually; it was no time for shrinking then. It was a cruel thing to try to frighten a woman, and I felt my indignant spirit rising. "You are not afraid?" said a man, with a brutal sneer, handling his weapon. "Not of *you*, coward!" I retorted, my pride getting the better of my discretion, and I walked downstairs amidst them with set teeth, eyes wide open, and so frightened, I could hardly keep my feet. I heard many uncomplimentary remarks as I passed, such as, "She's a right smart devil, she is!"—"She's had a h—ll of a charge!" But I was deaf and dumb to all. Only when they would not move out of my way I tapped them with my fan, saying, "Kindly allow me to pass." Outside the hotel the crowd was thicker than inside, and I had to thread my way through it. As I passed a gentleman said, "She is a Northern spy, you bet." This was dangerous. I turned back, and met the gaze of the speaker. "Do you not see," I said, and raised my hat from my head to show my Saxon hair, "that I am an English lady?" I stood for a full minute. Not a word was said, but many raised their hats. I bowed then, and passed on unmolested through the dense crowd until the buggy driver signalled me to where he was waiting.

The commander was not far off with half a company under arms, but screened by a small declivity. He did not wish to bring about any bloodshed, but was ready to protect me had they gone the length of violence. I arrived at my destination quite safe, and was welcomed by the whole of the Northern camp, who were dying to have brought me off *victorious.*

On the following day the gigantic mayor, accompanied by two six-foot corporation men, called upon me. It was a misunderstanding he said, that the gentlemen were only anxious to apologize, and that I should have as many haughty warriors, the flower of the Southern chivalry, on their knees as I chose to name. I named three. It was quite a ceremonial. There were the mighty mayor and corporation, the Northern commander, and minor officers. I was seated in a fauteuil, and my lady friend stood like a *dame d'honneur* leaning upon it. The culprits were marshalled in; the mayor took up the parole. He was sure, he said, that no southern gentleman would ever insult a lady and a stranger wantonly, and that they were only too eager to make ample apology for anything which might have seemed disrespectful.

They were three as handsome men as one could see in the highwayman style. They advanced in succession toward me, bent one knee, raised my hand toward the moustache, but did not touch it. I was appeased. And then, oh, reader! make allowance for manners and customs and the terrible heat, we all took a "drink," mint julep and "sherry cobbler."

Shortly after, one of my pardoned rebels singled me out a little apart from the company. "I trust you believe I am sorry for what I did?" he asked. "Oh, certainly," I said. "Then I am going to ask you to revoke something you said—you called me a *coward!*—I am not one; I would have protected every hair of your head, but I ventured to teaze and torment you. Your eyes flashed such haughty defiance, you could have annihilated a score of men. Will you revoke that word? It rankles in my heart." "I will," I replied. "Give me your hand," he said; "we are proud to be of the same race," and he crushed it until I thought it would be really jelly. I spent many pleasant days under the roof of my Northern friends, waiting for the steamer which was to bear me on my journey.

I must, however, endorse Bainbridge as the poet did Halston—

"For a heathenish hole is Halston,
As ever you did see,
And gin I go back to Halston,
The de'il may carry me."

CHAPTER XVII.

BENIGHTED IN THE CORN.

NEARLY a score of Columbuses may be found in America. They are named in their infancy, to add lustre to the discovery, but, like many others of illustrious name, they have failed to fulfil their destiny. Columbus, Georgia, set out with the very best intentions, and carried them out so far as the usual main street is concerned. The main street of a small town in America is longer and broader than the largest street of the largest town I know of in Europe; in fact, a Boulevard, usually about three miles long, and the eighth of a mile wide. But somehow these infant city prodigies and giant baby towns, always seem to have been afflicted with some infantile disease that has stopped their growth, and left them less robust than other young cities. Augusta, Georgia, was no doubt the twin sister of Columbus, and suffered from the same epidemic.

Columbus is situated upon the Chattahoochee River, and ought, from its position, to become a town of considerable importance, a natural weir occurring just at the bend of the river, which in consequence is not navigable higher up. This water power was stated by Basil Hall to be the finest in America, or, rather, worth the most money when fully employed. The rapids are very picturesque; the river skirting round beautiful little islands covered with magnolia and jessamine, and forming a natural dam. The scenery on both sides is romantic, and much resembles many parts of South Wales. The River Chattahoochee, rushing over its rocky bed, divides the States of Georgia and Alabama.

On its banks two cotton factories—the first I had seen in the South—had only been recently rebuilt after their destruction by General Wilson's troops when he attacked and took Columbus, where the last shot of the War of Secession was fired.

During the war, these factories had supplied the greater part of the clothing for the army; Columbus was therefore conspicuous for her power in thus helping to carry on the war, and so drew on herself the vengeance of the enemy. Her inland position, and the difficulty of navigating the river, saved Columbus through the first four years of the war; but two or three days after the general surrender, Wilson and his *well-mounted infantry* made a foray, burning and destroying all in their path.

It was a curious thing, in English eyes, to see one of Lee's bravest generals carrying on these factories and devoting his attention to spindles instead of bayonets; to water-power instead of gunpowder, and vigorously studying the arts of peace instead of the game of war; commanding amidst the rattle of machinery instead of the roar of artillery; moving amidst flying cotton-down instead of the smoke of cannon, but still a soldier, every inch of him, though the "Lost Cause" spoke out from his stedfast and firm but melancholy gaze. Another Garibaldi, he had been as earnest in the battlefield as he was now in the cotton factory.

A cotton factory may not be the most poetical of subjects to discourse upon, but where the cotton is growing all around you for miles and miles, and to be made of any value has to be sent to New England or to Old England, this first attempt at turning it to account on the spot is worthy of notice, for it is the acorn destined to become the oak, the seed which ought to produce a harvest of power and wealth.

The South might have laughed at the North, or any other nation, had she been, as she could have been, self-sufficing, with her vast resources thoroughly developed—instead of lying dormant, while she depended solely on the cultivation of cotton for her sustenance and revenue. She never need have wanted provisions for her army, or have been destitute of ammunition, for many of her mountains are filled with coal and iron. "Keep your cotton," says a hostile nation; "we will clothe ourselves in silk, wool, and linen." So the South, notwithstanding its thousands of miles of cotton fields, became a land of paupers.

Over the rocks forming the boundary of the river, the iron was glistening like gold, in the greatest confusion.

"Ah! if you had only had that iron in ships," I remarked to General C., who had been gathering specimens for me.

"If we only had!" he replied; and the sad, undaunted eyes gazed intently into the distance, as though he mentally resolved that if it had to come over again it should be.

Thus, the rebuilding of a cotton factory was at that time a sight to rejoice the heart of humanitarians and philanthropists. It was like the first green bud appearing after the cruel winter storms, or the first streak of day beaming on the wrecked mariner; the first germ of hope floating up from the deep gulf of despair into which the whole country had been plunged.

On the opposite side of the river were still to be seen the remains of the earthworks and temporary fortifications which were attacked by Wilson's "Marauders," who came pouring over the brushwood-covered slopes around. Only a very short defence was made, for there were no fighting men in the town, though the Southerners had then no idea that Lee had surrendered, and that their cause was lost. In Columbus the last shot of the Confederacy was fired, and there the last shell sang its despairing wail, as, bursting, it scattered for ever the hopes of a gallant people fighting for a cause *they deemed righteous*, and than which hundreds less worthy have been fought for. The Southerners did no more than fight for what they believed to be their own; and, apart from the nineteenth century humanitarian notions, in which it must be remembered *they had not been reared*, the negroes were as much their property as are a man's sheep or oxen.

Did not the mill owners fight against the Ten Hours Labour Bill? Do not mine and pottery owners object to the withdrawal of infant labour, though it cripples the little limbs and stunts the natural growth, destroys the happy chirp of childish voices, and shortens life by over-toil and unwholesome air. This, too, in "the land of the free," where slavery must not even be mentioned! Little black children, reared like little pigs on a plantation, were certainly not worse off than those poor factory, mining, and pottery children, or the thousands of unfortunates raised in St. Giles's and other purlieus of misery and vice.

To judge the slave-owners' case aright, it must be looked at from their point of view as well as ours. The right of such a vast country to form itself into a separate dominion will scarcely be disputed in these days, when nations are choosing their own rulers, discarding their own sovereigns, and electing princes, presidents, and rulers by the popular will, and with the approval of other nations. It would be a singular anomaly if the freest of all nations (so called) could not have the same freedom of choice—so at least it would appear to disinterested spectators. But the policy of such an act is quite another question, and the North showed its wisdom in holding its ground, and in not permitting the breaking up piecemeal of its fair proportions.

The climate of Georgia is very unequal in temperature, it being overpoweringly hot in summer, sharply cold in winter, and rather variable throughout the year. Nevertheless, grapes and peaches grow there in abundance. We visited a most beautiful farm belonging to a Southern gentleman—a lawyer by profession, a farmer by trade, a colonel in the army by rank, an orator and a politician *par goût*. Anomalous and multifarious indeed are the occupations of the American.

The farm was situated about six miles from Columbus, on a continuously rising ground, three or four hundred feet above the river Chattahoochee, the Alabama hills rising to a similar height on the opposite side. A more beautiful panorama could scarcely be desired than that which revealed itself from the top of this hill. Much of the country around was under corn and cotton cultivation, although the immediate estate was covered with grape-vines and peach orchards. Heavy rains had just fallen, cooling the atmosphere, and leaving the country as green as the Emerald Isle. Here and there were dark patches of pine, evergreen oak, hickory and alianthus—a species of acacia. The Aesquiline Estate—or, according to the Americans, Aesquiline "lot"—consisted of a thousand acres, laid out in peach orchards, the produce of which the owner shipped to New York in the height of the season, at the rate of about 40,000 per week. He could have found easy sale for 40,000 more if he had had them, but the place had not yet recovered from the effects of the war.

The father and his four sons had all been in the army. His beautiful place had been ransacked by the Northern troops, and had run to waste for four years. In this country, where nature is so luxuriant, a few years, or even a few months, of neglect, renders the best cultivated estate one mass of weeds—but weeds of the most beautiful kind — passion-flower and sweet-pea, for instance. The peaches are of various kinds, some of them very fine and delicious. But the grapes—the Catawba and Scuppernong — I thought sour, and inferior to French grapes. The scuppernong is an indigenous vine, the leaf like that of the hop. The fruit grows in single berries, of a dark, speckled, orange green, and resembling gooseberries or potato berries more than grapes. They are sweet, but have a strong flavour like gas. The wine is rich and luscious.

The Chattahoochee making a considerable bend at this point, you may walk round the Aesquiline hill, and look on a panorama with a radius of one hundred miles, the horizon defined by the Alabama range of hills. The place itself had very much more of an English air in its culture and trimming than anything I had seen in the country. All the recent improvements, in the shape of mowing and raking machines, &c., were in use, and the owner had solved some problems that had vexed me very much during my residence in that part of the States—viz., the possibility of growing turnips for feeding cattle; whether it was necessary for the raising of a calf to let it wholly monopolize its mother's milk; and whether veal was not good before it was a year old.

At the Aesquiline farm, for the first time since coming South, we tasted cream; canned milk, imported from the North, being generally used elsewhere, through the South. The owner also demonstrated, beyond all dispute, that grass *will* grow and that hay *can* be made in Georgia, and lawn turf as well. This gentleman brought over skilled labourers from Scotland—about fifty in number—with five hundred of them the country would soon present a far different appearance. Land is so cheap that a man might easily buy an estate for himself in a few years, and change his position from a hired servant to that of a master farming his own land. For young, intelligent married men what an opening! Many, doubtless, would jump at it could they only find their way to this country. Growth is so rapid that very little labour would suffice, not only to support his family, but to enrich himself and improve his position in society. Peaches are indigenous to this State, and produce abundantly, three years after budding. My informant told me that he could have sold fifty thousand dollars' worth of peaches per week, and that with ordinary luck and peaceful times, he calculated on making a large fortune in a few years.

The Northerners, especially New Yorkers, have a sort of mania for peaches. They are almost as devoted to peaches as to ice-cream and ice-water. If peaches are attainable at any price, no Northern belle has the smallest scruple in requiring them at the hands of her devoted admirer. Every lady who professes to give any entertainment must have peaches—fresh if procurable; canned if *hors de saison*; but peaches at any rate. If a lady takes *any* fruit she must take peaches. Peaches and cream are considered "food for the gods."

We visited a large plantation of some eighteen to twenty thousand acres, lying along the banks of the Chattahoochee River. The cotton and the corn were finer than any we had seen elsewhere. It was on that spot that Lord Oglethorpe made the first British treaty with the Indians: the Muscogee tribe. We were shown a large Indian mound, supposed to have been their cemetery, but now overgrown with immense trees. These singular mounds are to be found all over the country. In some of them bones, weapons, and pottery have been found, proving them to have been the burial places of chiefs and warriors, if not of whole tribes. These solid earthworks are as impervious to the wars of the elements as to the onslaughts of man.

The plantation we were visiting had belonged before the war to one of the most wealthy planters in the state. He and his two sons had not been anxious to join in the struggle for what was considered the freedom of their country; but clung tenaciously to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and secluded themselves upon their magnificent estate. At the very commencement of the war the father was seized with a fatal illness, which consigned him to his grave. The elder son, heir to the property, was one day overtaken by a sudden rising of the river, and being overwhelmed by its waters, was cast up a corpse on a little hillock on his own land. The other son, after various expedients to avoid joining the army, at length volunteered to be one of the garrison of some small post where there was not likely to be any fighting. Whilst on duty there he was accidentally shot by one of his own men, and so the family estate passed into other hands. When we saw it, there were six hundred acres of Indian corn, growing eight or nine feet in height. That may appear a small matter to English readers, yet it well-nigh proved fatal to this book and its author.

The thermometer having reached 98° during the day, we waited until nearly sunset before starting for a five miles' ride along the ridge of hills skirting the river. The sunset and the scenery proved so attractive that we lingered rather longer than we had calculated upon. On descending the low-lying grounds near the river, we found that the heavy rains had washed away the small bridge and filled the roads with sand-heaps, over which our horses scrambled only to plunge into deep gullies beyond, without advancing much in the direction of the plantation. We were thus obliged to change our course and strike into a small bridle-path, which seemed to lead in the right direction. In this, however, we were mistaken, it merely led us into the middle of the tall, standing corn and there stopped short.

Now arose a terrible difficulty. To retrace that broken road, to traverse which, even in broad daylight, had been a sort of steeple-chase, when the twilight was made gloomier by the deep shadow of the corn, was neither more nor less than to attempt to break our necks; while to ride through the corn, whose stems were tall and strong as hop-poles, and had each a bending tuft at the top as large as a moderate-sized parlour-broom, seemed nearly impossible. But one or the other had to be attempted, as night was falling fast.

My little horse voted decidedly for the corn-fields; for besides an objection to jumping, he had a great liking for green corn, which he grabbed at on either side of him, while lashing me with the broom-end. For it must be borne in mind that the ears grow out of the side of the Indian corn-stalks, and not at the top. Once the darkness had fallen, to steer our way out of that seven hundred acres of corn would, my guide informed me, be utterly impossible, and to remain in it would be almost certain death, from the miasma, the terrible attacks of the mosquitoes, or the venomous bites of the snakes, which abound in these low, swampy lands.

Having laid this position of affairs clearly before me, my cavalier awaited my decision as to the choice of evils. I decided for trying the corn-fields. So into the corn and swamp we went with a desperate plunge, our horses every now and then sinking up to their knees in the ground, which, owing to the recent rains, had become nothing less than a quagmire, through which it required the most strenuous exertions to force the horses and hold them on their feet. Every moment I was thumped, and lashed, and beaten by the rebound of the corn-stalks, then tickled in the face by the "parlour brooms," then caught by the hair behind. Darkness was speeding on with sable wings. The horses were continually plunging forward on their knees, and the frightful certainty was ever present to my mind, that if I lost my seat I could never regain it.

That exertions might not relax, my cavalier kept repeating, that unless we could see a road before the darkness closed in we should have to sit on our horses through the night, surrounded by alligators from the river and snakes from beneath; that the horses would devour the green corn until they killed themselves, and that if we did chance to survive the horrors of the night we should certainly not escape swamp-fever or congestive chills, "so keep your horse's head and push on." And, indeed, it was a case of pushing; but at last, bruised, torn, and exhausted, we, at the end of above twenty minutes, espied a white road rising over the hill. We made for it, and arrived just as total darkness enveloped us. We rode home much elated at our escape, but very fully resolved not to visit another Georgia river plantation by sunset. My host consoled me with, "Well, I guess you are the first lady ever took that ride; it beats your English hunting all to fits." I had to admit that without reservation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—A DUEL À TROIS.

ATLANTA is apparently the most busy and flourishing town in the South, and it is, to my thinking, the noisiest place in the world for its size. It might be described in the words of the poet as

> "Noise and dust and hellish clangour,"

for it is the focus of several railroads. The trains go howling, and rumbling, and ringing through the streets with something like fiendish uproar, scaring unwary strangers, and killing misguided boys and children, there being neither fence nor barrier to divide the rail from the thoroughfare, nor is there the usual notice to pedestrians, "Look out for the cars." Suddenly there comes upon you a blast of heat, as from the infernal regions, a yell, as from a dying monster in its agony, and the creature (the engine) is upon you, rushing through the middle of the street, as I have said, without let or hindrance, and traversing now and again the sidewalk thronged with passengers. But if the engine should chance to run off the track—and in America it is scarcely a chance, but a common occurrence—it must inevitably rush into the shop-fronts, and prove a very much worse apparition there than even a bull. I do not think that the entrance of an engine for lunch would astonish any one at Atlanta.

These engines all carry a large bell, which is kept ringing during their progress through any town, and is supposed to warn the inhabitants. But as bells are ringing for one purpose or another every twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, they can scarcely be considered a warning. By some peculiarity of construction, the junction, with all its sidings and switchings, is situated in the very centre of the city, and as no train could either come in or go out without performing, with much hubbub, a zig-zag dance up and down the switchings, I would defy Somnus himself to close his eyes for the first few nights after arrival in Atlanta.

It is not unusual to see passengers jumping off the train at any spot they may consider most convenient, and no less than three lines of railway join—not to say run against one another—in Atlanta. There is the "Western Atlantic," the "Georgia Railroad," and the "Macow and Western;" besides which another was in course of construction. The town having been burnt by Sherman during the war, the inhabitants had doubtless become accustomed to the idea of destruction, and felt no more dread of the casualties likely to ensue from a locomotive running through the streets, than we should of an omnibus; for it is marvellous to observe how nature will adapt itself to almost anything. Engines in American streets are on perfect equality with horses, carts, and pigs, and people are protected by a code universal in America, "And be it enacted that every man do first take care of himself."

I never heard any one in America censured for selfishness; on the contrary, it is rather considered a fine talent or quality to possess, and the man who has the most of it is called a "smart" man—and this is the ultimatum of American praise.

✓ Atlanta is certainly a wonderful specimen of American "go-aheadness." At the time of my visit it had been built up with houses to shelter thirty thousand inhabitants; it had four or five hotels and as many churches, and only four years before that time the town lay in ashes. An immense opera house, which could never be filled by a city five times the size—had also been commenced, but had not been finished for want of funds; so it was bought by the State to be used, when completed, as the House of Legislature.

It was almost impossible to form any correct idea of what kind of city the Atlanta of the future would be. It was then scattered about in blocks, here and there forming part of a street, occasionally part of a square, and interspersed with charred heaps of ruins, or tall stacks of chimneys, indicating where dwellings had been. It is a pity that Atlanta, which, from its geographical position, must be destined for a great centre of commerce, should again be built up in brick, whilst there lies within bow-shot of the city such beautiful granite as that of the "Stone Mountain." It rises almost perpendicularly in two hundred feet of solid stone—enough to build all the cities in America—but as yet hardly any of it has been quarried, and—like many other of the vast resources of this splendid country—it lies unutilised. This granite cuts rather soft, but hardens with the action of the air, and is therefore most admirably adapted for building purposes. To observe all the towns or cities built of wood or flimsy brick, is a strong commentary on the American character. "*Après nous le déluge*" seems to be the motto of the modern Americans.

A mighty people cannot rise in a single generation. A man may lay out a beautiful park, and plant acorns in picturesque situations, but his grandchildren only will walk under the shade and enjoy the "ancestral oaks." Fortunately for America these oaks are already grown, but the growth of cities, which, so far as my proposition is concerned follows the same law, has to be originated by the father, completed by the son, and gloried in by the grandson. But for this end he must lay his foundations in stone, and not in brick, nor even in "Brown stone front." If the Americans pride themselves—as they have just cause to do—on the position of their country among nations, they owe it to their British forefathers. They are not of the soil, like the Red Indians, but came to their task of forming a kingdom with ready-made wisdom and knowledge, and the experience of centuries of progressive civilisation.

When Americans boast of the rapid strides their country has made and is still making, they often forget that the first colonists were not wild barbarians, but skilled artisans, poets, philosophers, divines, soldiers, and noblemen accustomed to the highest civilisation. Had they and their descendants continued to do for their sons what their ancestors had done for them, America would, without doubt, be at this moment the greatest nation on the face of the earth. But a utilitarian spirit of "How many dollars would it fetch at auction?" a dearth of family pride, and an excess of individual vanity have operated terribly to stultify the greatest aspirations towards national greatness. It is worthy of remark, that had Atlanta been built of stone instead of wood and plaster, Sherman would not have found its destruction so easy a matter, and must of necessity have passed on and left it standing. He would not have cared to attempt the burning of Aberdeen, and it took an immensity of pounding to make any formidable holes in Sebastopol. Granite buildings would be tough obstacles to an invading army; but Sherman's work was little more than a continuous fifth of November bonfire. He had but to strike a match to burn a whole town.

It is difficult to account for Sherman having ever been allowed to approach and pass through Atlanta. The complete prostration of the South could alone have been the reason. The town was strongly fortified with earthworks, which, I am informed, could have been held for months against almost any odds; but Sherman seems throughout to have met with little opposition, considering the daring and hazardous march he made. From the information given me on various points of his route, I am inclined to think that it required much more genius and bravery to plan such a march, than the actual execution of it demanded. To carry a cordon round the seceding States, with a blockade along the coast, was to strangle them in a running noose, which could be contracted until the last breath of life was pressed out of them; and when Sherman took and burnt Atlanta and Columbia, General Lee must have felt that the days of the Confederacy were numbered. Indeed, it is probable that the apple of discord had already been cast among the brave Southerners, and that its fatal seeds had corrupted their once fair prospects. Some enemy had been in the night and sown the tares.

Thus, Sherman was allowed to march on Atlanta without fighting. He gave the inhabitants notice to quit in forty-eight hours, which they did—although there were few but women and children to go out—and the place was then given over to fire and pillage. This Hagar and Ishmael treatment of wives and children of Confederate officers, was one of the most cruel incidents of the war. Helpless women and children were driven from their homes, without money or provisions, into the great forest-wilds, not knowing where to seek even a shelter, and vainly attempting to reach the Confederate lines. Some few succeeded in doing so, others took refuge in the log-huts of the woodsmen, but numbers perished by the way under their unwonted hardships; and although there never was what is called a famine in the South, yet the sudden descent from affluence into poverty and its privations, brought not a few to an untimely grave. A lady holding a good position in Savannah told me that for two years she had never seen tea, coffee, or sugar on her table, and rarely tasted any flesh meat but bacon. She was ordered out of her house with five young children (as she told me) after Lee's surrender, and hundreds of women and children were sent over the lines, to find their relatives wherever they could. I know of no parallel case in history where a city has been cleared of its feminine inhabitants unless when about to be bombarded; whereas, nearly all the Southern towns were either evacuated or surrendered, the fighting men leaving the town when they found it untenable, and the civil authorities, intimating this state of things to the enemy, they marched in peaceably, and took possession of everything without respect of persons. The North, or the seat where the government was, stigmatized the South as "rebels," for the simple fact of not wishing any longer to be governed by them. The South made no attempt to usurp power from the North or force their propositions on them; they merely wished to retire and govern themselves according to their own idea—the grand principle of a republic being *self-government.* Nevertheless the North, although branding the others as "rebels," dared not or could not treat them as such; they fought with them on an equal footing, and on the same terms as with any other hostile power. They also exchanged prisoners with them on equal terms as two foreign powers at war; and when the hopes of the South fell, and they were no longer able to maintain the struggle, Lee *capitulated,* and did not surrender at discretion, the soldiers were accorded the honours of war, and they were received back into the Union very much on their own terms, as free citizens.

To return to Atlanta. It is the seat of the Legislature of the State, and there are many ebony Lycurguses there, framing laws for the benefit and protection of the unfortunate whites, but principally occupied in earning their eight dollars per day. Whilst we were there a great mass-meeting was held, to advocate Grant's election as President. A strange motley throng, "black and tan" colour, paraded the streets, some with old muskets and rusty swords, some with heavy clubs, others with hoes—anything and everything, in fact, which could be used as a weapon, except the Irishman's poker, which is little known in these parts. I presumed they considered themselves an armed body: it was such an one as I would not have cared to meet in Galway, but before evening terminated, my fears were considerably allayed by the stampede which occurred. A great number of them carried *carpet bags*—no doubt as the oriflamme of Republicanism in the South. They were heralded and marshalled by a negro on horseback, decked out in such fashion as would have made the fortune of a circus had he been clown. He was decorated with a large scarf, which, together with his arms and legs, flew out in various directions. The marvel was how he remained in position, and did not go over either the head or the tail of the horse, leading one to suppose that there was some attraction of gravitation between him and his beast, which *pauvre diable* was of the Rosinante breed.

The "carpet-bagger," it is necessary to state, is the soubriquet of a Northern man, who is supposed to travel southwards with no other property than can be contained in a carpet bag, and speculates or makes a fortune in the Southern States. The procession, which was marching to vote for Grant, and had set out in the morning in what might be termed a state of armed neutrality, subsided towards evening into a disorderly rabble, the guns, pistols, and other weapons being brought into indiscriminate action.

The scene on a small scale was horrible and ludicrous; it was supposed now to be a torchlight procession, and crowds of negroes were bearing brands of flaming pine, which burnt fiercely, and gave a weird, supernatural look to all around. It lit up the glaring eye-balls of the semi-frantic negroes (for they had been indulging in not a little whisky), and lent a fierce lustre to their hideous faces, in character with the unearthly yells, which it seems is their peculiar mode of expressing their feelings. Gradually the waving of torches and the shrieks condensed themselves in front of the hotel, where rockets were let off in the most reckless manner along the streets, so that it was scarcely observable when the first pistol was fired.

But it was followed by such terrific screams, that a general onslaught seemed to take place, though for what or by whom it was impossible to discover. The negroes fled in all directions, like imps let loose from the lower regions, but only fired when they got round the corner. It was said that some white man had interfered with them for burning him with a rocket, and that a negro had shot him. The police at length came in, and did their share of the firing, for police are all armed with revolvers in this country. A good many wounded were carried off, and two men were killed on the spot. There was no serious defence on the part of the negroes, who rushed round the city yelling in great dismay, extinguishing their torches, and letting off their fire-arms. A few arrests were made, but the prisoners were probably released next day, as nothing more was heard of the matter.

All over the country, where the negro is beginning dimly to realize what he is told of his own superiority, uproars and fights are taking place. 'Tis a frightful exemplification of the old adage, "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." That goal for the negro is very clearly indicated by the present policy pursued towards him.

If Mr. Lincoln, as head of the American Government, had offered to pay the slave-holders in proportion to the one hundred millions (in gold), which the British Government granted, under the fervid eloquence and philanthropy of Wilberforce and Brougham, to free its slaves, then Americans might have claimed a splendid act of humanity and justice, and set it as the most brilliant star on the escutcheon of their young republic; but they lost this splendid opportunity, and spent far more than that amount of money in vindictive rage, to accomplish the greatest act of injustice that a nation has ever inflicted on its subjects, let alone "free fellow citizens," for many of these very slaves which constituted the wealth of the South, had been *bought* from the North only some thirty or forty years before.

The fact is, the negroes were set free to cripple and destroy the South, and the system has been continued ever since. The order of nature has been reversed; the negroes have been made lawgivers, to control and regulate university men. The finest intellects of the country have been forced to toil with their hands for their daily bread, whilst brutal instinct sits high on legislative benches, and if there had been a State Church in the country, we should have seen Archbishop Cuffee in lawn sleeves. This state of things in America is an anomaly such as the world has never seen, and a blunder such as humanity has never before committed.

When one nation subdues another by force of arms, it usually sends its grandees, not its cattle, and great men to rule over the subjugated; for asses, however taught to bray, could hardly be expected, by the majesty of their appearance, to impose very long. Although Americans may boast of having the best government in the world, yet to a stranger travelling through the country, it looks very like no government at all, for the law neither protects the victim nor exacts retribution.

I say with pain that I have scarcely been in any Southern American city where the crime of murder was not perpetrated during my short stay, and frequently under my own observation. I regret to say that on one or two occasions, I have had letters of introduction to persons holding high positions (judges and generals) who were afterwards either the victims or the criminals in such a case. But the word murder is rarely applied ; you hear of a man being shot or stabbed, and the phraseology is "shot and died of the wound," although the assassin might have been seeking his opportunity for weeks. Discussing this subject with a gentleman, he said, "Oh! yes ; that's so. I watched a man for some time this morning dodging about to get a good, clear shot at the barber." "And did you not stop him and have him arrested ?" I exclaimed. "Oh! no," he said ; "the barber, you see, had plenty of customers, and he could not take aim at him while he was shaving a man." Nevertheless, had he found the opportunity and shot the poor barber, there is every probability that the act would not have been considered murder, as he and the barber had had a quarrel, and public opinion, in default of redress by law, is decidedly in favour of exacting life for any offence, however trifling. It occurred to me once to have to step in between the assailant and his victim, and determinedly find myself in the desperate position, to prevent the shedding of blood, the cause being a disagreement about a paltry sum of three dollars. It was a paltry bill of three dollars to a printing firm, and I sent my secretary to pay it. One of the parties belonged to "one of our best families," and was upon social terms with me. Entering my drawing-room, I heard his voice addressing my secretary and using expressions anything but pleasing to me. Looking a little indignant, I said, "What is this, gentlemen?" My secretary repeated the sentence which I had overheard. "You are a liar," said the gentleman of high family, "I never said such a thing!" "Repeat what you did say," I answered. "Madam, if you do not believe me I must wish you good day!" and he bowed himself out, motioning my secretary to follow, and muttering, "I'll make you eat your words." I saw him feel for his pistols, and stepped in between the two angry men; and we passed out into the street, I without bonnet or mantle. "I have *wished* you good day," said the gentleman of the best family. "I entreat you to return to the house," said my secretary; "it is no place for a woman." "There I differ from you, I think it is," I replied. I felt like the old Scotchman in the story of "Get up and Bar the Door." "What! kiss my wife before my face, and scald me o'er with coffee lees!" "What! shoot my secretary before my face, and cast aspersion on my uprightness within my own room?"

Three gentlemen came down the street, which was a very great one; I accosted them and said, "Would you succour a woman in distress?" "Why, certainly; what is the trouble?" I said, "That gentleman a-head of us wishes to shoot this gentleman behind; he is my secretary, and I cannot spare him." "Why, certainly not!" "And please," I continued, "step up to the governor and tell him that I am very much annoyed, and ask him to call and see me, and put this gentleman of first family under arrest." "Why, certainly." One of the three then came home with us, and talked my secretary into reason; the second took charge of our assailant; and the third went off for the governor, who, being an intimate friend, came to me at once, and made all right. The worst part of the offence, they all appeared to think, was not the shooting of the man, but the aspersion of my character in assuming that I did not want to pay the extra three dollars! Such are the extremes of good and bad in American character.

I think I would rather be shot myself than appeal to three Englishmen in such a dilemma.

Political differences result in shooting, private quarrels for robbing and defrauding, not in action for restitution and damages, but in shooting the delinquent round a corner or over his own counter. Street brawls, instead of ending in broken heads and the lock-ups, wind up with so many killed and so many wounded. The fearful riots in New York some years ago, were only a development on a larger scale of the same lynch law system, which pervades the country throughout. The government is powerless to redress wrongs, and men adjusting their own grievances, wreak at the same time unrestrained vengeance. Statistics show a frightful average of reckless crimes. In the state of Texas alone, the number of murders officially recorded for the year 1868 was *two thousand four hundred* (2400) ! (and the actual number was, of course, greatly in excess even of this) in a population of one million only. If another *unchristian* nation in which they do not eat each other can surpass this, I would advise the sending out of missionaries to it immediately. To equal Texas in "freedom" and "enlightenment," and demonstrate to the world the equality, at least, of "despotic monarchical tyranny" to a "free and glorious republic," London, with its population of three millions, would have to produce *nineteen* indubitable murders *daily all the year round*, and even then she would be slightly behind her "go a-head cousins." Twenty per diem all the year round would only leave her one hundred "a-head" of Texas. Debts are extremely difficult to recover by law; and rents almost impossible, unless voluntarily paid; and this difficulty of recovering money creates great distrust in all commercial transactions, and the bribing of judges and officials is said to be a recognized proceeding. I am informed, upon the best authority, that this state of things has only been in existence within the last twenty years, and arrived at a climax within the last five or six.

We noticed that in Atlanta the negro was a few shades more grotesque-looking than elsewhere. A large garrison of Union troops is kept there, and in proportion as Northern money is disseminated, the negro becomes more conceited and comical to the eyes of (to use a Scottism) "decent bodies."

They persist in calling themselves *ladies* and *gentlemen*, and the females wear long-trained, white, transparent muslin dresses, with low bodies and short sleeves, the better to show off those delicate proportions which the garment scarcely veils. It is quite *à la mode* among the female creatures to wear white tulle bonnets, with blonde veils floating over their woolly heads (so like singed astracan), and their snout-like faces. Fan and parasol of course were necessary to preserve their lovely complexions. A large black pig, arrayed in the same costume, and walking on its hind legs in the centre of a large crinoline (which, by the way, they call a Malakoff), could not look more grotesque than some of these creatures dressed in this holiday attire, frequently stolen from their mistresses. At Atlanta, as elsewhere, mulattoes predominated.

Going west from Atlanta to Chattanooga, the country assumed quite a different character, changing from the dusty plains on the other side toward Macou, to a thickly wooded and mountainous country, with lovely dells and glades, and clear rippling streams traversing them. There was little cultivation, save here and there in patches of corn, which seemed short and scanty, and not at all dangerous to be lost in. We were passing through, as best a railway may, the Allatoona Mountains, a low-wood covered range, and the commencement of the Blue Ridge chain. The air began to be perceptibly cooler, and we enjoyed the fresh green of the oaks keenly after the dusty view from the hotel at Atlanta.

As we advanced, the hills seemed to rise above one another in rapid succession, until they culminated in a grand tableaux round the picturesque Chattahoochee, over which were the remnants of a stone bridge destroyed by Sherman. Above, on the crest of a pretty round hill, we could perceive the earthworks, from which it had been shelled. A fellow-passenger told me that he had been posted on the bridge, with orders to allow no one to pass, the cavalry of the Confederate army being on one side, the infantry on the other. In the night he was startled by a heavy boom from the top of the hill, and a shell burst right over him. He knew then that some of Sherman's army had found their way up there. There were eight guns to defend the bridge, but the Confederate troops were speedily forced to retreat, and a general rush was made for the river. Acting upon his orders, the fugitives were driven back, when they threw themselves into the river. Some were able to swim across, but numbers were carried down the stream, which is very rapid, and sank to rise no more, the enemy's shot pouring into them the whole time.

My friend assured me that he was never better pleased than when he received orders to retreat. All day long, as we traversed the mountains, we found the relics of war—earthworks and picket-screens and mantlets scattered the whole way from Atlanta to Chattanooga, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. In spite of all this, numbers of sentries and pickets were shot on or off duty, and this beautiful land was strewed with the corpses of these lonely victims.

> "'Tis nothing! a private or two now and then
> Will not count in the news of a battle;
> Not an officer shot, only one of the men
> Moaning out all alone the death-rattle."

He was dumb to his next roll-call, and none knew his fate. Twenty thousand of the more fortunate were gathered up and buried at Marietta—one of the Mariettas—I believe there are fifteen of that name in the United States. This one is a pretty, shady, summer resort for Savannah and Augusta. It had not, however, escaped Sherman, as the bare chimneys, his so-called "sentries," testified. The two great armies nearly met here, and a good deal of skirmishing took place. The Confederates, however, continued to fall back, and Sherman to flank them until they reached Atlanta. With Atlanta fell the hopes of the South.

Everywhere Sherman had gained the day by a flank movement. He was able to meet his opponents in front with equal numbers, and at the same time flank them with another army as large, holding also a third in reserve. Thus hemmed in, the fate of the Confederates was almost inevitable. They could not fight, back and front, armies numbering double their own. Numerous rivers, the Coosa, the Etowa, the Chattahoochee, and Chickamanga, intersecting the country, otherwise cut up in all directions by ravines, and filled with mountainous ranges, must have made this district a most difficult one for campaigning operations ; but every river and every pass had been the scene of some skirmish or engagement.

One might easily have imagined one's self in the mountains of Scotland, allowing for absence of lakes. Among the trees, oaks preponderated, interspersed with ash, maple, spruce, and pine. In the distance, a pale blue outline delicately traced against the sky, indicated the Blue Ridge of South Carolina. The Chickamanga wound so persistently, that we crossed it no less than fourteen times. Anxious to obtain all the information I could, and the names of the different rivers we crossed, I inquired of a passenger the name of the river we had just crossed. "Chickamanga," was his brief reply. A few miles more, and we again shot over a river. I repeated my question. "Chickamanga," was the answer, still more curtly. "How do you spell it?" I inquired. He told me. I had scarcely concluded my description of the Chickamanga, when we ran upon a trestle-bridge over a river. I was about to open my lips, but my neighbour, foreseeing the inevitable question, growled out "*Chickamanga*, and it will be ten times more *Chickamanga* before you have done with it," and so it proved.

The rail from Atlanta to Chattanooga is one of the most smooth-running in America, and the country, until you come in sight of Look Out Mountain, is as picturesque as in any day's ride I have taken in the United States.

During the day I was greatly entertained by a fellow traveller, a legislator, I believe, returning home. I noticed that before the train stopped at a station he sprang out, regardless of breaking his limbs, and only reappeared after we had started, coming up with a run, and making a rush at any part of the train, and finding out his former seat by degrees. He always left empty handed, and returned with a package of some sort.

His seat was next to mine, and having accommodated him with the vacant space under mine for some of his packages, we got into conversation.

"I always do a stroke of business on these journeys; there is money to be made, I tell you."

He had just brought in a number of live fowls tied by the legs.

"I'll make ten dollars on them."

The fowls rustled and cackled uncomfortably; they did not seem to approve of speculations. Then he opened for my inspection a large brown paper parcel, containing hinges for doors, of various descriptions. I had been under the impression that he was a "poultry fancier," now I thought he must be an "ironmonger." Not at all; I was wrong again.

"There, put your feet on those—a comfortable footstool. Don't object to the smell, do you?"

It was a large net of onions!

"No," I replied, "not until after they are eaten."

"Wall, I picked those up at the last station. Italia city—pretty place, is it not? They're dirt cheap; my wife will pickle them. I'm uncommon fond of pickled onions, ain't you?"

I said I was.

"Why, that's sensible; I see you're the right sort."

Whereupon, having won his sympathy on the score of the *onions*, he proceeded to unload his pockets, which contained the most extraordinary collection of articles—sprig bits, thimbles, white wax, fish-hooks, curtain-rings, hand lamps, &c.,

&c., which he had gathered at the different stations where we had stopped.

"You see, madame," he explained, "you can notice that there is always a dearth of an article in one place, and a surplus in another, so you buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest. It is the way to make money. If you like to invest ten or twenty dollars, I can make it forty!"

I thanked him, but in truth I did not care to have live chickens and a bag of onions, or hinges to dispose of. But the next station I rather regretted our acquaintance. He bounded in with his pocket handkerchief filled with a gelatinous, moving mass. My eyes fixed suspiciously upon it.

"Don't be alarmed! the greatest catch I ever had in my life! Leeches ten cents! I'll keep them and sell them for ten dollars!"

"Oh, horrible!" I cried. "What, ninety-nine per cent.?"

But I was thinking of a time when I had to ride for fifteen miles through very swampy ground filled with leeches, and when I arrived at my destination, I was streaming with blood, and took off twenty-nine of the creatures from my person, to say nothing of such as had gorged themselves and dropped off. I was so faint, that nothing but the flask of my cavalier had kept me in my saddle. Fortunately a doctor chanced to be there, and prescribed for me. The sight of leeches makes me nervous, but my travelling companion declared that the loss of one would be the loss of a dollar, and he was not going to throw *that* away. He kept his word, and I was not bled that time.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CITY IN ADAMANT.

IN a wide, bare, woodless valley—now of some historical interest, from the many battles fought there during the "War of Secession"—lies the town of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The houses are so scattered, that they look as if sprinkled over the vast plain. There are no regularly planned streets, each person would seem to have made his own road, or pathway, in whatever direction best pleased him.

The town has a general appearance of having been tossed there by accident, or of having slipped from the mountains in a storm of bricks and wooden huts.

The valley extends for eighteen miles, and is surrounded by several ranges of mountains, rising one-above another, the only exit appearing to be where the Tennessee river flows beneath the foot of Lookout Mountain. This valley of Chattanooga is one of the most celebrated sites in the United States, and to my mind, the most beautiful of any I had then seen. We procured a carriage to take us to the top of the mountain, to the hotel called the "Mountain House." As we ascended the mountain—which rises two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is traversed by a winding road, very much like the passage over the Alps—the view gradually increased in beauty. At first we saw only the ridges of the rocky, wooded hills we had traversed during the day, on our journey from Atlanta. They were covered with oak, hickory, and chestnut trees, fields of majestic waving Indian corn and light graceful sugar-cane covering their base.

At the next turn of the road, which was overhung all the way with verdure, we came in sight of another range of mountains, the Blue Ridge chain. Beyond those, and seemingly higher in the clouds, the Alleghany formed, with the Cumberland Mountains on the other side, a mighty amphitheatre, some hundred miles in circumference, and on which the glowing rays of sunset then rested in deep crimson and purple hues.

Chattanooga town lay scattered about in the valley, looking like a child's toy village, the river Tennessee almost encircling it, and nearly forming an island, when it suddenly turns aside and hides itself from view, until it reappears in bright silvery curves about a mile further on. We could trace it twisting, turning, curvetting, shining, in such opposite directions, that one could hardly imagine it to be only one river. Finally its streams were lost sight of in the gorge between two great mountains.

Winding up the steep, still higher and higher, we came right beneath a projecting cliff, which rose perpendicularly for several hundred feet, and on the top of which were some buildings. We looked up in amazement, and inquired if that was "Mountain House," thinking that only eagles ever could reach it. But our horses, which were powerful ones, went straight on, only stopping now and then to take breath.

The grand panorama now unfolded itself in all its glory. From afar we had thought the higher chain of mountains reached the sky, but now, away, above, and beyond, a third faint outline was visible, seeming to mingle with the clouds; this was the Smoky Mountain range of North Carolina. As far as the eye could reach, these three chains of mountains formed an immense crescent, as though they encircled half the world. Surpassingly beautiful was the *coup d'œil*, vying with anything we had seen in

America. The foliage was resplendent in gold and crimson. Great eagles were sweeping through the glittering haze of the sunset, and so brilliantly *riante* was the splendour of the whole scene, that it was hard to believe, while gazing in rapture upon it, that strife, misery, and carnage had so lately been rife in that lovely valley.

On the second day of our sojourn on the mountain, it began to rain, and increased to a perfect downpour. The party I had come with declared they could not stand it, and should return; but *I* felt reluctant to leave the ravishing scenery and invigorating air so quickly, and determined to remain there alone.

"It will rain for two 'tarnal weeks," said one of my friends, trying to persuade me to go down with them.

"Surely not," I said.

"You bet, when once it begins to rain up here, it don't conclude to stop for a while."

And indeed it did not! It rained for two "'tarnal" weeks, as he had prophesied, yet was magnificent the whole time with lightning, thunder, rainbows, and scenic effect of clouds. It was the grandest "wet weather" I have ever seen.

Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable, for it rained in everywhere. I changed my bedroom

—having the whole choice of the house—nightly. But it was no use; the water found me out, and came drop, drop, drop, and always on my nose! In vain I turned my head where my feet should be; it found me out and dropped there. If in despair I bowed my head, then it dropped in the back of my neck; and there were nights when all the beauty and grandeur of the Look-out Mountain appeared as dross, and I wished I had gone down with my companion.

The dropping of water, it is said, will wear away a stone. It wore out my patience, and, wrought up by a fit of desperate irritation, I exclaimed, "Why on earth do I not sleep under my umbrella?" I carried out this idea, for the umbrella was a large one, and, propping it up the next night with pillows, I slept as dry as a bone, and laughed next morning to behold the drippings on the floor. Afterwards I moralized, What fools we are who count ourselves wise! Having turned philosopher, I was enabled to spend five or six weeks at "Mountain House," enjoying the "Look-out" to the full.

The hotel on the mountain is finely situated, and before the war was a very fashionable resort. It is well calculated to become one of the most pleasant summer retreats in the country, only to be rivalled by Niagara itself. The hotel is capable of lodging seven hundred people. It is divided, for the benefit of families and newly-married couples, into a number of distinct buildings, or small cottages, romantically situated on the rocks, and forming a picturesque ensemble, as well as a convenient arrangement. The hotel was kept by an enterprising Englishman, who, contrary to the practice of American hotel-keepers, spared no amount of trouble and labour to make his guests comfortable; and there is no doubt that in his hands, the hotel has become one of the best and most frequented in the country.

The position of the house is most salubrious. In the summer, the thermometer ranges from ten to fifteen degrees lower than in other parts of the surrounding country. When the inhabitants of the cities of Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, and Florida are stifled by the oppressive heat, a cool, refreshing breeze blows on the mountain. Indeed, after the hot, dusty, noisy pandemonium of Atlanta, with its 90 to 100 degrees of heat, and not a tree to shade one from the sun, or to rest the weary eyes upon, it seemed almost like ascending from purgatory to paradise. Seated at our open window, in the clear and balmy air, the splendid prospect of the valley, the green hills, and mountains capping mountains, spread before us, with nothing to break the silence but the song of the cicala, we experienced a sense of relief, freedom, and beatitude, almost indescribable.

Hitherto we had not taken account of how much we had really suffered in Atlanta and Maçon from the oppressive heat, and the want of any means in the houses for lightening its irksomeness. Then there was a constant noise and bustle in the hotel, owing to the members of the legislative body generally boarding there, and keeping up a perpetual ferment and fussification. One senator was always running after some other senator, and with such desperate strides as only an American can make, catching him perhaps by the skirts of the coat or by the collar, and holding him so, or pawing him affectionately, whilst he excitedly informed him of the latest congress news, or urged his arguments upon him. There would be groups of senators on the stairs, some in their shirt-sleeves and their legs over the bannisters, but mostly wearing white linen coats and no waistcoats.

Sometimes the body politic, with and without coats, would sit out in the street; one, balanced on a single leg of a chair, his crossed legs high up on the lamp-post; two others would tilt their chairs together, *vis-à-vis*, and keep up a see-saw motion, while they discussed "Reconstruction of the State"—which, by the way, seemed itself in a rather see-saw condition. Such a collection of aspiring legs and perspiring forms was surely never seen.

You could not approach safely within six or eight yards of these groups, for they all chewed tobacco, and it was dangerous to interfere with the pattern they were desirous of forming on the pavement with the ejected juice. Even in the senate house itself, during the pauses in the speeches, the sound of expectoration was the most nauseating thing conceivable. It would be absurd to mention dignity, decorum, or even decency in connection with this body of law-makers. There is no public body in England to which I could compare them. Of their political morality there is little to be said. Some of the best members resigned, disgusted with the system of bribery; but a great many more doubtless joined, in order to profit by it. The Representative body is formed principally of what are termed "carpet-baggers," "scalawags," and quondam slaves. The "scalawag" is the man who has played fast and loose with his own State and the Government at Washington, siding with whichever seemed to be in the ascendant. The dislike to the "carpet-bagger" is not so intense as to the "scalawag," who is regarded as a traitor. The negro is a man who has probably picked up a little writing and reading during his slavedom, and has, since the emancipation, been crammed by "carpet-baggers" with the most vague and outrageous notions of his own great importance in the world, and the inferiority of "poor white trash"—his former master now coming under that category.

Such are the legislators of the South, the rulers and guiders of the nation, while men of such intellect as Lee, Beauregard, Clinton, Hardee, Thompson, Stevens, and a hundred others whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, were teaching schools, conducting factories, presiding over railroads, and the like. Surely it had been better policy to have kept the South for a certain time under martial law, and have ruled her through the intellect of general officers and West Point graduates, than to have allowed her to fall into the hands of admitted adventurers and semi-savages, worthy only to belong to the tribe of Nana Sahib.

To return to the mountain—sublime in its natural grandeur, and solemn in the melancholy history of which it stands alone the everlasting witness—far as the eye could reach in every direction, and farther still, Sherman's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men had spread itself through the ravines, over the mountain tops, and skirted the river's bed, and everywhere they were met by large and small bodies of fierce mountaineers, who everywhere defiantly contested each inch of ground. Both sides had bled for months, until the very earth was drenched with human gore. At every few miles, we saw the remains of earthworks and blockhouses, and at every few hundred yards were subsequently gathered the mangled remains of the Northern soldiers. Sixteen thousand were buried together on one smooth round hill, where the sunshine seemed to linger--a small piece of wood indicating the number of their regiment, their names very rarely being known.

The vulture and carrion-eagle abound in this locality as though they scented more carnage afar off. Upon a single ridge of hills, which seemed low by comparison with the tiers upon tiers that rose above them, and where we could see the timber all destroyed and broken, was fought one of the most bloody and decisive battles of the war. Sherman, marching from Chattanooga, attacked the forces of General Johnson—posted on Missionary Ridge—and after a fierce encounter, succeeded in dislodging him, capturing ninety pieces of cannon, and compelling him to commence his final and fatal retreat. Sherman followed up his triumph from that time forward, devastating the country on all sides, thus leaving it entirely open for other

Northern invaders, and speedily bringing about Lee's surrender.

Away beyond two or three mountain ridges lies the valley of Chickamanga, where, some months before the battle of Missionary Ridge, the Northerners met with a terrible repulse, and retired on Chattanooga, where they fortified themselves. From the results of this battle, another pleasant rising ground has been turned into a cemetery, filled with fifteen thousand graves.

As we passed up the mountain, a man stood there with folded arms and knitted brows. "Is that Look-out Mountain?" he inquired, indicating it with his hand. He was answered in the affirmative. "I have a brother lies bleaching up yonder; I reckon I shouldn't know him if I found him." There was a sense of desolation in the words, which told the tale of many an aching heart in the country.

Our guide told us there had been quite a traffic carried on in searching out the dead among the brushwood in the mountains, the friends being willing to give any reward for traces of their relatives supposed to have fallen thereabouts. The bodies found were generally those who had been on picket duty, picked off, and no one the wiser, the dense undergrowth concealing them from all but the piercing eyes of the buzzards, constantly sailing over wherever an army was encamped. Look-out Mountain changed hands more than once, and the hotel buildings were made use of as a hospital—a delightful situation for invalids when once they were up there, but it must have been a terrible ordeal for sick and wounded to ascend that jolting rocky road. If it was no better then than at the time of my visit, when our sound whole bones were nearly dislocated in the process of climbing it, what must it have been for broken ones?

Nearly at the top of the mountain is a college, finely situated on a jutting point of rock. It was built by a benevolent gentleman, who still contributes several thousand dollars a year for the support and education of the boys and girls. Some of the scholars (those who can afford it) pay a fee, and the others receive their education gratis. Just where the mountain slopes down and forms a rocky ridge (called The Point) there is a curious piece of rock resembling a reading-desk or pulpit. From this natural rostrum, one of the Confederate generals harangued his troops previous to a battle, which took place on these rocky ledges. The pickets and companies of the contending armies both had possession of parts of Look-out Mountain, and were constantly popping at each other from behind projecting rocks and trees. When an engagement took place in which the Federals were repulsed, some facetious Yankee officer telegraphed to Washington that an engagement had taken place in the air—that the Confederate General ——— had fought above the clouds, and was still in the ascendant. And this might have been literally true, the clouds frequently lying below the mountain. Occasionally, and when it is moonlight, the whole of the vale and lower mountains are covered with cloud, leaving the higher peaks clear. The moon shining on the mist gives it the appearance of water, and the illusion is so complete, that a lady who had arrived at twilight could not believe that it was not a lake, and wished to test it. The mountains seemed to rise as clearly and distinctly out of the sea of mist as they do from the actual ocean. It frequently rains in the valleys below when it is fair on the mountain.

Look-out Mountain is the highest peak of this chain. The whole is historical as the geographical centre of the Confederacy, and the spot where its fate was virtually decided. Here, among these verdure-clad mountains, where the wild thyme blooms to the very summit, and in these valleys enamelled with flowers, lay opposed to each other for more than a year, two of the greatest armies that the world has ever seen engaged in civil war.

Upon another portion of the mountain may be seen a curious freak of nature, "The Rock City." This natural formation perfectly resembles a city built in solid rock, or rather a petrified city. There are the streets with, seemingly, rows of houses on either side. There is the main street or Broadway with tall city gates at the end, formed by two solid masses of rock, very much resembling the entrance to an ancient fortified city. There is the old castle and round tower, like a prison; the old Norman church and conical spire. There are also smaller streets intersecting the main one, and smaller houses in them, and on the slope of the hill behind, are scattered blocks of rock-like suburban villas. There are monuments also; one rock is a miniature sphinx with a handsomely cut profile, another a mighty elephant. It is a marvellous ramble through this petrified semblance of a city, all overgrown with the most luxuriant verdure, wild flowers, creepers, and vines of every kind. Here are found also most beautiful varieties of fungus resembling large branches of white coral, requiring to be crushed to discover that they are only fungi, bright scarlet cups, clear and polished as carved red coral; the same in yellow; but they drooped before we got them out of the city. Pink, orange, and brown were also there in every variety of shade and shape. All were exquisitely moulded, and the colouring of the fungus was as brilliant as that of the autumn leaves; indeed, if the fairies use them for their dinner-service, as they tell us in fairy legends, no monarch is served on a more dainty.

There was something awe-inspiring in the lonely giant rocks, standing like warning sentinels over the sunshiny valley that spread in waving verdant beauty beneath. It seemed as though some arrogant, defying beings had built a splendid city here in days of yore, and that for its wickedness and folly, a petrifying rain had fallen upon it and turned it into stone as it stood. Stiff, frozen, and cold it remains, a monument for wondering eyes to gaze at and for wondering hearts to pause over, and consider how many living cities are turning to stone for lack of "Christian charity," and how many living hearts are petrifying for want of love and kindness. Geologists will perhaps tell us that mighty waters rushing with rapid wave, have quarried and cut these thoroughfares of rock, and formed the streets and shaped the rocks into such familiar forms. But "how long? how long?" we cry, since the great floods were up here, three thousand feet above the sea and five hundred miles away from it. Was it at the deluge or before? Perhaps they will say it was in some mighty upheaving of the earth, when fire and rocks were tossed into the air and stand now as they fell. Geologists no doubt have their theory, but whatever the scheme may be, the facts are none the less marvellous, grand and mysterious.

Travellers should also visit the mouth of a cavern which extends under the mountain. Already five miles of it have been explored, and its outlet is said to be twenty miles away in Georgia. It is very similar to the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, although not yet so fully explored or so accessible. Thirty years ago this mountain was the home of the Red Indian ; he is now far back beyond the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.

THE route from Chattanooga to Nashville lay through most exquisite scenery; the rail skirting the river and running close under Look-out Mountain; so close, indeed, that you might almost touch the rocks with your hand on one side, whilst on the other you might drop a stone from the carriage-window into the river. From the banks rose other ranges of mountains, from which a large supply of soft coal is obtained. Several of the shafts were visible. So precipitous were the mountains that hemmed us in, that it was difficult to understand where we were going to find a road out of them; for there were mountains on the right, mountains on the left, mountains sloping away behind us, and mountains rising perpendicularly before us. Yet there were not many tunnels, as in England; we appeared always to make a *détour*, except once, when we ran under a mountain with three hundred feet of rock above us. Another time we crossed a bridge, a hundred and fifty feet above the stream, and formed only of wooden trestle-work. It looked terrific, and the more so as there was not the slightest parapet to the bridge.

Sometimes the train would scramble through a gorge in the rocks, so narrow-looking in the distance it seemed impossible that we could get through; but on reaching it we accomplished the feat, not, however, without almost scraping the sides. It felt like running into Dante's Inferno, where the solid rock closes in nearer and nearer, until the victim is wedged fast and the breath is crushed out of him. But that victim was not an American locomotive, which would assuredly go ahead through all creation, Dante's Inferno not excepted. We ran along a creek for about twenty miles, crossing and recrossing it *thirteen* times. By-and-by the sun set in crimson glory, and the light faded away into silver moonlight.

There is something marvellously fascinating in travelling through a mountainous country by moonlight, in gazing on the dark shadows and silvery tints, the ghostly grey of the trees and the glitter of the dimpling water, the soft gleamy white of the cottages, and the ruddy glow within, when for a moment the door stands ajar. The mountains take a dim, shadowy outline, towering higher and higher, until they seem to reach the very stars in heaven.

We struggled up a portion of the Cumberland Mountains, at an acclivity of a hundred feet to the mile, when our engine appeared to become quite exhausted with puffing and blowing, and, unable to climb any farther, dived straight into the centre of the mountain for about half a mile. When we emerged into the open air, we had left the mountains fairly behind us. Our engine then stopped, wiped the dew from its brow, and took a long drink; for American engines, like American men, are often wanting a "drink," and when they get it both make a somewhat similar noise or sigh of complacency.

Sometimes, on these cars, the conductor will come and entertain himself and others (that is, if the study of human nature under various phases should please you) by a little conversation. He usually begins by "concluding" you are from England. He "guesses" so from your complexion.

Then commence his interrogatories, which are very much after the style of a Scotch "precognition." If you bear all this amiably you may subsequently obtain a good deal of information by "precognizing" him. Having served my apprenticeship to Scotch law, I naturally put it in practice, and turn it to account when opportunity affords.

The conductor on the railroad cars in America is a totally different functionary from the English guard, although doing the same duty, with the exception of sometimes collecting the fares. They are invariably civil and obliging to ladies, and it is quite customary to receive a formal introduction to them, as to the captain of a vessel. And indeed they occupy very much the same position on board the cars, taking command and exercising the same sort of authority.

CHAPTER XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE—HIDDEN BEHIND THE DOOR.

ONE of the prettiest cities of the South—if South it can properly be called—is Nashville, Tennessee. It is built on a rocky plain, surrounded by pleasant wooded hills at the distance of some five or six miles. The immediate neighbourhood was not picturesque, for the trees had all been cut down to make fortifications, and facilitate the movements of the army encamped around the city during the war. It also supplied firewood for six months for an army of twenty thousand men. The prettiness of the suburbs was therefore greatly diminished, and one had to ride several miles out of the city, before the hills presented themselves in wooded beauty.

The glory of Nashville is its capitol, a chaste and classical building, constructed entirely of very white limestone, almost rivalling marble. It is an oblong structure, surrounded by a colonnade with Corinthian fluted columns, reached by a flight of steps. The capitol is built on a rocky eminence in the centre of the city, presenting from all parts a most striking and imposing appearance, but particularly so from the river—the Cumberland. The centre of the building is a square tower, surmounted by a cupola. The interior arrangements are carried out on the same handsome scale. The Senate and Representative chambers are of solid stone, quarried within a quarter of a mile of the city; the columns are of a beautiful porphyry, found in Tennessee. There is a library, and the usual chambers for the use of the senators. A magnificent hall or vestibule extends the whole length of the building, and there is a splendid staircase, also of porphyry marble. The reading-desk, or daïs, of the speaker in the senate chamber is, like the columns of red marble, intersected with white. The building was in perfect good taste throughout, a rare circumstance in America, where display is almost everywhere the dominating feature.

We were astonished to observe, placed in a straight line down the centre of the magnificent hall, and quite out of keeping with it, about two hundred small ugly wooden boxes. The explanation was, that even on that classic floor visitors could not refrain from the very unclassical habit of squirting tobacco-juice about, and these boxes were to preserve the cleanliness of the floor—as a notice, drawing visitors' attention to the only too obvious boxes, set forth.

It had been originally intended to build a low stone balustrade round the slope of the eminence on which the capitol stands, and to lay out the rugged rocks in gardens and parterres. But war—inexorable war—intervened, and the space was used for fortifications, while the tower became a look-out station. The whole surroundings are in a rough, dilapidated condition, very much as the army had left them. This is a great pity, as the situation is fine. The building is equally so, and is worthy of a prominent place among the architectural achievements of America.

The architect was a Mr. Strickland, who has since died, and is buried in a niche which he had himself contrived for the purpose, in the glorious monument he thus erected to his own genius. The view of the country from any part of the building is very pleasing, overlooking the town and the Cumberland River, which, like nearly all American rivers, is picturesque and winding, taking a snake-like course through the surrounding country, and the hills encircling the rocky plateau on which the town is built.

In Nashville the dwelling-houses and shops presented a better appearance than those of other Southern cities. They were in better repair, the paint was fresher, the gardens were neater, and the windows cleaner. Altogether, Nashville had more the well-to-do air of a Northern town. All the houses are built of brick, the building of wooden houses within the city limits being prohibited. Some are stone-fronted, but none are wholly built of the beautiful stone of which the capitol is constructed. Nature has paved the streets—the solid rock having in most of them been merely smoothed down, presenting an appearance very like that of the Via Appia, leading out of Rome. Thus the main street, being on an acclivity, will never wear or require mending. The pathways are formed, like the roadway, out of the solid rock, only raised a little above it. Those streets, however, that run transversely to the slope were fearfully rough and rugged, and a great deal of macadamizing was needed to make them tolerable for walking or driving.

There are four Catholic churches in Nashville, and three different establishments of nuns, two being Dominican Convents for the education of young ladies and the care of orphans. Both had beautiful houses in opposite directions in the environs of the city. The academy of St. Cecilia is a most desirable school for young ladies; its situation delightful and healthy, the house commodious, the grounds beautiful, the lady superior a benevolent and talented person. The ladies wear the white cashmere dress of the order. They informed us that the vow of seclusion had been absolved, and they do not now keep any cloister, but visit the town whenever they find it necessary. This is the case with most religious orders in America, where they find it more convenient to lay aside mediæval discipline for modern utility, and with true charity and devotion to do whatsoever good their hands may find to do. The institution in question has now fifty young ladies, who appear as happy as peace and kindness can make them, *autrement* "as happy as a convent girl." There is a home-like feeling about the place which is quite delightful.

On the opposite side of the town, and on another wooded hill, we visited the orphan asylum, superintended by four sisters of the same order of Dominicans. They had under their care seventy little orphan children, to whom they gave every attention, feeding, clothing, and teaching them from morn till eve. One of the sisters remarked to me, "But we put them to bed very early, we find it such a relief when they are all asleep." It certainly must require earnest devotion to spend all one's life with little *stranger* children, varying in disposition and character, but all equally tiresome to manage. Mothers, of course, enjoy the naughtiness of their offspring, but in strangers it must certainly require heaven-born patience to endure it year after year.

In both these establishments everything was scrupulously clean and well kept. There is nothing to equal the monastic system for neatness, order, and regularity. When the orphans are old enough, they are placed out in situations, according to their ability. The four sisters at the Orphan House had only two servants to assist them, and as most of the children were under ten, it will easily be seen how much labour these devoted women must go through in the course of a day. Divine charity is of all climes and seasons, and these sisters represented four different nations—German, French, Irish, and American. At St. Cecilia there was a French sister, from whom the young ladies acquired pure French, and a very able German pianist was also engaged from Nashville for the benefit of the more advanced pupils in music.

In a large brick building near the capitol, some sisters of mercy had a poor-school of six hundred children, day scholars; and a large house opposite the Catholic church was held as a boarding-school for an intermediate class, who paid a small fee. So that the hand of charity was extended to all ranks and conditions.

We went to visit the show-place of Nashville, a residence about a couple of miles from the town. In point of situation it was charming, and the grounds tastefully laid out, such as one might see in a thousand English country homes—fine green lawn, and pretty flowers, greenhouse, etc., etc.; but the whole beauty was destroyed by a Cockney display of plaster casts and iron statues. There were two enormous lions at the foot of the steps leading up to the house, and two stags at the top! My horse took fright at them, and nearly threw me on to their uncomfortable-looking antlers. A couple of yards away there was a plaster cast of a spotted Dalmatian coach dog, and, crouching in the grass, lay a tiger, painted yellow. Dianas, Apollos, Neptunes, etc., abounded; in fact, a small plaster of Paris mythology was distributed about the grounds, which covered some eight or ten acres. The house was a square brick building, moderately large, and painted to represent brown stone.

The interior was so profoundly dark and so crammed with furniture, that I made a most ungraceful entrée over a *petit Samuel* at prayer on the floor. Fortunately, as we afterwards discovered, there was no one in the room. The negro servant having left us, we groped about for a seat, afraid of sitting in some one's lap or getting impaled on the antlers of a stag. When the negro returned to announce that his mistress would be with us directly, he let in for our benefit a glimmer of light through one of the windows, which were richly draped with the heavy Algerian-striped damask, lined and deeply fringed—this *in June*, with the thermometer at 90°! The greater part of the furniture was in the Louis XIV. style, and had evidently been brought from Paris. It was fit only for mid-winter, and its stuffiness was painful to contemplate. The walls were covered with pictures and family portraits, consisting of the mistress of the house, her various husbands (she was said to have had four), and their children. Some of the copies of Italian masters were nearly as bad as the family portraits, Beatrice Cenci looking capable of every meanness under the sun. The rooms were rather small, and the pictures so large and in such tremendous gilt frames, that they had the effect of a house insecurely built of pictures.

Such was the specimen shown to me of

Southern wealth and luxury; and no doubt a great deal of money had been wasted upon it. It was an attempt to rival the splendour of a nobleman's mansion, the result being only an imitation of a lavishly-bedecked Cockney villa.

I at once recognized in it the original of a gorgeous dwelling I had just been reading of in a novel, which described the wealth, refinement, and Oriental splendour of Southern homes. The marbles and pictures were said to be in the style of the Borghese Palace, near Rome, or the Dorea Pamphile, or the Corso. But as compared with these, or any other European mansion, the place I had been visiting was a mere burlesque. Yet, wherever I went in Tennessee, I was sure to hear of this beau ideal of splendour, and until I had seen it, I imagined that the novelist who described it had dealt in the wildest fiction, for which she had not the slightest foundation, or had mistaken her *locale*, placing it in Southern America instead of South Italy.

I had traversed most of the Southern States, and was ever on the *qui vive* for objects which I heard constantly lauded, statuary especially. But until I went to Nashville, I had seen but one really good piece of marble sculpture—namely, the bust of Caroline Buonaparte, Queen of Naples. At Savannah they have, on a lofty column, a statue of Pulaski, the famous Polish general, and at Charleston there is one of Chatham, minus an arm. Walking one day in the streets of Nashville, my attention was directed to a dwelling-house, surrounded by a small garden of about half an acre. The owner of the place, I was told, was a man of great taste, and had embellished his residence with sculpture. There was little need to tell me this, for in this one half-acre were gathered together about twenty-five casts in plaster and iron—lions, tigers, Phyllises, Esmeraldas and their goats, Moseses and their bulrushes, stags, hounds, etc., etc. It looked to me like one of those statuary depôts in the New Road, London, where such articles are exposed for sale. It struck me that when Tennesseans do get a taste for statuary, they become gluttonous, and are not easily satiated, but pick up all the trash they can find, perfectly indifferent whether the article be a sham or real.

The complaints at Nashville of the Northern army were both sad and ridiculous. One lady had lost her velvet cloak, another her best boots, another her jewellery, another some family pictures, and so on. Of depredators it is often said, "nothing is too hot or heavy for them;" and so it would appear to have been with the Northern soldiers. For a lady, relating her grievances, amongst other things, said that the soldiers came and carried away a new stove, which she was just going to have set up.

"Oh, that is nothing," exclaimed her friend, "they carried off mine, which was already up, had the fire lit, and the dinner cooking upon it."

I said that, under the circumstances, I would have asked them to stay to dinner, and got my share of it.

Another lady told me she had lately been to New York; whilst there she was invited out to dine, and about to sit down, when she descried her own silver on the table, and threatened to call in the police to her host for possessing stolen property.

Upon another occasion a lady, not too devout, discovered when at church her own shawl on the shoulders of a Northern lady. One may better imagine than describe the "scrimmage" for the shawl which took place in the church.

I was amused very much by the description a lady gave me of her flight from home on the approach of the Northern troops. Her husband was in the Confederate army, and she had sent off her children to various places for protection, having resolved to remain on the homestead herself to protect it from the spoliation of the invaders—a plan which was usually successful.

She had, however, as she informed me, overrated her courage, for immediately on the sight of the blue coats she determined to abandon the premises, and began to pack up her valuables. Before this was accomplished, the army arrived, and she fled wildly into the pine woods, carrying away with her only the cradle, her guitar, and her father's picture.

Before she had fled very far, she found the picture so cumbersome, that she tore off the canvas and threw away the frame, and thus, a little relieved, she hoped to gain the Confederate lines. At nightfall her despair was brought to a climax by encountering a mounted patrol from the enemy's lines. Feeling sure that he would destroy her life, and being unable to escape, she threw herself on her knees, and, guitar in one hand, cradle in the other, implored him for her baby's sake to spare her life. She told me how greatly she was relieved when the horseman, noticing the guitar, said, "Well, give us a tune then." He was not such a demon as he had appeared to her to be. He presented her with some hickory nuts which he had in his pocket, and offered to convey her either to the enemy's head quarters, or to the probable Confederate lines. She chose the latter, and was some time after picked up by Confederate patrols, having had to abandon the cradle *en* *route.* The baby for whom the cradle was intended came duly to hand, and was well cared for.

When the Federal troops marched into the town of Savannah, the inhabitants kept to their houses, and little or no violence of any kind was offered. A friend of mine, who resided in one of the handsomest houses in Savannah, soon received a visit from one of the commanding officers, who coolly requested to be taken in as a border, or that she should give up half of the house. The lady—a bitter rebel—told him she would not live under the same roof with him, though it were of golden shingles, and that if *he* came in, *she* would walk out. He expressed his regret at her resolution, but said he intended to stay, and that she could carry away with her whatever she thought proper.

She had previously, anticipating this invasion, packed all her jewellery and silver into one trunk, which was carefully stowed away behind a door, that when open concealed it as in a closet. A dray was procured, and the lady, praying backwards for the Yankees, departed with her luggage and furniture, to seek a new home. Scarcely had she settled down in her new abode, than she suddenly bethought her of the trunk with all her valuables, which she had left behind the door. She rushed back to her house, but on her way beheld the precious trunk mounted on a military baggage-waggon. In vain she appealed to the escort, in vain she implored the commanding officer ; he merely bowed his regrets, and said she was, as he had already told her, at liberty to take anything away from the house, but he could not stop baggage-waggons, that she might select from them any object she had a fancy for.

When Rosencrantz's army entered Nashville, the best houses were selected for officers' quarters, and the families had so many hours allowed them to go—in American vernacular—" where they d—n pleased."

One day there would be a levy on all the waggons in the city for ambulance service ; another, everybody would find himself minus his carriage horses for troop service. A poor woman told me, with tears in her eyes, of the loss of her only steed, Dobbin, by whose aid, in bringing eggs and butter to market, she had contrived to support herself and children during the absence of her husband. She chanced to be in town on the unlucky day when the ukase for horses was issued. Dobbin was meekly standing, bearing her stock of provisions, while she was engaged with a customer, when she saw a number of soldiers surround him. She rushed to the rescue, and threw her arms round his neck, entreating to have him spared to her, as the only support of herself and family. The soldiers only jeered her, and declared that Dobbin was a "d—d rebel," that he must thenceforth work in a loyal cause, and bidding her cut short her embraces, they relieved Dobbin of his butter and eggs. She had no heart to attempt to sell them, she said, and trudged home with her load, weeping all the way.

There is little doubt that although most of the Southern cities were surrendered or evacuated, they were treated much in the fashion of cities taken by storm. The women and children were invariably respected, to the honour of American men be it said, although a thousand and one instances were brought under my notice of every sort of license imaginable. The soldiers would come and demand their rings, watches, and brooches, and even frighten them by pointing pistols at them to make them deliver up their valuables, yet their persons always remained sacred.

This manliness of feeling towards the weaker sex is characteristic of the American, and in this he is superior to his British ancestor. One never hears of the horrible brutalities so common in England, of kicking a woman to death, or throwing her down a flight of stairs. Such deeds in America would call forth the Lynch

Law. The offender would find himself swung to the first convenient tree or lamp-post, and the authorities would not trouble to ascertain who were the perpetrators of this summary act of justice. Thus, even in a large army, that was under no great discipline, and in which, in the natural course of things, there must have been ruffians of the very lowest type, they yet respected women. Even when General Butler issued his notorious mandate that all women insulting the Union flag or soldiers should be regarded as "common women," it had not much more result than exciting almost universal indignation, and amongst the officers there was not a man who would have dishonoured himself by taking advantage of such license.

Edgefield, a small village, is a suburb of Nashville, but on the other side of the river, which is here crossed by a beautiful suspension-bridge of five hundred feet span, also by an iron railway bridge, which opens to let ships pass through. The centre turns on a pivot, and revolves with the greatest ease, requiring only the strength of one man to turn it. The pedestal or shaft on which it is worked is built on solid rock, in the bed of the river. It is an interesting sight to see the great bridge with its iron frame go slowly sailing round, till it stands "fore and aft" in the middle of the river, like a slender rod. There are also some pillars, the remains of the bridge destroyed during the war by the Confederates themselves, in the hope of preventing the enemy from crossing. It was, however, unavailing, for before the enemy presented themselves, the importance of the bridge was gone, by the fall of Fort Donaldson, on the Cumberland River.

The Confederates, having been routed, fell back upon Nashville immediately. The scene must, from all accounts, have been one of the most terrible of the war—the panic-struck army rushed into Nashville spreading terror and dismay on all sides, their only endeavour being, to put the city between them and their pursuers. Every horse and conveyance was seized to carry them beyond the city. Some were so desperate as to propose setting fire to the town, and so destroy it rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. The unfortunate women and children were alone left in it. Nashville had been the depôt for commissariat stores, and immense buildings along the river-side were crammed with all kinds of provisions and clothing. Upon the approach of the enemy it was thought best, in order to prevent these stores from falling into their hands, to throw them open to the people, who were to come and help themselves to whatever they pleased, and enormous quantities of edibles were thrown into the river. It must have been curious to see the poor and the rabble of Nashville rushing into these buildings, and carrying off whatever they could lift. One old woman, who had scarcely been able to walk for years, distinguished herself by carrying off a whole pig. Other women staggered under numberless pairs of pants, doubtless under the hope that their sons or husbands might some day return from the war. Everything that had a wheel was put in requisition to carry away a load of provisions, and terrible it was for those poor wretches who had been living on short commons for so long, to see them shovelled into the river, when after every effort they could not succeed in carrying them away in time.

On the other side of Nashville, from a place called Bowling Green, another portion of the Confederate army had to retreat, fearing that they could not maintain their position after the fall of Fort Donaldson. It will be remembered that these "forts" were only earthworks, fieldworks hastily thrown up, and not like those on Portsdown Hill for instance. General Rosencrantz came in a few days afterwards, and immediately threw up fortifications all round the city. No attempt was made to dislodge him, until after the fatal disaster of Missionary Ridge, when

Hood made an inroad into Tennessee, hoping to get into the Federal rear. He came within sight of Nashville, which at that time was held by not more than tèn thousand troops, and many a weary war-worn soldier caught a glimpse of his home, and it is said that if Hood had marched upon the town at once he would have stood a very good chance of taking it. But he delayed for a week. The Federals had got their reinforcements and marched out to meet him, and one of the most disastrous defeats which the Confederates ever sustained ensued—out of thirty thousand troops, only eighteen thousand answered to the muster-call afterwards, and they were ragged, shoeless, and starving.

CHAPTER XXII.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

I MUST here be allowed an Hibernicism, as far as the title of this chapter is concerned, for in the whole course of my travels I never discovered that there were any American *children.* Diminutive men and women in process of growing up into big ones, I have met with ; but the child, in the full sense attached to that word in England—a child with its rosy cheeks and bright joyous laugh, its docile obedience and simplicity, its healthful play and its disciplined work, is a being almost unknown in America.

The little people of that country dress like adults, talk like their fathers and grandfathers, eat like their mothers and god-mothers, and keep the same hours as their grown-up brothers and sisters. A little American boy, almost before the age when an English child can only lisp (they never lisp in America, for the lisp is too much of a childish attribute) "reckons," "guesses," or "calculates" he'll have five dollars made up by next "Thanksgiving," and he "reckons" by that time "Seth Washington H. Smith will let him have that horse-velocipede he wants seven dollars for now." If you think to amuse him by putting a watch to his ear, he immediately pulls it away and asks what it cost, and why you don't sell it and get a dollar more for it. If you ask him why he does not sell his knife or pencil, he at once jumps at the chance of striking a bargain, and asks "what *will you* give?" eager to obtain more than he knows the knife has cost.

This spirit for over-reaching and taking advantage of his neighbour is rather encouraged than otherwise by American parents. He is "right smart," they say, "and will make his way in the world." It seems to me that the principles inculcated (if American parents inculcate any) are those of the Scotchman to his son. "Make money, my son—honestly if you can—but make money." Never being taught obedience to their parents, the American children are therefore considerably more ill-mannered and disagreeable than European ones. They show no childish timidity or shyness, and no sense of respect for their elders, or deference to strangers; but on the contrary, they regard you with considerable suspicion, and frown upon your most amiable endeavours to please them.

If a sugar-plum be offered to one of these little men, he will snatch it, and eat it up with a jeering laugh, thinking how cleverly he has "sold" you. "I guess I did that pretty smart." One beautiful little fellow with fine dark eyes, who had been standing eyeing me with a frown on his fair soft brow, I endeavoured to propitiate by telling him I would show him a picture in my book of a little boy just like himself. He turned his fierce little eyes upon me, and said, "I guess I was four years old last February, marm, and *now I am nearly six*—yes, marm." And off he marched in high dudgeon at being considered a little boy, kicking my dress out of his way as he went. Presently I heard him talking with another boy somewhat older than himself, and was greatly amused by the tone and style of the conversation. They stood with their hands in their little coat pockets, and with their little legs apart, and addressed each other as "sir," as I had been "marm." The proverbial "extra twopence" is evidently always paid in this country, for the "sir" and "marm" are never omitted.

"If that locomotive, sir, had dashed into our cars, we should all have been smashed up, sir," said the bigger boy.

"No, sir, my mother read in the paper that the cow-catcher dashed into some other cars. It smashed them all to bits, and wasn't hurt itself. Yes, *sir.*"

They continued the argument like two old men, regarding each other with a steadfast seriousness utterly grotesque in two such small children. The very babies have a solemn contemplative look, as though already pondering what "ticket" they will vote, and what new amendment to the Constitution they will propose in Congress, when they have cut their teeth and can walk and talk.

Mere children turn out in the world on their own account; seek employment, obtain it, and keep the wages. On one occasion I was in a shop where a ticket for "a boy wanted" was displayed in the window. A boy of nine or ten entered, and, singling out the head of the establishment at once, said, "Want a boy?" "Yes." "How much do you give?" "Two dollars a week." "Oh, you go to h—l!" was the reply, and he turned on his heel and marched out of the shop. There was no humble setting forth of the services he could render; no timid but earnest promise of doing his best if taken on trial; no anxiety as to his services being accepted or rejected, but a cool defiant refusal.

Another child I met with, and whom I shall never forget, was in speech and manners the reverse of the above picture, though they were equally characteristic of the American small people. He was a boy of twelve, with exquisitely symmetrical features—one of the most beautiful faces I have seen in America. He had large, soft, hazel-brown eyes, and a profusion of silken, wavy hair of the same shade; his complexion was a soft, creamy white, and his manners were those of a "*grand seigneur de la cour*"—in this respect differing from most other American children. But then it was impossible to regard him as a child. He introduced himself to me, professing the great interest he took in making my acquaintance. Our first conversation related to the Gulf Stream and the mineral springs of various countries, on which subjects he seemed to be perfectly informed; also on Biblical history, quoting from the learned researches of Professor Stowe, and offering to lend me the volume if I had not read it. This charming small personage was living at the hotel, entirely independent, and I should not have been surprised to learn, on his own income—for he had his own room, of which he kept the key like any other man; hired his own carriage, took his drive, and dressed in the most elaborate extreme of fashion, wearing always the most dainty of cambric shirt-fronts, with diamond studs. His hair was dressed every morning by the hair-dresser; I cannot say whether he went through the farce of shaving, for his delicate chin was as smooth as mine. He dined at the public table, and ordered his own dinner; but that was no feat for a boy of twelve years, as I have seen infants of five do the same daily.

When the gong sounds for a meal, the small people find their way to the dining-room independent of the escort of parents or servants, and order the waiter in the most imperious manner to supply them with pumpkin pie, ice-cream, pickled cucumbers, floating island nuts, grapes, and other dainties they may fancy, washing all down with three or four tumblers of iced-water. If these children ever arrive at maturity with a sound liver, it must be by a peculiar dispensation of Providence, as in the supervision of the "lame and lazy."

But my handsome beau (for he soon began to pay me marked attention, he not seeming to recognize the disparity of years) ate and drank like a reasonable man, took his coffee, and read his newspaper. "No, madam; I don't smoke," he replied, with a graceful bow, to my query: "I think it a bad habit, that often interferes with a gentleman's cleanliness." The ends of a fine cambric handkerchief peeped gracefully from the pocket of his coat. His cuffs and his hands were speckless, and his nails, like those of most Americans, were beautifully shaped and well kept. I have seen numbers of American boys of this class, *c'est a dire*, young dandies of the age of thirteen or fourteen, but none so perfect as my young friend. When I inquired if he had a little pony, he turned upon me a half-amused, tolerant smile (that seemed to say, "You Britishers do make awful blunders, but we bear with you"), and replied, "I have not a pony, madam, but I have a very pretty mare. She does not stand very high, and, though a little skittish, I shall be happy to send for her if you are fond of riding." This conversation was of course in an early stage of our acquaintance. I soon learned to treat him as he desired, viz., on perfect terms of equality of age, which position he sustained admirably.

How fond I became of this little miniature man I will not say, but I coveted him very much as a charming little companion, and if I had had any right to him, should certainly not have left him in an hotel alone. He was almost the only pleasant specimen I met of American young people, who, as a rule, are insolent, unruly, and rude, as young things brought up without any discipline must naturally be. From their earliest infancy they follow pretty much their own inclinations, setting the parental authority at complete defiance.

If a girl of nine or ten chooses to use powder and cosmetics, making a carnival-mask of her face, the mother or teacher have no authority to prevent it. "I am bound to have it," she announces; and accordingly she has it. If a boy of the same age wishes to smoke or "chaw," he gives—if, perchance, rebuked—the same reasons, and continues the habit. A child will ask for the breast of the chicken, or the best piece on the table, and refuse to eat anything else—the mother merely remarking, "He never would eat any other part."

In a family where they were always complaining of biliousness, I suggested that probably eating hot bread three times a day might have something to do with it. "No doubt," replied the lady; "but you cannot persuade a Southern child to eat bread at all unless it is right hot." I remarked that if the child were in an English nursery, we should not even try to "persuade" him. This want of discipline in youth naturally develops itself into ill-mannered selfishness in after-life, for "the boy is father to the man." "Oh, ma! I am so tired!" exclaimed a youngster. "I'd like you to give me up that rocking-chair."

American boys and girls do not amuse themselves with toys and games, like children in England; they prefer lounging about, by laying on sofas, or rocking themselves in chairs. Numbers of children, both girls and boys, lie down on their beds after dinner, and take their siesta like any old fogies. No doubt the indigestible food they indulge in makes this lazy habit as essential for them as for adults. But such habits of indolence contracted at that early age, must become almost ineradicable in after life. The duty of self-sacrifice or self-restraint is the last thing impressed on their minds, while to any unpalatable suggestion the unruly offspring generally replies, "Ma, I won't!" Nowhere else in the world, that I am aware of, is it recognized as a settled thing that no effort should be made to correct or improve unruly and vicious children.

I remember being in an hotel at Brussels, which was suddenly thrown into a state of horror and dismay by the advent of a family of American children. They smacked long whips through the house, rode downstairs on the banisters, stood up on their seats at table, and snatched the fruit and flowers from the épergnes; caught at the table cloths and pulled over the glass and dishes, sat with their feet outside the windows, and threw the whole establishment into such consternation, that the hotel-keeper was under the necessity of requesting them to vacate. The mother of this lively brood could scarce bend her fingers, so bedizened were they with diamond rings; so that it was no want of means to educate the children that had produced this terrible state of things. I thought they were some eccentric, exceptional specimens of American children, but have since had to learn that such specimens are the rule, not the exception.

Mothers in general exercise *some* sort of surveillance over the health of their children; but not much of that with an American mother. If a child should choose to eat green plums, buttermilk, and pickled mackerel, she would merely remonstrate, but would not *prevent* him. If she saw him standing on the brink of a well or precipice, she might wrangle the point with him, but, having no authority to *restrain* him, would remark, "I guess he *will* stand there." Tops, hoops, skipping-ropes, football, hockey, skittles, are little known to or appreciated by the young folk of America. They lack the energy which such games need, or, if they have any, display it in a more old-fashioned way. Many will cultivate vegetables or fruit, and sell them at a large profit; in fact, they begin to trade and make money as soon as they can understand anything. This gives them the serious and careworn look which the getting of money, I have observed, ever produces on old and young. A want of energy is easily accounted for in Southern children. From their babyhood they have been surrounded by slaves, who crawl about them, ready to flatter, cringe, and toady them to their full bent, with a view to currying favour and avoiding punishment. A domestic scene more saddening and revolting could scarce be conceived, than that of two or three children surrounded by their special slaves, over whom they have supreme control—beating and cutting them, rating at and venting all their evil passions upon them, without the least check to their tyranny, or any attempt of their parents to restrain the bad passions which spring up even in the earliest childhood. A number of young negroes were always crouching around, ready to relieve these children from, and to supply them with, a butt for every ill humour. Thus pampered and enervated from infancy, instead of growing up robust, earnest, self-reliant, energetic men and women, they became demoralized before they had really attained the use of reason—contaminated by the close intercourse with the depraved and bestial natures of their black dependants.

To some Southern youngsters the war was a godsend in bringing them to their senses, and teaching them the hard lesson of how each human being must depend on himself. Many, however, were too old to learn it, too selfish to grow wise, too inert for steady self-sacrifice, without which no great cause ever prospered. The heroism displayed was in most cases a dash, not sustained endurance. The exception to this was shown by the few graduates of the military school at West Point, who chanced to be in the Southern army.

I was told by one of the most sterling general officers of the Confederate army, that recruits joined from most of the families *as privates* (being ignorant of military affairs), bringing with them trunks containing every imaginable comfort and convenience, also a servant to wait upon them; so that to one regiment of ten companies there would be, at first, two hundred waggons, and as many serving-men as soldiers. Of dash and enthusiasm the young planters had enough and to spare. All were eager to leave their homes and stake their lives for the great cause, but few had the sustained courage to remain and to stand by that cause, let the time and sacrifice needed be what they might.

There was much of inconsiderate valour with little of steadfast purpose. Some brought their wives and families with them, intending to fight their battles during the day, and pass the night in domestic comfort. All were eager to meet the enemy in the field, but loth to take a spade to dig trenches and throw up earthworks. They were willing to carry a knapsack and gun, but indignant at having to cook their own rations.

The Southern army was composed of thousands of gentlemen (or at least of those so designated in America) occupying the position of private soldiers; and it became, therefore, a problem with the army, as difficult to solve as that of the Spanish grandees saved in a boat from a wreck. "*I* señor, *you* señor—who, diavolo, is to row the boat ashore?" The Southern youth had never been taught to bear any inconvenience or accident, much less real privations and trials, with fortitude. The war discipline made men of the best of them, but these were too few to sustain so great a cause; of the greater part it made rowdies. The negroes were the only really disciplined class in the South, and they could not then be made use of; and when the North had succeeded in disciplining her mercenary troops—and mercenary troops frequently make the best soldiers—the balance was not long in turning in favour of discipline against erratic bravery.

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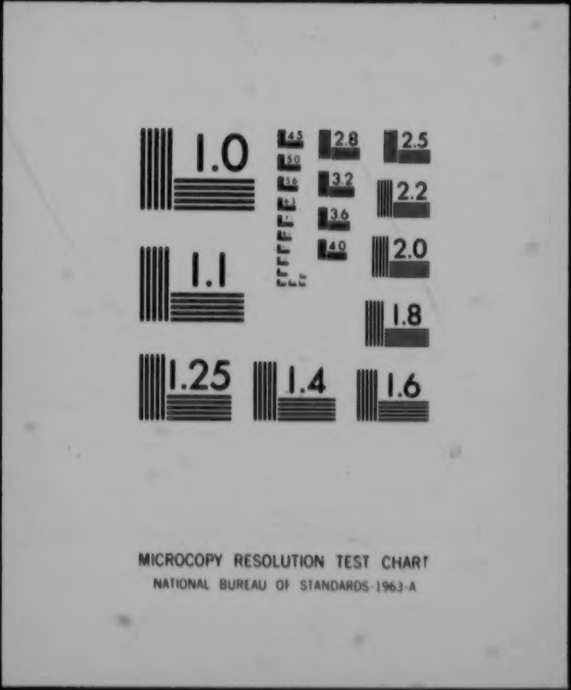
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CHAPTER XXIII.

AMERICAN HOTELS, AND WHAT OCCURS THEREIN.

THE American hotel is a *peculiar institution*, occupying a position in the country totally different from that conceded to hotels in Europe. The hotel proprietor also holds a rank in American society not accorded, in other countries, to landlords of similar establishments. In the United States a man of education, fortune, and good position—for instance, a general, a doctor, or lawyer ("solicitor-general" perhaps), would think it no disparagement to go into the hotel line, at the same time retaining his former rank, his official or other title. It is not unusual when a stranger inquires at the hotel for Major-general So-and-so—to whom he has letters of introduction—for the gallant major-general himself to step out from behind his own bar to receive his guest.

I was once introduced to a gentleman, said to be of high culture but fallen fortunes, who spoke with bitterness of the vicissitudes of life, telling me of his former wealth, his carriages, horses, plate, and innumerable servants. Not having met with any one living in that princely style, I was beginning to regret this one lost opportunity of seeing an American grand seigneur in full glory, when he observed, as a climax, "I assure you, madam, I kept one of the largest hotels in the United States!"

I sincerely trust that he did not observe the shade of British prejudice which must have passed across my face; for no doubt it was a prejudice, like that which excites the conventional sneer when a wealthy tailor or tallow-chandler is mentioned. Very little of this prejudice exists in America. Being a tailor was very rarely rated against President Johnson, and the having worked as a tanner never against President Grant; indeed, all the societies organized to support the candidature of the latter adopted the leather apron as a badge of honour. To keep *a* hotel (they aspirate that *h*) is considered, then, quite *comme il faut;* to live in one is a mark of fashion; as it denotes a certain degree of wealth and recklessness in its expenditure—two qualifications indispensable for those who would rank with the *haut ton* of America.

In Europe, hotels are establishments for the accommodation of travellers, whether bent on business or pleasure. In America, they are institutions for the accommodation of the wealthy inhabitants, to enable them to display their riches to the greatest advantage, and make as much show as possible for their money. These hotels are always large, in proportion to the city, and every place with any pretensions to the name of city has one or two monster specimens, containing several hundred rooms. When a settler aspires to the dignity and fame of founding a city, he commences operations by building a monster hotel, which generally fails, and buries his hopes in its ruin. The system of living in hotels, though vaunted as the *ne plus ultra* method, must be qualified with *chacun à son goût*, the two portions of the globe differing very widely as to this one.

To a European, American hotel life savours too much of school discipline. Nailed up behind your door, you find a yard and a half of printed regulations, prescribing every movement of domestic life. This, surely, is utterly opposed to British notions of liberty, and would be indignantly rejected by every Frenchman.

To have the hours for sleeping and waking pre-arranged by your landlord—or the proprietor, as he must be called—is very hard, when you pay for your bed and your room exactly what he demands. To be made to eat when you are not hungry, and to fast when you are famishing, paying all the time for a *recherché cuisine* and an amply-spread board, is very conducive to unevenness of temper. If you do not eat your meals at the hour and place fixed by the regulations, you must go without, but pay for them all the same. No matter what your appetite or habits may be, you must pay for eating fifteen dishes for breakfast, whether you like it or not. But should you have no inclination for rising by gaslight to eat before seven your breakfast of succotash steak, onions, bacon, beans, Irish stew, apples, eggs (broken into wine-glasses, no egg-cups having been yet imported to this country), pickles, treacle, and iced rain-water, your neighbour probably sucking his fingers after manipulating each and every one of these savoury morsels, you can remain in your own room. Then, by patiently pulling at the bell (if there is one), you may attract, if you can, the attention of two negroes—one called the "bell boy," the other, more briefly, "boy," without the "bell." One or the other will bring you, after waiting an hour or so, a cup of coffee—cold, or, if hot, in a tea-pot, which communicates to it a flavour more strange than agreeable. And this one cup of coffee is charged in your bill of extras one dollar, as "meal in room."

The rule of the hotel is, as written up behind your door, "Food on table at a certain hour." You navigate your way down among a crowd of people, and eat your food, if you are successful in the scramble and like it. But if you do not like what is there, you may not choose anything else. If you fancy a boiled egg for breakfast, and the *chef de cuisine* has ordered the eggs that morning to be "scrambled," as they call the mess, then you must, like a refractory schoolboy, eat them "scrambled" or go without.

If it is the hotel rule to give tea instead of coffee, or coffee instead of tea, your fancies on this point are of no shadow of consequence. If you venture any remonstrance about not liking tea, the generalissimo of the establishment tells you sententiously, and with his hands thrust into his pockets, "We *drink tea* in this house."

Dinner is equally according to law. In most cities, with the exception of New York, the dinner hour is from twelve to one. At some places they insist upon your swallowing that meal at half-past eleven. In one of these hotels I confess to having incited the boarders to rebellion by the banner-cry—"In England we eat when we please, if we pay for it." The first day of the revolt the gong sounded in vain; no one went to the dining-room until one o'clock, when we found the door locked, and the cook and all the negroes gone home. The second day of the insurrection we got into the dining-room at one o'clock; but as the dinner had been standing there since a little after eleven, and the negroes were all asleep, the result was anything but successful or comfortable. We then resolved unanimously that the eleven o'clock meal should be considered *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and dinner a myth.

Dining one day at the same table with an English gentleman, he said to me, in a confiding tone—

"These people are barbarians!"

"In what respect?" feeling sure he had made some dreadful discovery in the culinary line.

"Do you not perceive they always cut off the head and root of the celery, and bring the branches *only* to table?"

I had already noticed this, and wondered at it frequently. Resolving to ascertain the reason of it, I spoke to a negro, whose hand was always open for *douceurs*.

"What do they do with the heads of the celery?" I said.

"He cook, he chop dem off; trows dem away—good for him hogs, ma'am!"

"Well, can you get me a few?"

"Quite easy. Ma'am like to eat pig's meat!"

And he presently brought us a plateful of the roots, which he sat down, grinning broadly, for every Yankee eye near regarded us and the celery roots with amazement, and every Yankee mind "concluded" within itself—

"These people must be Britishers; they are eating the wrong end of the celery. What barbarians!"

Indeed, with the exception of a cup of coffee, I have never had breakfast but three times during the eighteen months of my travels, the dinner serving me as *déjeûner à la fourchette*, especially when they would give me coffee with it.

Dinner, socially and scientifically understood, with its courses, conversation, wine, and dessert, is one of those organizations which I had great pleasure in once more realizing. I may have *dined* in twelve months at most six times, always excepting three or four delightful weeks I spent with an English lady in Georgia.

An American dinner so called is a curiosity of indigestion, so much so that Americans have nearly always to retire to their beds after eating it, and bear unmistakable tokens of it in their sallow, lean persons. The manner of serving it, and the multiplicity of bits and scraps, resembles more the Turkish style of dinner, than anything I know in Europe. You are served with *one plate*, knife and fork, and around are placed from one to two or more score of small dishes or saucers, resembling those in a child's toy dinner set. In each dish there is a bit of something—a spoonful of turnip, a boiled potato, ditto mashed, a sweet potato, a parsnip, a few leaves of cabbage, a stewed tomato, ditto unstewed, a slice of beet-root, onions raw, onions cooked, cold cabbage, and warm sauer kraut, pickled beets, boiled beets, and celery; in short, an endless variety of vegetables, all *cuit a l'eau.*

The fish, flesh, and fowl, are as various as the vegetables, and as badly cooked, but they make a grand bill of fare for the eye, there being a list of from sixty to one hundred different dishes, said to be all cooked with various sauces, but to *the palate* all owning a close relationship to each other. It requires frequently a good deal of discrimination to distinguish beef from veal, pork from mutton, turkey from "chicken," "Ham, with champagne sauce!" is one of the delicacies set forth, the ham being somewhat less tender than Wiltshire, while the champagne might have remained in its native country for all the ham has seen of it.

"Cocoa-nut pudding with wine sauce," "Sherry wine jelly," and "Brandy pudding," so called, are in reality compounded on the strictest teatotal principles, and repudiate the approach of intoxicating liquors of any description. These dishes all being set down together, and not "to follow," are necessarily (all but one) cold before you can eat them.

Americans make the best speed they can, and with knife and fork (alternately) literally *shovel* down the various viands indiscriminately, terminating their repast in about ten minutes, and saving themselves from immediate suffocation by copious draughts of iced water.

The discipline of the hotel does not allow of any beverage more generous, and would frown down severely any apparent leaning towards ale or wine.

In England or France we should as soon seat a person down to a repast of dry bread as cold water, but in America, and especially in the east, there is a very determined *make believe* of total abstinence. I say "make believe," because there can be no doubt that there is more drunkenness in America than in any other country. I can safely say that I have seen there in one twelvemonth more men, in a respectable position of life, intoxicated, than in all the twelvemonths of the rest of my life put together. (Police statistics do not touch the question at all.)

In a country where grapes, rye, and barley abound, it is false policy to make men drink muddy river water or sooty rain water caught from the roof. In St. John's the water placed upon the table is so thick and yellow, that on my arrival I believed all the company to be drinking café-au-lait in tumblers.

Hotel prices vary from ten to twenty shillings a day for board and lodging. The price varies not according to accommodation, but according to the size of the hotel; in fact, the amount ot dollars charged per diem is according to the amount of dollars it has taken to build the house. I have as frequently had to put coals on the fire with my hands, and stir it with my umbrella, when I have been paying three and sixpence a day for coal, as when I have been paying one and sixpence for the same. Fire-irons do not seem to have been largely imported into this country, and are rarely to be met with. The hotels differ only in the number of dishes they give, and the size of the entertaining rooms. If a dining-room exceeds fifty feet in length, the probability is that you will have to pay over four dollars a day; if under fifty feet, the charges will be moderated to three or three and a half, and there will be only about fifty dishes to choose from and to partake of if you please, provided always you can succeed in devouring them in a given space of time.

Upon one occasion a party of us dining together, and attempting to make a European dinner, by taking an hour to discuss it, the waiters turned down the gas, and began to fold up the cloths and sweep the room. Such vagaries as sitting over dinner could not be tolerated under hotel discipline.

Tea or supper—whichever they think fit to call it—is generally what is termed in Scotland "a heavy tea," consisting of tea or coffee and cold meat; sometimes hot steak and sweets, with an infinity of hot cakes and hot bread, such as whoffles and muffins, dough-nuts and crumpets, pikelets and buck-wheat cakes, biscuits and rolls (which are not rolled, but are square, doughy substances), corn-cakes and pancakes, bread-cakes and fritters—in fact, an avalanche.

Americans never eat cold bread if they can avoid it, and if you are resolved not to become dyspeptic, as they are, you have to ask for *cold bread.* If you said "bread" alone, you would bring around you a shower of the above-named varicties.

It is noticeable that when the meal is called "tea," you cannot get coffee, but when it is called "supper," you may have either or both. The hours vary from half-past five to six and seven, according to the prevailing fashion. As in the old country, the latest meals are the most fashionable, and the provinces regard New York with something like veneration and awe, because the New Yorkers are so fashionable as to dine at five. New York is quite as much the ideal of all that is grand to the American, as Paris is to the Frenchman.

Much as I approve of discipline, regularity, and exactitude, yet I must confess that my very soul revolts from the sound of the gong of an American hotel. How terrifically does it burst upon one in that mysterious time between waking and sleeping, startling the happy slumberer from delightful morning dreams, and leading her to suppose that the town is on fire. Infinitely, also, do I abhor that persistent chamber-maid, who with the most doggedly impertinent of raps, expresses her wish every half hour from six till nine, to "get through your bed."

During these morning hours there is neither peace nor comfort. If a train is about to start you are rapped up, whether you want to go or not. If your door is not carefully bolted it flies open with a dull thud and a splash like the entrance of a small cutter or gig, and an individual appears under a yoke, with two large buckets of water. "Want water?" he growls, "concluding" you have drunk the two gallons he left you the day before. Next comes a rattling and scraping; this time it is to take up the ashes, a portion of which you are under the necessity of swallowing, unless you prefer suffocation under the bed-clothes. You are pondering the question, whether you will rise and dress or take another nap, when "knock, knock, knock" (imperatively this time). It is the "fireman" as he is called; but his business is not to *put out* fires, but to light them. I had noticed that these "firemen" were dashing, dirty, devil-may-care sort of individuals, very much above their business, and generally fresh out from the old country. Building a fire is no doubt the first step towards building a fortune. I have often seen men lighting my fire who had worn dress-boots in their own country. Once, in particular, I asked the fireman if he had ever lighted a fire in England. He said, "Not often." I then asked what had been his position. He coloured and answered, "A valet." I made no reply, feeling that he had spoken falsely. "You do not believe me?" he inquired. "No." "I thought you would not. Good morning," and he left the room with the air of a high-bred gentleman, with a coal-box in his hand.

You will probably receive yet another visit; this time from the laundress, or from a waiter seeking stray dishes and cups. Having been your own porter and attended to these individuals' various requirements, you think you may as well get up and attend to your own dressing.

But the American *beau monde* having by this time finished its breakfast, goes paying visits, and long before your toilette is accomplished, "rap, tap, tap" at your door, and like the worried porter in Macbeth, you are inclined to say "Who comes there, in the devil's name?" It is a gentleman's card. Not knowing his name, and not being dressed, you desire him to call again or make known his business. You then proceed with the arrangement of your back hair; but before it is settled into the legitimate chignon, "rap, tap, tap" again, and the bell-boy shouts through the key-hole, "Gent wants to take your photograph." "Tell him he cannot." Or perhaps it is the chambermaid with a lady's card. "Say I am sorry, but I am dressing." Chambermaid returns with message from stranger lady, "No consequence, she will come up all the same; she has read a good deal about you in the newspapers, and wants to see you." Answer again, "Tell her she cannot."

Hotel bedrooms are furnished with no regard to comfort, but altogether with a view to effect. Most things required in a bed-room are wanting; several things not required are there in great state. An immense mirror, placed so that you can only see one half of your face, the other being thrown into quite Rembrandt shade. As it is impossible to dress your hair alike on both sides, when you have to use the sense of sight for one side and are entirely dependent on that of touch for the other, I comforted myself greatly under these circumstances, upon being informed by a French *artiste en cheveux* that "for the present mode the hair need not be *coiffée* alike on both sides," a fortunate coincidence, indeed.

Your bedroom constitutes the whole of your private establishment; your sitting as well as dining-room being open to the public. It must also be understood that once a lady or gentleman is cast into one of these bedrooms, he or she is thrown entirely and completely on his or her own resources. You need not expect help from any member of the establishment, either to brush your boots, your coat, your dress, unfasten hooks and untie the string of your veil, fastened in your hair, or any of those little civilities ladies usually require, and so much appreciate. You are in a republican country, where no one will give you a pin unless you pay so many cents for it.

Servants are beings unheard of, and good-nature in *any one* very scarce. All repudiate the notion of being *servants*. They will tell you, "My business, or profession, is to sweep rooms, or make beds, or attend to the table; and if you want any one to brush your dress you must find some one whose business it is to do it." I have never known a lady have a maid or a gentleman a valet. Gentlemen get their boots blacked by professional shoe-blacks, and ladies have their hair dressed by professional hairdressers. But if any accident happens to shoes or hair you will have to remedy it yourself, as you best can. As American ladies only occasionally wear their hair in a style artistic or tidy, I dare say they are generally reduced to dressing it themselves.

Amongst other regulations nailed on your door, you will find:—

"Ladies occupying this room are strictly prohibited from doing any washing in it.

"Gentlemen are requested to spit in the spittoon and not on the carpet.

"It is positively disallowed for visitors to carry away this album.

"Persons occupying this room are desired to turn oft the gas each time they leave their room, or an extra charge will be enforced.

"Breakfast is at 7 o'clock, dinner at 1 o'clock, tea at 6;" (as the case may be), "any meals outside of these hours will be charged extra.

"Visitors asking for anything not on the bill of fare will be charged extra.

"Ladies taking fruit from the table will be charged one dollar.

"By act of congress, etc., etc., etc. The proprietor is not responsible for any article stolen from this apartment. Those occupying it are therefore desired to place all their valuables and money in the charge of the clerk in the office."

The gas, to begin with, is usually suspended from the ceiling beyond any natural arm's length, and to reach it you have to mount a chair, and often the table. Then, having plunged yourself into darkness, you must scramble from your elevation and grope among rocking-chairs, spittoons, and marble-topped tables (usually with about eight very hard sharp corners) to find your bed or the door. Upon returning to your dark room from the bright light without, you have again to practise a little gymnastics; to mount your table and grope for the gas-pipe, like a benighted Macbeth, the difference being that you neither "see" nor "have" what you want. All this time you must not forget another of the rules behind your door, "Visitors are earnestly desired not to strike their matches against the wall," although, no doubt, they may strike their heads against it in the dark as often as they like.

Then, for a lady to place all her valuables and jewellery in the charge of the clerk, would be rather like living with your trunks across the street. When a lady takes off her jewellery in the evening, how is she to carry them to the "gentlemanly clerk" in a public office surrounded by the loafers of the city, smoking and spitting? How is she to regain them in the morning? Such is the idea of accommodation and comfort in an American hotel.

At Cincinnati I was unfortunate enough to comply with part of the regulations, by placing my money with the proprietor. When the bill had to be paid he helped himself to what he thought he would like, and sent me up the remainder of my money with the bill receipted. It turned out to be double the amount that, according to his own prices, he had the right to charge, or I would have paid. But with the money in his pocket, and his receipt in mine, there was an end of the matter. This sharp practice showed clearly why travellers were advised to place their money and valuables under the care of the proprietor, especially when he is the proprietor of the Burnet House, Cincinnati. I need not say that for the future I preferred taking care of my money myself!

The "parlour" is also furnished with immense mirrors, where you may see yourself at full length. Sometimes half as large again, sometimes half as broad again, so that really, to know your natural size in America, you have to get weighed.

You never feel free or at home in an American hotel, for you are always under surveillance, always under discipline. If you receive a guest, a friend, or man of business, it is with great difficulty that you can have any private conversation with them. People who are strangers to you have no hesitation in walking up and standing near to listen to what you are saying, whether on business or friendship. They will even take a seat near enough to hear, and if they lose a word, will stretch out their necks to listen.

Your conversation must therefore necessarily be confined to such phrases as could safely be uttered on the market-place, or repeated to the whole parish. Thus all social chit-chats, all the happy friendly communions, all the pleasant hours passed in genial society, are discarded from this hotel and boarding-house life. For boarding-houses, which abound, are merely small hotels, where the mirrors are smaller and still more defective, the carpets a little more worn, and the prices somewhat less; but the discipline system is the same, gong included.

In Great Britain every man's house is said to be his castle, although it consists only of a garret.

No such independence exists in free America, for, as I have said, you never can call a room—not even a bedroom—your own, whatever you pay for it. Everybody expects to be allowed to come in at all times and seasons. To exclude them is to be sent to Coventry for a disagreeable Britisher. Your chambermaid walks in (without knocking, of course) and takes a seat, examines your books, or whatever you have on your table. Your laundress opens your door, declares it is a warm day, throws herself into your rocking-chair, and fans herself with your fan.

Arbitrary rule and custom in America forbid you to assert your right to the exclusive use of your own property. But Americans will say, "Oh, we don't pretend to be governed by the rules and regulations of so-called polite society. We are a free people, and do as we like." But there is the mistake. There never was a country under any despotism where people could do *so little* as they like as in America. The discipline is stricter than in any boarding-school except a convent—worse than in any regiment not governed by a thorough Martinet. Everybody is bound to do a certain thing at a certain time, or be cashiered *au diable.*

If you wear a boot or hat of a different shape or colour to that in vogue, every eye will fix upon you, and dismiss you then and there for your intolerable audacity. If you do not see any one calling for wine at dinner, have a care, it would be better for you to choke than ask for it, for you will be stared at, and perhaps talked *at*, until you rush to your mirror to see if you are growing incipient horns or a whisker.

"If you wish to indulge your disgusting habit, confine yourself to your own room," is telegraphed at you from a dozen pair of eyes, as you modestly sip your claret or cider.

I may conclude this sketch of hotel life with an anecdote, which does not much exaggerate the inexorable determination of hotel-keepers in this country to extort, with or without reason, all the money they can from their guests.

A foreign prince was travelling through the country, and of course "a sensation" was got up, for which he was made to pay. Arriving at a small town, where he was merely to change horses and take some slight refreshment, the landlord, in great trouble about what he ought to charge for entertaining a prince, applied to the driver to inquire what was charged at the last hotel. One hundred dollars was the answer. He returned to his books, but by no ingenuity could make out a bill over fifty. He had put down—

To preparing parlour for Prince	$10
To lighting fire in same	5
To sending message to Mayor and Corporation of arrival of Prince	5
To saddling horse for messenger	5
To buttering toast on both sides for Prince, thinking he would like it	5
Refreshments—as pea-nuts, etc.	5
To whiskey-punch supplied to Prince instead of wine	5
To stabling Prince's horses	10
	$50

Vainly he sought for the other fifty; but at last, scratching his head, a bright thought occurred to him. "There has been," he said, "a mighty fuss made about this prince in the country, and I have done my part in it." So he seized his pen and wrote down—

To raising the devil in general - - - - - $50

Then, as he presented his modest account, he felt himself worthy of being an American and an hotel-keeper. The bill was paid, devil's expenses and all.

If an individual should be taken ill in an American caravansary—misnamed an hotel—he will be left to himself to die or get better, as though sickness had overtaken him in the desert of Sahara. He pays four or five dollars a day for his room and his board. If he can manage to walk down to the great trough and wash at stated hours, he may do so, but if he feels too ill to rise, *tant pis pour lui*, the chambermaid will make her daily inroad upon him with a view to "getting through the bed," as she terms it, but as to rendering him any service, no matter how trifling, "it is not her business," as she speedily informs him. If he is fortunate enough to possess a bell in his room that will ring, it will assuredly be placed in the remotest corner of the room, but by perseverance, hard pulling, and patience, he may possibly bring the bell-boy to his door.

But the bell-boy is sure to be an imp of mischief, after the Flibbertigibbet style, and will bounce away before the sick man has half finished his message, reappearing in a short space, with as many quarts of ice-water as his size will permit him to carry. Having done this, the sum total of his duty, it will require considerable force of character to make him do anything else. If hot tea, coffee, bouillon, or any other invalid preparation be needed, this Flibbertigibbet of the New World will recite at what hours fodder can be had below.

In despair, the sick person desires him to inform the housekeeper that he is ill, and that she will oblige him by stepping to his room. Away goes the imp, leaving the door open, and as it opens on a public passage, every passer-by curiously looks in, surveys the invalid, "reckons that he or she is real sick," and goes on.

Meanwhile every approaching footstep is supposed to be that of the housekeeper hastening to render assistance. Vain delusion! Exhausted and suffering, nevertheless for the tenth time an effort must be made to crawl out of bed and shut that door, that is (if in the South), the nigger chambermaid, not caring to take the trouble to turn the handle, has not forced the lock, by putting her shoulder to the door. Some time in the course of the evening the housekeeper may perhaps walk in. Her first inquiry is, as to whether it is correct that she was sent for, her face and whole demeanour expressing the utmost astonishment at such audacity. If the chambermaid was indifferent, the boy impracticable, the housekeeper is utterly callous; and when the sick person, greatly humiliated by this treatment, and weakened by long fasting, meekly states how ill he has been all night and all day, she refuses to interfere in the case, says that a doctor and nurse can be sent for, or that the bell-boy will bring up the waiter, to whom the orders can be given, and that all extras will be charged for one dollar. For my own part, I never succeeded in inducing a chambermaid to bring me either a cup of tea or even hot water.

The hotel "parlours" are spacious according to the prices fixed at the hotel. At four or five dollars a day, there will be a drawing-room and a dining-room capable of seating four or five hundred persons. In these rooms one may study men, women, and manners, and under a very novel aspect to those accustomed to the refined usages of society.

A lady takes her seat near you on the velvet sofa, and forthwith enters into conversation.

"Do you calculate to stop here any long spell?" she asks.

"A short time," I reply.

"You are a stranger, a Britisher, I calculate, from your queer trunks? I saw you arrive this morning. Why, one of them looked to me like a coffin."

I respond affirmatively.

"What are you going to do with that trunk?"

"Have myself put into it if I die; but while I live, put in my dresses at full length, to avoid creases."

"Is that so?" she exclaims. "Well, if that isn't a notion!"

I bow acquiescence to the implied compliment. My inquisitor surveys me from head to foot, and then remarks—

"I calculate your hair is uncommon heavy?"

"No," I respond, "very light," supposing she means the texture.

"Why," she exclaims, nodding significantly; "why, I thought so; I thought it was all false."

"Indeed, madam, it is my own," I reply, rather stiffly.

"Why, certainly, if you have paid for it," she replies, laughing.

I withdraw one of the main hair-pins, and hold out the lock to its full length, with a little defiant jerk.

"Why," she exclaims, "it *is* right heavy; just what I said at first."

"You mean thick," I said.

"Thick *you* may call it; *I* say it is a right *heavy* head of hair, and I don't know how you manage to keep it. What do you do to it?"

"Nothing," I answer, and turn away.

There is always music in these "parlours;" often a great deal of flirting; little girls beginning at the age of ten and twelve card-playing and dancing, so that it is like going a great deal into society, except that you pay so much a day for it, instead of taking it by invitation, and also that when you are tired of it you have no HOME to retire to except your bedroom.

These "parlours" are also the stages on which are enacted some comical scenes. I had arrived in a city, neither Southern or Northern, in the debatable land of Kentucky, and was busily engaged in settling my wearables and papers in convenient position—my packing, in fact—when the black chambermaid appeared, and handed me the following letter:

"ADORABLE MADAM,

"Do not bid me despair! I am transfixed with love at first sight under the awning at the drug-store opposite. I have watched you ever since you arrived this morning, whenever I could see you, though you keep walking about. What is the trouble? Pray tell me to hope. Look out of the window. I am the gent who has been standing all day against the drug-store dressed in a black frock-coat, blue tie, white pants, embroidered front, coral studs, and a cluster diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"He is your most devoted slave,

"B. P. S."

The girl stood, grinning from ear to ear, waiting an answer. Feeling half amused and half indignant, I replied, "There is no answer; I do not know to what it alludes. Leave the room."

I chanced to be very much occupied during that day, and soon forgot the matter. I had sent out a great number of letters of introduction through the clerk of the hotel, who had favoured me with a short biography of the various personages to whom they were addressed.

On the following morning a card was brought to me—B. P. Smith. I remembered at once that this was the editor of a newspaper to whom I had brought letters; I therefore went down to the parlour, and accosted my visitor with my most gracious bow and smile. He responded with equal *empressement*, and we got seated. He was a tall and exceedingly handsome man, with those dark grey, bewitching Southern eyes, shoulders fit for a dragoon, and a bearing which would have been remarkable in any salon.

We chatted pleasantly about all sorts of things, and I was becoming quite satisfied with my editor, when—

"You arrived yesterday morning by the nine o'clock train," he said. "What have you been doing with yourself ever since?"

"Nothing at all but unpacking my things," I replied.

"Oh! that accounts for it," he said. "Do you admire diamonds?" he then asked, and held out his hand, on the little finger of which was a splendid cluster ring; the finger had also an exquisite filbert nail.

I noted both, and said, "Beautiful!"

"Don't you want it?" he said, insinuatingly.

I shook my head.

"I do not covet such valuables."

"You are coy," he said; "but you won't refuse a buggy ride?"

As that is the proper thing to do in America, I at once assented, and we were just arranging time and place, when the waiter came in and gave me a card. B. V. Smith had called to see me.

"How is this?" I exclaimed aloud. "I had only *one* Smith in my letter of introduction. Who can B. V. Smith be?"

"A darned scalawag!" growled my guest, "and the editor of the *M*———. I would shoot him if I met him on the stair."

"Oh" I cried, "I thought you were the editor?"

"You did?" he exclaimed, with a laugh; then taking up his hat he bowed, and made his exit as B. V. Smith entered the parlour. Then for the first time flashed across my vision "black coat, white pants, blue tie, 'broidered front, cluster ring!" It was my lover from under the drug store awning, to whom I had been making myself amiable.

If ever a patient woman felt inclined to stamp, I did at that moment, as the other Smith walked in, looking sourly on the owner of the cluster ring. The real B. V. Smith was a short, thick-set man, without any attractions whatsoever. He had a brown tie, a drab coat, and grey unmentionables. His first remark after we were seated, was,

"That cuss who has just left you is the greatest rebel unhung. I would like to see him strung up to-morrow."

"I was under the impression, until just now, when your card was brought in, that he was the Editor of the *M*——. I mistook the initial letters, P. and V."

He looked upon me with as much contemptuous pity as his Southern rival had done.

"I tell you, madam," he said, solemnly, "there's a mighty difference between P. and V. If you travel much in our country you'll have to learn that. Now, are you disposed to take a buggy ride, for that is what I came to ask you?"

I was disposed, so I went off in the buggy with B. V. instead of B. P. Smith. I noticed, as we drove away, that no one was under the awning at the drug store opposite.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAN'S GALLANTRY AND WOMAN'S FREEDOM.

AMERICAN men are certainly the most civil and obliging in the world to women, though they have not the politeness of Frenchmen, nor the real veneration for the sex that may be found amongst Englishmen. A woman is secure in America from any unforeseen insult, at all hours and in all places. I believe that a woman might traverse the wildest as well as the most civilized parts of America, with as perfect safety as she could walk in her own grounds, if only she had common sense and virtuous principles to protect her. Without them a lone woman would very soon meet with trouble, as American morals are peculiarly lax.

If a woman were lost in a forest at nightfall, and should meet an American, he would, with the greatest gallantry, escort her to her own door, carry all her belongings, and her, too, if necessary, without one word or look to offend the most timid and modest of her sex. But it is quite within the range of possibility that if she expressed her gratitude to him, or rewarded him with smiling approval, the same chivalrous individual would not scruple to endeavour to penetrate to her room at an undue hour, though she had given him no encouragement beyond thanks for his civilities. But such an intrusion would not certainly be regarded in America with the horror it would inspire in Europe.

A lady complained to her hostess that the plaster on the ceiling of her room had given way, and that the gentleman overhead stamped about so heavily, she expected every moment to see his feet come through. The landlady shook her head and replied,

"You will be far more likely to see him come through the door, if you don't bolt it, for I observe he sits next you at table, and pays you great attention."

This bolting the door seems to be absolutely necessary, for there is usually a printed notice in every bedroom, "Be careful to *bolt* your door," which means that chambermaids have duplicate keys, that may be exchanged for dollars, and as this renders the locking inside of no avail, the *bolt* has to be used.

On one occasion we had quite a "White Horse" Pickwick scene, with the exception of the ladies (there were two of them) being young and fair, and without yellow curl-papers, and that the gentleman did not mistake his door, but entered by the window on the balcony.

I occupied the adjoining room, and my slumbers being disturbed one night by terrific shrieks, I jumped up, unlocked the venetian shutter, rushed out on the verandah, and was just entering my neighbour's apartment by the window, when I came violently in contact with a male being, who was as hurriedly rushing out of it. He dashed past me without uttering a word, whilst I, exclaiming, "What is the matter?" bounded in.

"A man! a man!" was all the reply I could obtain for some time. A man I knew it was to my cost.

"What has he done? stolen your watches?"

No! the watches and jewels were safe; nothing was taken. The whole house, however, had been aroused by the screams, and women and men, in *toilettes de nuit*, poured in by door and window. "No," was the answer to all questioners. They were not murdered! and nothing was stolen! They had seen a man enter the room, and were frightened, that was all, and the two girls began to laugh. Strange to say, there was no investigation of the matter, and it never transpired who was the Pickwick of the situation. No further notice was taken; no one was ejected.

In a fashionable hotel in New York, a gentleman was actually locked into the room of a lady moving in "first-class society," by a mischievous friend, and kept there until a late hour the next morning, when the whole hotel became aware of the fact. There was a good deal of joking and talking about the affair; but the lady's reputation I believe did not suffer in consequence.

It is curious that in America scandal should set a less venomed mark on the capital offence against morality than upon some minor transgressions. You will rarely hear in society of a woman being tabooed for an indiscretion, magnified by whispering tongues into a crime. A lady will declare that she believes her friend Mrs. So-and-so got her diamond solitaire from Mr. ——, while her husband was away; yet she has no idea of dropping her acquaintance for that.

A certain gentleman—one of the leading men of America—who was tried for murdering his wife's lover, and acquitted on the ground of the terrible provocation received, some time after, having received his wife back again, took her as before into society! It appeared to be the general opinion that the principal misfortune in the case was, that the husband discovered the intrigue. The eleventh commandment—"Never be found out"—seems to be the one most highly venerated in this country. It is equally certain that if the conventionalities of English society are too arbitrary and cruel, and that many an innocent woman has been "done to death by slanderous tongues," many a sensitive, pure-minded one, incapable of the misdeeds imputed to her, is driven mad—

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery,
> Swift to be hurled,
> Anywhere, anywhere,
> Out of the world"

—they are too much the reverse of this in America.

The splendid steamers, making from ten to twenty hours' passage on the rivers and round the coast, have tastefully-fitted private cabins for the use of lady and gentleman; these can be secured, and no questions asked, by paying a trifle extra. By this means many an intrigue is carried on. Only when some accident occurs—the ship being burnt, or some such catastrophe—does this state of things come to light.

The railroad cars have also, on many lines, set up private sleeping cars, for which also an extra charge is made. The hotel system, too, conduces as little to purity of morals as to good manners. The wife is left alone for the greater part of her time, with no occupation but that of dressing and displaying her various toilettes. Most of the rooms communicate with each other by folding-doors, which are rarely found fastened, and conversation can be distinctly heard and carried on even when they are closed.

A lady is under the necessity of going into the public dining-room at least three times a day, and has each time to make an elaborate toilette. Naturally enough, she likes to be observed. Probably the gentleman sitting at the next table *does* observe it, and admires it too; for gentlemen in America usually admire a lady's dress as much as the lady herself, and American husbands never grudge any amount their wives may spend on dress.

Young girls are brought up in these hotels, and even little baby-girls commence the system of display ere they can lisp their own names. A little girl's time and thoughts are almost as much occupied with "what she shall wear down to the dining-room," or "ladies' parlour," as those of her coquettish mamma, who conducts her thither, and makes her fussy chaperonage a means for the greater display of her own attractions.

Nevertheless, there is a code of honour which protects a woman, if she wishes to be protected, more effectually than all our laws and actions for breach of promise. If a man should bring about a girl's ruin under promise of marriage, and afterwards refuse to marry her, her brother, or nearest male relative, would track the offender for days and months, and, without warning or compunction, would shoot him down like a dog wherever he met him. Even though tried for murder, the jury, under the circumstances, would certainly bring it in, "justifiable homicide." Under this system of summary justice, the crime of seduction and reckless abandonment is not so common in America as in England. The man acts there in a more manly spirit, and does his best to shield his unfortunate victim. Indeed, it is only in cases where the offender is a married man that any tragedy occurs. For it is rare that a woman turns on her lover, even when he has ruined her life for ever, and very few indeed will avenge themselves by putting the bloodhounds on his track.

American newspapers contain most startling reading to strangers, unaccustomed in Europe to such public *exposés*. In England or France they would soon be suppressed by law. Their effect on young minds must be most pernicious, and destructive to all purity and innocence. I was informed that an Act of Congress was in progress to restrain this wholesale exposure of vice. Notwithstanding all this, ladies pretend to faint if they hear the words "bull" or "donkey." There are houses, certainly, where newspapers are not admitted into the family, but these are exceptional cases.

American ladies scruple as little to display their legs as do the Boulogne *matelottes;* but to mention them greatly shocks their sensibilities. They are particular even to straitlacedness in what they say, but not often in what they do. There is scarcely a poem in my *répertoire* which in some portions was not considered unfit for public utterance. I was gravely asked if it was not to be supposed that Tennyson's "May Queen" was talking from her bed, and, if so, the situation was objectionable. Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" was demurred to on account of the word "bull," which I was advised to omit, substituting the words "gentleman cow!" Let my readers essay the purified edition—

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side,
Like the horns of a *gentleman cow!*"

What the noble-minded poet would say to this interpolation I do not know; but I repeat the words of one of the Lord High Chancellors of England when I say that a more high-toned and pure poet never put pen to paper. Yet these would-be Dianas absolutely revelled in Mrs. Stowe's account of the Byron scandal; and that clever authoress knew they would, or she would never have set it forth.

There are no lines of social demarcation in America, no status, no rank, no society in which refinement and education exclusively hold sway. I have visited in a few dozen cities, and have met with many refined and educated people, both ladies and gentlemen, but with no society where vulgarity and coarseness would *necessarily* be excluded. It is the terrible mixture which destroys in America any attempt at society. The uneducated ill-bred woman displays her bad taste, and lords it over the intellectual lady. The commonplace "shoddy" mingles with, and takes precedence of, his more cultivated fellow-citizen. If a vulgarian creeps into good society in England, he has to observe a good deal of reticence, after the fashion of the man with the Shaksperian head, who had succeeded in getting an invitation to the table of Lady J., on the condition that he would not open his lips. He was very much admired by the company, who imagined him to be some great philosopher, until, in an unlucky moment, some dumplings were brought on the table, and he exclaimed, "Them is the boys for me." This would have elicited no astonishment in American society, though the Americans pique themselves on speaking the English language in all its purity, both as to grammar and accent. They find great fault with English travellers and public speakers, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Sketchley, Siddons, and others. According to the Americans, they only speak pure English, and the English a Cockney dialect. We on this side of the Atlantic return the compliment by supposing that all Americans speak with a nasal twang, which is no more the case than that all the English misplace their h's.

In the South, and even in some parts of the North, I observed no trace of the nasal sound. Well-educated persons speak as pure English as the same class of persons in England. Yet on joining in their conversation your ears will be tortured with the most execrable of accents, and with grammar to which "them dumplins" is nothing. The Southerners particularly pique themselves on their pronunciation. One of them told me of a Virginian who met with an Englishman travelling, and after some conversation, remarked, "You are from Virginia I presume." "No," replied the Englishman, "I am from England." "Indeed," said the other, "that is curious. You speak the English with so much fluency and purity of accent, that I should have said you were from my country." I once made a similar mistake; the gentleman was a South Carolinian, and it inadvertently slipped out that I had taken him for an Englishman. He evidently felt and accepted my mistake as a compliment.

Americans have an infelicitous way of fixing upon vulgar, unharmonious words, such as "skedaddle," "luggie," "squash," "skunk," "sink" (for a lake), "fire-bug," "fire-fly," and so on. Slang phrases are in fashion everywhere, and I have rarely heard any one speak without this vicious habit, which gives a plebeian tone to the most intellectual ideas.

The American press also indulges in low vituperative language, such as could not be met with in the lowest publication in London. Actions for libel are not nearly so frequent, nor are the laws on that point so stringent as in England. But this latitude tells both ways. A scoundrel is not so free to carry on his villainies unexposed, but it breeds in the press a greater laxity and carelessness of phraseology.

Personalities, too, are freely indulged in, both complimentary and otherwise. When complimentary, the adulation is fulsome, and the flattery coarse. I wonder what Belgravia would think to have itself described in the following style, copied verbatim from a New York Sunday newspaper, in which some three hundred ladies, married and single, can each Sunday have their charms advertised for the benefit of those who have not seen them. The wonder is that so very little beauty is seen in New York :—

"Miss Mount, of Philadelphia, at present staying with Mrs. Appleton, is the reigning belle of that city. She is a splendid girl in appearance, of medium height, with bright laughing eyes, rosy cheeks, and pearly teeth; her wealth of hair allows her to arrange her coiffure in an endless variety of styles. Her neck and shoulders would serve as a model for a sculptor. She was greatly admired at a recent ball."

"Miss McCarthy, of Syracuse, spends her winters in New York. She is a little above the medium height, with light brown hair, liquid blue eyes, and fair complexion. Her contour is very fine, though she barely escapes embonpoint."

"Miss Westcott, of Thirty-second Street, is a beautiful girl. Her complexion is very clear, and her lustrous eyes flash like diamonds. She has a magnificent head of hair, and when dressed in full evening costume, she is positively bewitching."

"Miss Higgins, of Fifth Avenue, is no less noted for beauty than for varied talents. She belongs to an extremely fashionable set, and the elegance of her wardrobe has attracted much attention."

"Miss Jones, of Ninth Street, is one of the brilliant beauties whose portrait adorns the gallery of Kelly, on Broadway. She is a magnificent blonde, with peach-like cheeks, a marvellously beautiful nose, a mouth like a crimson shell, a luxuriant contour of chin," (query double or treble) "a swan-like neck, most exquisitely-pencilled eyebrows, a form modelled in the most symmetrical proportions, animated grey eyes, and an expression at once dreamy and intelligent. Arrayed in all the sovereignty of her charms, Miss Jones is a most lovely and attractive creature."

The names above quoted are genuine, as copied from the journal, and the ring of them will strike every one as eminently patrician, no doubt appertaining to the "first families."

The vaunted accomplishments of these ladies strike me as being equally mythical as the charms they are in such good taste credited with, for though I mixed for two years among the better educated Americans, I never met with a really good lady pianist, nor even a tolerable artist. They excel more as vocalists—good voices being not at all uncommon. Their voices, which in speaking are shrill and loud, in singing are fine-toned, clear, and powerful, though not sweet. A young American *débutante*, whom I heard at the academy of music at New York, had a clear, penetrating soprano, which with due cultivation would no doubt become brilliant and sparkling. They usually shout at the full pitch of their voices, without modulation, pathos, or artistic effect. They make a dash at the most difficult passages like an untrained hunter at a fence, and scramble "through somehow," as they phrase it.

As linguists they do not excel, few speaking with any fluency French, German, or Italian, unless where members of the family are natives of one of those countries, or that they have been sent to Europe to be educated. It is rather astonishing that the Americans should be such poor linguists, in a country whose inhabitants derive their origin from so many different nations.

The American ladies are very indifferent embroideresses, and poor horsewomen, and, on the whole, though possessing an equal amount of intelligence, are far below the average European women in accomplishments. English women are, at least, excellent horsewomen, good linguists, and often splendid musicians, but on the other hand, there are more ladies in America who know something of Greek, Latin, Euclid, Algebra, than could be found in England. So much for the vaunting of accomplishments in Sunday newspapers.

To return to the matter of beauty, as above set forth, I think it will be freely granted that Americans, as a rule, have not good complexions. It is rare to meet with either a decided blonde or a decided brunette. They are invariably sallow, and only the very young girls, up to fifteen or sixteen, have any pretensions to freshness. The ladies of Baltimore alone form a singular exception to this rule.

They are, except what the mantua maker accomplishes for them, poor figures—angular and flat. Many of them are so diminutive, as not to exceed in size children of twelve years old. Their shoulders are narrow and spare in flesh. Girls of eighteen or twenty have lean, lantern jaws, the skin stretched over them like parchment, and as if to enhance their plainness, they had one and all adopted the male Chinese style of dressing the hair, in other words, scraping it up to the top of the head.

Few faces, however beautiful and symmetrical, could bear such treatment, and only an exceedingly small round face could look well with a cone or pyramid on the top of the head, adding eight or ten inches to the length of it from the chin upwards, which, when the face and chin are actually long, amounts to a positive deformity. Many of the children have a bilious, unhealthy look, probably from the unnatural life they lead, as well as injurious food and late hours.

At about thirteen a girl begins to exercise her vocation as a young lady, to devote herself to dress, to look out for flirtations, to promenade with gentlemen, and to read novels. It is almost needless to say that when once this state of things has struck in, learning and accomplishments are struck out. They are courting and marrying, whilst English girls are deep in the mysteries of German, Algebra, and Beethoven. They do not give themselves sufficient time to complete a thorough education, however solidly it may have been begun.

The highest perfection in music and painting can only be obtained after the mind is somewhat matured. A child, up to the age of fifteen, may have all the mechanical skill necessary for a complete artiste, but she can infuse into her performance neither soul nor depth of pathos, until her own feelings are more matured, hence the want of finish observable in all American lady musicians.

A girl marries so young, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, and her good looks fade proportionately early. There is among them little of that matronly beauty so common in England, but they are wizened and haggard before they are even of matronly age, so that the advertising of personal charms, which all must know do not exist, and the self-asserting of accomplished perfection, which they know they have not attained, are merely characteristic of American manners and customs, but may well lead observers astray as to their general vulgarity.

The expression "finely modelled," or "moulded," is very *à propos*, considering the great variety of finely "moulded" appendages of every part of the female form exposed for sale in "dry goods stores." If "finely modelled" forms can be purchased, there can be no impediment to these ladies possessing them, and surely no credit in wearing them. In the Old World we have been under the impression that beauty was a gift of nature; in the New World it has become an article of commerce.

All those to whom these remarks apply will no doubt deny their correctness. The many to whom they do not apply will admit their truthfulness.

An author writing of men and manners holds up the mirror to nature, but human nature seldom cares to see itself reflected therein, unless the glass flatters a little. Burns would have few to join him in the wish—

> "Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

If Americans do not prize suavity of manner, do not let them be offended when told that they do not possess it. If they think it *comme il faut* to sit with their feet out of window or on the table, to chew tobacco and squirt it across a lady, for heaven's sake let them indulge their preference in their own "free country," leaving others free to rejoice that such manners are not etiquette in Europe.

If ladies also in a "free country" deem it womanly to advertise in public newspapers the brilliancy of their complexions, and the exquisite contour of their forms, a traveller must be allowed to remark that such publicity given to their charms would not be considered feminine in England, and would be looked upon as *très mauvais goût* in France.

Charles Dickens was almost universally condemned because he drew life-pictures of men and manners. It was strongly argued that he had received so much hospitality, eaten so many good dinners (to the *goodness* I demur), and that the Americans generally had made such a fuss about him, that it was black ingratitude to go home and narrate their short-comings. I think that any dispassionate person will admit that, as a writer, he was bound to narrate faithfully and without disguise what he saw and heard; and no one can doubt that in point of policy, Dickens made what is called a decided hit.

He humorously abused America—not *all* America, only the grotesque side of it, which he was so fully capable of appreciating; but having piqued American vanity on the first occasion of his visit, they rushed *en masse* to idolize and lionize him on the second, and stood in the streets all night, with the thermometer at zero, merely to see him, and gave him twenty dollars a seat, when he modestly asked only two.

Nevertheless, if he was to give a correct account of them, could he have said that he never saw a row of square-toed boots, with legs attached to them, projecting over the balconies? that he had ever walked Broadway without stepping into pools of tobacco juice, deposited there from the lips of passers by? or that he had never seen gentlemen, holding high position in the State, in the army, &c., *sitting* with their hats on in the presence of ladies, and in private rooms?

He no doubt saw individuals helping themselves to preserves with their knives, and the dishes being distant from them a yard or more, dropping some portion of it at each journey to and from their mouths.

Even in families where the polite usages of society are in vogue, republican liberty precludes the possibility of their being generally practised, for a lady, however refined, cannot exclude from her circle all those who have not good manners. Her husband's position, political or commercial, may forbid this exclusiveness; and though Mr. A. would not be guilty of a breach of good manners, yet if his friend Mr. B. should feel inclined to sit with his feet upon instead of under his friend's mahogany, who is to prevent him? Not society, for he is wealthy. Not public opinion, for that sets forth that every man may do as he likes, and most Americans *do* like to put their feet on tables and mantelpieces, or in the air, tilting themselves back on the legs of their chairs.

As public opinion allows the feminine gender to walk about in cloth pantaloons, and unencumbered by other skirts than that of a paletot, it certainly cannot interfere with the mode of disporting the most in favour with the masculine portion of the community. It is the custom of the country for men to sit with their feet higher than their heads, and if they choose to *stand* on their heads, what then? would that prove them savages? If a man chooses to roll his knife in his mouth, and thereby cut his tongue, he does not on that account become a monster. His heart may be pure, and his head clear, but we should not consider him a polished gentleman, as custom associates great intellect with courtly manners, and superior education with courtesy.

Social conventionalities must not be grossly infringed as the world stands at present. Therefore, Americans who run to France for fashions, for style, for cookery, should not feel so sore and indignant when Europeans observe that they have failed to import also the manners and customs of civilized life. If a "free citizen" condescends to wear a French hat, he ought to know when to take it off, and if a free and independent *citizeness* submits to cover her arms with French laces, she might at the same time contrive to keep her elbows off the dinner-table, and endeavour to refrain from picking her teeth with her fork.

If an American lady dresses to look like a Parisienne, she should not stand with her arms akimbo, or she will more resemble a *poissarde.* I have met with American ladies who were simple and natural in manner, quiet and ladylike in their dress, having bestowed their attention, as it seemed to me, on the cultivation of the intellect rather than the distortion of the body. They reminded me much of Scotch ladies, being frank, unassuming, unpretending, homely.

I would not wish to depreciate the polished elegance and courtly refinement of the old French *noblesse;* but a burlesque of it in everyday life, morning, noon, and night, becomes exceedingly tiresome. It is better and wiser, therefore, for those who cannot attain it, to be satisfied with the dignity of simplicity, which is within the reach of every well-ordered mind. Though emulous of the pageantry of European royalty—which would seem to be somewhat out of place in a republic—the solid virtues are neither imitated nor appreciated; while hospitality—they say it once existed—is now defunct. Great Britain expends her warmth of heart in good dinners, offered to every stranger, friend, and almost to her foes; nor does it end with the dinner, for where the guest dines there he must sup, and often sleep. The shelter of the roof-tree is with us an institution only next to the dinner, and there is scarcely a family that is above daily want whose visitors' chamber is not the best kept in the house.

The French display their good nature and good taste in *petits dîners* and *petits soupers.* The Italians offer wine, fruits, and flowers. The

Turk sets before you his chibouk, coffee, and sweetmeats. Every nation, almost tribe, of the four quarters of the globe, has its distinctive mode of showing hospitality; but the only people I know of who offer their guests *a glass of cold water* only as a mark of their friendship and respect for them, are the Americans.

In *very stylish houses,* a handsome silver jug filled with water is placed on the table, and from this guests may freely help themselves *sans gêne,* for the big jug will be replenished when it is empty. Hospitality outdoes itself in the water line; but no matter how numerous the drinkers, the supply of glasses is limited to two, so that the coral lips of beauty must not be particular about obliterating the marks of the bearded lips that chew tobacco. In *less stylish* establishments a pewter-rimmed wooden ladle does duty for a glass.

Some ladies give what they call "receptions," and they are neither more nor less than receptions. The lady of the house receives her guests, and expresses her pleasure at seeing them, after which they are at liberty to return home or to stay, as they feel disposed. This is the whole of the entertainment, unless they choose to examine each others toilets. Balls, too, are not unfrequently given, at which ladies dance from nine o'clock in the evening till three or four in the morning, without any refreshment but iced water. Is it surprising that young girls who indulge in this violent exercise, fasting so long, should at so early an age become cadaverous, lean, and unhealthy?

The water-jug is conspicuous even at full dress weddings, which generally take place in the evening, and are followed by a ball; the Americans having very wisely done away with those restrictions on marriage which the law so vexatiously imposes in Europe. In America marriages can be solemnized any day and at any hour or any place, the license having been procured. They do not even regard it as unscriptural to bid you to a wedding-feast when the wines are wanting, so completely have they emancipated themselves from forms and ceremonies which would trench on their pockets.

As in France, friends are only invited to join the procession at funerals, wine and cake not being given. Few people, indeed, possess wine-glasses; not needing them at dinner. The few occasions on which wine was offered to me, it was poured into liqueur-glasses, this conveying to a stranger the idea of stint and parsimony, quite opposed to our notions of hospitality. On the other hand, if a gentleman wishes to show particular attention to a lady, on going an excursion with her, he offers her champagne; but this is done as a sort of bribe, to win her good opinion of his gallantry and liberality.

There being few country seats, and the Americans not being sportsmen, gentlemen do not assemble for the shooting or hunting season as in England; indeed, a pack of hounds or a stud of hunters is not an American institution. Fine bloodhounds there are all through the South, but not in packs, and they were used I fear for a purpose that may sound very shocking to British ears, viz., hunting runaway negroes.

Another obstacle to visiting in America is, that very few families, comparatively, have houses of their own, and if they have, they take in boarders.

Ladies visit a great deal amongst each other in their bedrooms, very much in the Turkish fashion; often spending whole days in gossiping, eating sweetmeats, and lying on couches or beds. These visits, or visitations, are made at all times and seasons; before you have risen, during your toilet, and after you have retired for the night, and you are thought very churlish and British if you seem to object to it. Sometimes *picnics* are given, each person providing his or her own basket of provisions. *Soirées musicales*, or *dansantes* take place every week at different houses, in rotation, the gentlemen guests in turns bringing ice-cream, cakes, fruits, etc.; and this is done commonly in "good" society. However, some of the best-bred people I met in the country assured me, when alluding to this custom, that although it frequently happened to them to be present at such a party, yet they never suffered any guest to bring provisions into their house. Wealthy people delight in living in the monster hotels, where the ladies can dress and display themselves, eat, drink, and do nothing; but where, as they only rent a bedroom, it would be impossible to entertain guests. The less wealthy prefer to live in boarding-houses, where they can yet enjoy the luxury of gossip and idleness, though on a less extensive scale. The still less fortunate, who cannot afford to board, endeavour to participate in this style of life by taking boarders themselves. Few attempt, or would appreciate, the sociable and comfortable *réunions* of Great Britain, with the pleasant guest staying in the house, for whom each member of the family delights to contribute his quota of amusement.

When it happens that a lady, either for business or other purpose, wishes to go to a certain locality, where she has friends, she will board with them, or go to an hotel in the neighbourhood, a breach of hospitality that would, in England, be regarded with horror.

I was informed that, before the war, any traveller passing near a plantation in a part of the country where no hotel existed, would be hospitably entertained by the planters. But this custom has been quite broken up, and with it the last remains of hospitality in the United States. It may, perhaps, be again imported from Europe as a luxury, but the real spirit of hospitality, viz., good-nature, does not exist in the country; of real good-nature I met with very few specimens. Making presents is not at all usual—even children "trade" with their playthings; but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to persuade any of these little urchins to give away anything. Ladies will barter and exchange with each other articles of dress, and the greatest surprise be expressed if the coveted article should be offered as a present.

The way in which attention is principally shown to a stranger is to call and leave cards, no offer being made to escort the visitor round or to point out the beauties of the place, although the letter of introduction expressly states that the bearer is a traveller seeking information, with the view of writing a work upon the country.

Possibly here and there one will take the trouble to tell you, "You ought to see the cemetery," etc.; "the cars do not go quite so far, but no doubt you will get there somehow, and it is well worth your while to see it." They will conjure up a dozen excuses as a cover for their inhospitality—they regret that they are only boarding, or they would have asked you to stay with them; they are thinking of going into the country almost immediately, and their house is all packed up; they are re-furnishing their house, and are in a state of disorder, and they cannot receive you in the style in which you ought to be received; they have just returned from the country, and have not yet had their house "fixed up;" their wives are sick, or have just lost relatives; they cannot get servants to serve the table, etc., in a splendour befitting your position; they are expecting all their children home from school, and the house will be so noisy, and "of course you would like to be quiet."

In some sixty or seventy cities which I visited, the exceptions to the general rule were the officers of the United States' army, who, one and all, seemed to have a more European notion of treating strangers than the rest of their countrymen. Wherever I had letters of introduction to them, they took care I should lack no civility it was in their power to show; and to their courtesy I am indebted for the opportunities afforded me for the purposes of this book. Otherwise, I had to undergo, like other foreigners travelling in the country, the usual amount of victimizing, my abundant letters of introduction not serving as any protection.

The American maxim is the converse of the French—*bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée*; for if you can sport a golden belt, no one will care what sins it encircles. Renown of any kind has little merit in the eyes of Americans, unless it be the renown of being rich.

When Miss Burdett-Coutts visited America, her reputation for being the richest woman in England of course preceded her, and, although she sought no publicity, crowds assembled everywhere to gaze at her, even to crowding the stairs of the hotel and the entrances to the theatres, to the great discomfort of this unostentatious lady. So with Mr. Dickens; when it was understood that he was visiting America to give readings, it was somehow suggestive of needing money, consequently Mr. Dickens was reviled and sneered at everywhere. But when, after due perseverance, and half a dozen readings, it was boldly and broadly asserted that he had made a hundred thousand dollars, then, for the second time, the whole population fell down and worshipped him, in spite of his satirical quizzing of their smaller foibles. However, it was not really Mr. Dickens or his fine reading that they worshipped, but the golden calf in the shape of the hundred thousand green-backs. Wide-awake as Jonathan is supposed to be, he was so fascinated with the ring of "hundred thousand," that he never stopped to calculate and ascertain that it was beyond the range of possibility that Mr. Dickens could have made more than one thirtieth part of that sum.

Letters of introduction, therefore, unless they assert boldly that you are a millionnaire, are of little use, the recipients seldom even troubling themselves to call, unless you call on them first, and date your card from a fashionable hotel. On the other hand, it must be said that, without letters, it is easy for any stranger to be introduced to whomsoever he pleases. No American ever stops to inquire who or what you are, what your position may be, or your antecedents. In fact, it seems to be the etiquette to introduce a stranger to all persons within hail.

Upon one occasion, when stopping in one of the largest and most fashionable hotels in Kentucky, I was told that a gentleman had called upon me. On entering the room, I saw about twenty persons standing and sitting about. A gentleman approached and introduced himself to me as the proprietor of the hotel. He then turned to a lady near him—"Mrs. T., Mrs. Y.;" then he turned to another, then to a third—

"Mrs. F., Mrs. Y.," "Mrs. G., Mrs. Y.," and so on, until I found myself bowing all round, like a mandarin. I afterwards ascertained that some of these ladies were boarding in the house; that others were residents of the city, who, hearing of my arrival, had done me the honour to call upon me. I returned the calls in due course, and that was the only result of the introduction.

In England, no person would call from simply seeing a stranger's name in a newspaper; but having once called, the stranger would certainly receive some attentions and civilities, and an endeavour would be made to render her stay interesting and agreeable. When they have left their cards, the Americans believe they have complied with all the duties of hospitality. They rather expect to be lauded for their *empressement,* and are very angry when they discover that a stranger, bearing letters from their intimate friends, and accustomed to be received with kindness and attention, is disappointed at finding that an empty compliment is the only result.

END OF VOL. I.

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TERESINA IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

BOSTON, THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE.

AS it would certainly be an offence to any Yankee for a traveller to write an account of America without mentioning Boston, I here beg to offer the *amende honorable*, by saying that owing to its prominent position as the Hub, it is so thoroughly known that it is superfluous to write about it. Almost everybody knows that it glories in the biggest organ in the United States; that it is naturally the capital of *real* America; that it has the highest culture; has produced the philosophers, poets, statesmen, and thinkers of the age; that its University of Cambridge, being a suburb, casts over it a literary shadow not to be met with in any other American city. There can be no doubt that if a European *gentleman* were asked what city of America he would like to live in, he would reply, "Boston, of course;" for a man of education would certainly prefer to associate with such charming men as Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, and the scientific men of America, who principally reside there or at Yale.

Still, all this being fully known, to repeat it would be tedious. This applies also to many other delightful cities of New England and the Northern States. Books and newspapers have made them familiar to readers.

In writing these volumes I have endeavoured to narrate something new and unfamiliar—those details of life which often escape the scientific or political traveller. I have traversed the outlying country, the nooks and crannies of this vast continent, and I humbly trust they may prove as interesting as its more prominent places —Niagara, Saratoga, Newport, &c.

The glories of this great land are unfolding every day; and I have no doubt that if I went back to it next year, I should find as much of novelty to record as would fill another two volumes. It is a magnificent country, and the Americans must be a little pardoned for boasting of it.

CHAPTER II.

OVERLAND ROUTE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

"SILVER PALACE SLEEPING CAR."

ONE of the greatest sensations ever worked up in the United States, was the overland route to San Francisco, "the biggest railroad in creation!" If a discovery had been made of a current of air direct to the moon, and the fact ascertained that a piece of paper could be wafted thither—say in a week—it would not, I believe, have caused more general excitement.

The overland route "was bound" to be a sensation in order to make it pay, therefore it was talked up, written up, puffed up, whipped up to froth and foam like an *omelette soufflée.* No gazette where it was not paragraphed; no conversation where it did not crop up; no person of note who was not persuaded into having something to do with it; no person who had dollars to spare but invested them in shares.

Not to be *au courant* of all the doings, sayings, writings—everything, in fact—connected with the great Pacific railroad, was to be a "know nothing."

Sensationalism is the motive power of America. Nothing can be done without a *fuss*, and the "big line" made the biggest fuss of all. It permeated and saturated the country like air and water, and the great banner cry was, "The most gigantic railroad in the world, and Pulman's Silver Palace Sleeping Cars!" No wonder it became the rage in America. To do the biggest thing, the most flashy thing, is there the height of ambition. I do not say that it is not so elsewhere.

Yet there was really nothing unusual in this railway but its *length*. It was long, certainly, but not longer than one could travel by rail in Europe. But the "Silver Palaces!" thinks the reader, "to sleep in a Silver Palace must be delightful!" I believe that all America thought so, and a great portion of Europe. So much for sensationalism. The name did the whole business. Once get a *name* to ring in the world's ears, and you need not trouble about the reality. I am not wiser than my neighbour, so thought that I, too, should like to sleep in a silver palace car. But I met with *no silver whatever* in these cars; the fittings, lamps, bolts, hinges, door-handles, &c., were of the white metal called pinchbeck, or Britannia metal, and the palaces were fitted up in the ordinary hotel style, the floor carpeted and oil-clothed, the seat velvet-covered. Each passenger occupied just so many feet as would suffice to stow away his person in sitting during the day, or recumbent at night, for the bed is constructed by turning down the back of the seat; the iron stancheons, which may be considered silver bed-posts, being so fixed that they form another berth near the top of the car, so that the two persons who have sat *vis-à-vis* during the day, elongate themselves over and under each other at night, according to taste or agility in climbing, and irrespective of sex.

There are no special cars for ladies, and if your opposite neighbour is a gentleman in the day, in all probability you will have him on your shelf at night, and it will be well for you if he does not either snore or have nightmare. Although you have blankets, sheets, and pillows, you have to go to bed in your boots—at least, ladies have, and indeed they cannot undress at all, because they cannot shroud themselves behind the curtains without placing themselves in a recumbent position. Besides, what could be done with their clothing? It could only be put on the bed, and already

TERESINA IN AMERICA.

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BY

THÉRÈSE YELVERTON
(VISCOUNTESS AVONMORE).

Maria Theresa Longworth

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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stowed away there are hand-bags, three volume novels, umbrellas, goloshes, wraps, tins of biscuits, and possibly, a large flask of the never-to-be-omitted "Bourbon." I had a Turkish coffee-pot with a very long handle. It much increased my difficulties at night, but relieved them greatly in the morning; but of this, and sundry other articles, I had to make bed-fellows.

As this was my experience of Silver Palatial Sleeping, I preferred to be a peasant and roll myself up in my blanket, thus dispensing with the ceremony of going to bed with my coffee-pot. Every one is obliged to retire to rest at a certain hour, and to rise ditto, for all the beds must go up and come down together. Then follows waiting one's turn at the silver lavatory, which consists of two basins, a palatial roller towel, and a piece of soap, with a silver tap, whence you procure clean water, and wash the basin too, if a score of your neighbours have used it before you. Particular people select the cleanest portion of the towel, or carry their own. In the same luxurious manner you are accommodated with comb, brush, nail-brush, and tooth-brush. I saw a lady take from her pocket a very handsome set of teeth, clean them carefully with the brush provided by the "Company," return the brush to its place, and place the teeth in her mouth. "I don't sleep in them," she remarked, "it uses them out so bad, and they are right expensive." I made the inward reflection, "So *she* has to sleep with her teeth! Nearly as bad as my coffee-pot."

The lavatory is situated at the entrance of the car, and cannot be made private either from without or within; thus anything like a good wash is out of the question. You cannot even tuck up your hair or roll up your sleeves, but some gentleman or collector is sure to pounce upon you and remark, "Very refreshing to get a good wash." After this vain attempt at ablution you return to your stall, where you can order your breakfast, for the bed has disappeared, a small slide is drawn out, over which a white cloth is spread, for in America they never stint you in clean linen. The bill of fare is produced, and you can breakfast and dine just as you would on a sea voyage. Fresh vegetables may run short, but everything that can be pickled, preserved, or carried in cans you can order. Bread and cakes are baked twice a day in the train, and are always hot. With your breakfast comes the morning paper, "The Great Pacific Line Gazette,"—"The Overland Route"—printed on board each day, and narrating all the items of news of the preceding one, also a love story—editor, no doubt, the stoker. The passengers are allowed to contribute, and can advertise in the "Gazette" for a lost slipper or watch-key.

All this is very amusing for a day or two; but when it is prolonged for seven, eight, or even ten, all preconceived ideas of palatial accommodation have vanished. One day and one night satisfied me that sleeping even in a *Silver Palace*, with my clothes on was anything but conducive to comfort or cleanliness. Therefore I resolved to break the journey as often as possible—to sleep only one night at a time in the "palace bed"—then go ashore, as Jack would say, and indulge in a private bedroom and private tooth-brush.

We stopped at most of the towns or settlements, and at different forts. This entailed some long, cold drives, but enabled us to form a better idea of the country by making a seven weeks', instead of a seven days', residence in it. This manner of breaking the journey was quite unusual; most travellers went direct through, and generally suffered severely for it. There is, however, a way by which the journey might be made less uncomfortable; there are what are called saloon-carriages, or apartments to accommodate four or six persons; which, for a party of four ladies, might be as tolerable as a ladies'-cabin on board a ship. When objecting to the clerk who gave us the tickets for the sleeping palaces that the publicity deprived them of any comfort for a lady, he replied, "Well, take a 'saloon ticket,' that is private enough; only four can be put in!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed; "but who are to be the other three? Suppose they are gentlemen?"

"Well," he cried, "what if they are? they won't hurt you!"

I need not dilate upon the effect of thirty or forty human beings being boxed up together for seven days and nights, crammed close to each other all day, sleeping on shelves at night, and in the same atmosphere, for it is dangerous to seek relief by going from the over-heated cars to the intense cold outside; and if an attempt be made to let in a little fresh air by the window, some one is sure to have the toothache.

The insufferable tedium of sitting in one position, and even of staring at the same persons for so long a time, gives you a sort of nervous fidget. You get to know the exact length of their noses, the colour of their eye-lashes to a nicety, and if their teeth are real or false. One gentleman proposed to his companion, "As we have sat face to face for a long spell, suppose we turn back to back?"

You can vary this monotony by a walk down the middle passage, but the cars sway so much that if you have not sea-legs you are sure to tumble over some one, or some one over you. Worse still, you may fall against the hot stove or the water-tank, with which every car is provided. These water-tanks are the end and aim of most people's promenade, and the tin-cup—I mean silver, of course—is in constant requisition; for there is no stint of iced water. Gentlemen amuse themselves by walking the full length of the train, and jumping from platform to platform of the different carriages. Of course, there is a smoking-carriage; cards, etc., form also an amusement. But I think that few persons who have spent one week in these palaces on rails would ever wish to spend another.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the poet; but surely more uneasy lies the body that reclines in a Silver Palace Car! Still it was a sensation, and no doubt it paid.

The overland journey may be said actually to begin at Omalia, as this point had been supposed to be the end of civilization, until the great railroad woke us up into vital activity. When we left Omalia, therefore, we considered that our first day's journey over the Great Pacific railroad was begun.

It was a bright morning in December, sufficient snow having fallen to make the country look beautiful. The long prairie grass waving for miles around was topped with snow, like crested foam on the ocean. The first town of any note where we broke our journey was Fremont. I had been informed, assured, and heard it repeatedly and solemnly asseverated, that "there was *nothing* to see in Fremont."

My experience had taught me by this time that it was necessary to chronicle the "nothings" as well as the "somethings," the void as well as the repletion.

At Fremont there was a feature of Western life very novel to European eyes. The town, which was, of course, to become "one of the greatest cities in the world," was in the process of building itself. Houses, shops, churches were wandering about seeking a good "locality." They were hoisted on rollers and drawn by a team of horses. The inhabitants inside were settling their furniture; the minister, no doubt, was trying his voice in the pulpit; while blocks of houses—half streets—were settling into their different berths. The locomotion of buildings in the West is as common as the migratory propensities of their inhabitants. A man does not change his dwelling-house, but his locale, taking his house along with him as a snail does his shell. You may look down a street and think it a *cul-de-sac*; when you look again the tall house at the end has disappeared, and there is a thoroughfare. An iron church had been brought in cases, and like a child's puzzle-box, seemed difficult to put together. I think an iron church a mistake, for where I was staying in the Southern States, the congregation became almost baked, and had to forego service in summer; the sensations being infinitely more akin to those of the infernal than the seraphic regions.

At Fremont we encountered our first actual snow-storm, which gave us a taste of what snow could be on the prairies and Rocky Mountains; but having again been so lucky as to get a bright day, we travelled on, and soon came in view of the famous Platte River, so remarkable for its great length—about six hundred miles—while the average depth is but four inches. As it flows directly towards the gold country, it was the main route for the caravans which went overland from all parts. During the time of the gold fever, its banks were literally dotted over with the white waggons slowly proceeding towards their destination. Those who have been accustomed to think of these wanderers toiling through the solitary wilderness, may be a little startled to learn that in one year 3,960 waggons, and 14,000 oxen were employed.

But the railroad has left the river nothing to do but convey stray leaves; still it keeps strictly on its course, now and then getting into deep pools, in which the jaded cattle and weary drivers used to refresh themselves. It no longer echoes with the crack of the whip, or the home-sick ditty of the weary wanderer, and is no longer lit up by the camp-fire where the evening meal was cooked; but now the great iron horse goes snorting through, with that infernal squeak peculiar to the American engines, or, as a little boy at my side remarked, "As if the iron horse were blowing his nose." The poetry of the route is gone, and we get across the continent in less than a sixth of the time, but I doubt if there is now half the enjoyment in it.

Our next station—and where we made a short stay—was Columbus, one of the hundred and fifty cities of that name in which America rejoices. Columbuses seem to spring up like mushrooms, and fade away as soon, for numbers of them indicated on the map were not to be found.

"I guess you have come a year too late," would be the reply to my inquiry for Columbus.

I once travelled two days and two nights to see a city called Rome.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed to a fellow traveller, "why this is no place at all."

"I reckon it's not much of a place," he replied. "I reckon you are not very much awake if you believe all them maps and directories. It was *intended* to be Rome, I lay my life, but you see, madam, we are a new country! a new country, madam, and Rome was not built in a day."

"No," I said, "nor in a thousand days."

"Well, I reckon that's true," he said.

However, this one particular Columbus had an advantage over all the rest. Mr. George Francis Train had asserted it to be the geographical centre of North America, and ought, therefore, to be made the capital. This is one of the fast, go-ahead ideas peculiar to America, but as yet I fancy there are few senators who would care to travel a thousand miles from anywhere to enact their laws. The greater part of this Columbus had been imported from Liverpool, the rest from Chicago.

What principally struck me was the enormous sign-boards—the establishments behind them being visible only at a side view—announcing "Notions, wholesale and retail," "Dry goods," "Saloon hotel," and "Private boarding," which means only that you do not pay quite so much. There were three or four churches of different denominations, for wherever a dozen Americans assemble, they are sure to be of different religious persuasions.

After leaving Columbus, we travelled on through the whole of that vast prairie—as monotonous as the Arabian desert, unbroken as the untroubled ocean—until sunset took us quite by surprise, gilding the vast expanse of brown grass, which swayed like a sea of burnished gold, the wild beauty of the picture being further enhanced by the appearance in the foreground of a number of Indians on the war-path, dressed in all the glory of feathers, skins, and scarlet blankets. They were leading their horses in single file over a frozen stream, and ere this picture had faded away, a still more startling one presented itself in the doorway of our car.

An individual entered who was so entirely clothed in wild beast skins, that he looked more like a bear rampant, than even a Pawnee Indian. So thoroughly does the traveller in America become accustomed to find himself with most extraordinary neighbours, that if an ourang-outang were to walk into the cars, and squeeze himself into the vacant half of his seat, he would merely remark, "I wonder they gave the fellow a ticket." And this was my mental ejaculation as the creature advanced towards us. His head had a fur covering, which in no way resembled a cap. It covered his forehead and ears, and a piece fell over his nose, meeting a black, unkempt beard, so that no part of his face was visible except a pair of unusually brilliant eyes. He was wrapped, from head to foot, in the skins of various animals. His feet were encased in fur mocassins, and he shoved along rather than walked, until he at length bundled his unwieldly mass into the vacant seat near me. I shrank away a little, fearing the monster would suffocate me.

"Don't be afraid," said a genial voice from under the skins, "I am not such a bear as I look. I will not hurt you, or even inconvenience you, if I can avoid it, but these seats are really too small for two people."

Here the bear took off his nose and ears, unskinned his forehead, opened his mouth, displaying faultless teeth, and presented a remarkably handsome face to my astonished gaze. I laughed, and the bear laughed, and we immediately fell into interesting conversation. He was a "Trapper," and he told me of the strange wild life he had led for the last twenty years, between the lairs of the wild beasts, and the wigwams of the Indians, of whom he spoke in the most philosophical and generous spirit.

He said the government had taken the wrong way with them from the first, and that the Indians had suffered cruelly ; that their attempts at retaliation were trivial in comparison with their wrongs. His conversation was most original, showing keen observation and much pleasant humour. He told me, too, of his own life; how he had devoted himself to literature, edited a newspaper, etc.; how he had grown utterly disgusted with civilization, turned misanthrope, sought the forest wilds, and at length become a "trapper." He told me of the habits of the animals he hunted for their skins; of the customs of the Indians, with whom he often lived. With one old chief he had journeyed, and shown him the ocean for the first time; he asked him what was his impression? The chief replied, "It impresses me like a God—it is boundless, it is incomprehensible, it is almighty." In short, Bruin turned out a most valuable travelling companion, and I thanked him for the information he had given me, intimating my intention of publishing my wanderings. He inquired the name of the book. I replied it was not yet christened; but I would give him the name of the author; and I took an envelope from my pocket and handed it to him. He uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, this is a 'Roland for an Oliver!' Nothing could have astonished me more than to meet you on the plains of Nebraska. This is a pleasure. Let me shake hands with you."

I placed my hand in the great paw, where it disappeared for ever so long.

"Well," he continued, "many a time, when our three-monthly post used to be brought in, I have burned my midnight oil to read those tender little words of yours. Ah!" he said, "you had better have married a *bear* than a nobleman."

"Of course, you have heard of a certain individual not being so black as he is painted?" was my remark.

As we went rolling through these boundless plains of swaying grass, that now seemed to move in ripples, now in great undulating waves of the ocean, he told me that if I closed my eyes for a short time, and imagined myself at sea, the impression that I was actually on the ocean would remain vividly upon me for a length of time. The cars, although running smoothly, rocked to and fro like a vessel; outside was the trackless prairie, without a landmark to define its limits, and the wind sweeping across it with the keen bite of a salt-water breeze—all combined to realize one's souvenir of a sea voyage. Indeed, a lady who tried the experiment declared that she felt sea-sick. This might be, for I have known good sailors get sick on a railroad.

These plains, which extend for about five hundred miles, are the great buffalo runs. These sagacious animals, having true consideration for their health, keep their winter and summer quarters. They come to the prairie in summer, and retire into Arkansas in winter. They, as well as the Indians, object to their projects being interfered with by the railroad, and sometimes when the train crosses their path they attack it *en masse*. The train then puts on all speed, and runs from them, and, through want of generalship in the Tauro, usually manages to escape. Large shooting parties frequently do not even leave the cars; for the buffaloes literally cover the plain, and can be shot from the platform and windows—a sort of cockney sport, but one which the American hunter seems to delight in. Sometimes the plains are blackened over with these animals, and shooting at them is like firing into a mountain; but when they charge down upon any object I am told it is something terrific. With horns down, like serried bayonets, with eyes flashing like a train of lighted gunpowder, their hoofs and tails in the air, the hoarse tumult of their breathing, and the trembling of the earth beneath the weight of these thousands of enormous animals, make them a terrible enemy to encounter, and one not to be treated with impunity.

The buffalo never attacks wantonly, but he recognizes no obstacle as insuperable, and will *not* go round. Formerly, in the days of the waggon trains, they would gallop straight into them, the drivers having to fly for their lives, and the frightened horses and tame cattle going off in the general stampede. The only possible way of escaping the fury of these terrific creatures was to break the train, and leave them a free passage. If one waggon remained in their way, they would clear it as a charge of cavalry would clear a fallen horse or rider. The buffalo hides are, of course, valuable; buffalo hump is very good, and the jerked-beef one of those relishes which, like ham, one never seems to tire of.

A party of English officers had come out expressly for the sport of buffalo shooting. The American officers quartered out on the plains entertained them with what hospitality they could, and joined in the sport. One Englishman imprudently got too near, and in the route of a huge animal, when it forthwith upset him and his horse, and cleared them without hurting them in the least. "By Jove!" cried his friend, "that was a lucky tumble; I would give a hundred pounds for one like it." The Americans laughed, and said they would rather give a hundred pounds to avoid such a tumble. They cannot understand the English idea that danger enhances the pleasure of the sport. Indeed, Americans rarely indulge in it, unless upon some such occasion as the one described; they then join in it from *complaisance*, which American officers always show towards strangers.

To enter really into this sport of buffalo shooting, a man, besides being a good shot, ought to be an accomplished *picador*, and be able to swerve his horse to a hair's-breadth out of the range of the animal's horns, in order to take aim in a certain spot. The sport is as exciting as the Spanish bull-fight, or the steeplechase, which gives the "pleasure of pain" to see one's lover take the widest and broadest sunk-fence leap. The difference of national feeling is shown in one sportsman thinking a successful buffalo throw worth a hundred pounds, whilst another thinks that an escape from such a throw would be worth the same sum.

The Rocky Mountains, taken as a whole, convey neither the idea of mountains or rocks. So gradual is the ascent, that it appears to be rather a series of vast plains rising in steps one above another. They are not nearly so imposing as the Blue Mountains or the Alleghanies, nor is any portion of the road over the Great Rocky Mountains so terrific as over the former. Indeed, it conveys the idea of a dead level; for in no part of this continent had the rail appeared so smooth. Still, we were insensibly rising forty feet to the mile, until we had mounted eight thousand feet. The vast mountain plains were covered with a low shrub of sage, the diet of the sage hen—a large kind of grouse. A fine grass, of a delicate brimstone colour, was also abundant, and seemed to be much appreciated by the antelopes, which we saw in great numbers, both scattered and in herds. Sometimes they paused to gaze at the train rushing past—a strange apparition to them; at others, they galloped along with us, as if in defiance of our power to outstrip them in speed, and quite keeping up with us for some distance. Their graceful fleetness was quite charming to behold—the very poetry of motion. We had already made acquaintance with their flesh, as superseding stringy mutton or coarse beef. Sometimes a wolf might be seen trotting along in a careless sort of run, with his long tail touching the ground.

At Fort Bridger, one of the military forts where we stayed for some time, we used to hear the wolves as they gradually approached the fortifications at night, howling and yelping in chorus, faintly at first, then in fierce savage barks that sent a thrill through one's nerves. We were assured that they never penetrated within the enclosure, and that there was no danger, unless for some stray animal left outside. A short time before a gentleman had left the fort late in the day to walk a distance of some miles to his saw mill, which was in a gulch of the mountain well timbered with cedar. It was never known whether he had been overcome with fatigue, or cold, or had fallen asleep; but his half-devoured remains were discovered some few days after by his friends, who went in search of him. The wolves had doubtless pounced upon him while he lay asleep—so reckless of danger becomes the man who is constantly facing it. I have observed that earthquakes are the only danger people do not become accustomed to. The terror of it seems to increase with every shock, until people do the most absurd and outrageous things under its influence.

Military forts were scattered over the vast plains and the Rocky Mountains ostensibly for the protection of the few scattered inhabitants, but in reality to prevent the Indians from occupying and enjoying their former hunting-grounds, as well as to protect the railroad from their vindictive or mischievous pranks. But this is a mere clap-trap pretence to catch public opinion, for if the Indians resolved to destroy human life by placing obstacles on the rails to overthrow the carriages, no number of troops could protect that immense line. The inimical Indian either does not understand his power, or does not choose to use it in this way. The officers at these forts were always hospitable and kind, and treated us with all the chivalrous courtesy which the situation admitted of, and I fancied that the old true American character, as one has been accustomed to regard it, developed itself more in the back settlements than in the fashionable resorts.

Resuming our journey, as we gradually ascended to Sheridan, the scene became more grand in its desolation and grandeur. It looked like a pre-Adamite world ere God had breathed on the animal creation. The stillness was so great when the train stopped, that even a whisper grated on the ear. The air was so rarified that we experienced difficulty in breathing, and at night the stars seemed so near, that one fancied oneself living under a great spangled blue dome, and nearer heaven than we had ever been before. But not possessing sufficiently spiritualized natures, we were only too glad to come down again, and become of the "earth earthy." Angels may have lungs upon more high pressure principle, but we frail mortals felt very giddy, and as though we had been swallowing ether. I thought this might have been the place where the old woman of the fable swept the cobwebs from off the sky.

After entering Wyoming territory, the Indians began to collect around the cars at each station. They besieged the doors and windows, and were wildly importunate for white bread and cakes. They were wretched, famished-looking creatures, clad in tatters of European dress. Their natural food and clothing have been wrung from them by the appropriation of their lands for the rail. They hung about the small stations subsisting on charity, and fully expecting that each passenger should share with them whatever he possessed. They have fallen from their savage state to that of the lowest degradation to which humanity can descend. Certainly the picture of civilization set before them was not calculated to raise them in the scale of humanity. Gambling, drunkenness, and villainy of every kind was rife at every station. One might have imagined that the States had been purged of all their scum, and that it had drifted out here. Every town had its lines of gambling houses and drinking bars, called "Whisky Mills," but had very little else. Shooting was of daily occurrence, and for matters almost incredibly trivial.

At one of these stations, a gentleman having descended to walk about a little, returned in about ten minutes, and remarked to me, "It was as well you did not get down, for I have just seen a man shot!"

"How did it happen?" we exclaimed.

"The man was half drunk, and was boastfully displaying a revolver in a bar-room. A stranger standing near advised him to put it up. This he refused, when the stranger coolly turned round and shot him through the heart, remarking, 'That fool would have shot a few!'"

The body was carried away, but the drinking and gambling went on the same.

The cold had now become intense, the thermometer ranging from ten to thirty below zero. But the cars were so overheated, that we suffered from the extreme heat. When we left them and rode over the country—generally in an open vehicle, or on horseback—the cold upon these Rocky Mountains was as intense as I have ever felt it, either crossing the Alps or in Russia. We were, however, fortunate in escaping the main peril of this overland journey in winter, viz., being snowed up. Some of our friends were blocked up for so long a time, that they were nearly starved and frozen to death. The train had then to be dug out by snow ploughs worked by other engines.

For miles and miles, in certain localities, there were snow fences, or deep gutters cut, into which the snow rolled before reaching the railway track. In other places a slanting roof was fastened to the mountain, down which the snow fell in an avalanche. Through this snow tunnel we sometimes journeyed for hours. It was most wearisome, except for the reflection that some trains stood *still* there, not only for hours, but days.

The evening was the most tiresome part of the journey, for there was not light enough to read, and the heat of the stoves became most oppressive, from the sulphurous exhalation of red-hot iron. In spite of the drifting snow, windows had to be opened to save women from fainting. Not a morning passed that some lady was not chronicled as being very ill. One poor old lady I thought would surely have died on the journey. But how trivial seems inconvenience when placed in juxta position with real misery. She had one of the most unnatural daughters I ever met with. These cars are a great study of life. The poor old woman had been taken out of her sick bed to make this terrible journey to California with her daughter—for what purpose I do not know. She was suffering from acute bronchitis, and needed every comfort and attention, but nothing was supplied to her but stale bread and jerked beef.

The daughter soon made acquaintance with a gentleman passenger, who treated her to all the delicacies the cars afforded; in return for which she sat all night folded in his arms and wraps. This was regarded as a matter of course

—people do as they like in America. The more benevolent-hearted tried to soothe the mother's sufferings with hot drinks, soups, and condiments from their own stores, for it was considered prudent to go well provided, in spite of the "Palatial restaurant" on board.

Wyoming was the first State in which the much-battled-for Woman's Franchise was obtained. It had already given rise to some comic situations. A number of matrons having been subpœnaed on a jury, could not agree with their male co-jurymen, and were consequently locked up for the night. At a late hour the husbands of the fair jury, becoming impatient of the absence of their spouses, and no doubt driven to desperation by the yelling of the deserted children, assembled at the court-house demanding their wives. Upon being informed that they were locked up for the night with some of their masculine neighbours, the rage of the husbands became ungovernable. Here then would arise a conflict of law fit for Judge Storey to unravel. The husband's marital right versus that of the sheriffs and corporation to the custody of the wife. There can be no doubt that when this came to be tried, the absurd fiction of the husband possessing his wife as a piece of property would have to sink into oblivion. In Wyoming, already, she is able to say to him, "My dear, have the goodness to see the children get their supper and are put to bed. I don't ask you to do anything menial, of course, but you can see that it is done; I have to attend a meeting of the Board of Directors, or Common Council."

The most marvellous and picturesque portion of the overland route commences with that part of the foot-range of the Watsatch mountains called "The Castle Rocks, the Echo, and the Weber Cañon." The Castle Rocks are an extraordinary exhibition, not of art, simulating nature so closely as to be said to be perfection, but of nature herself, copying art so strangely as to mislead the unaccustomed eye, were it not that the scale is so stupendous as to be incredible as the work of man. Traversing the Castle Rocks, and entering upon Echo Cañon, we seemed to be passing through a massive granite fortification, whose magnitude and tremendous strength were as appalling as its exquisite beauty was thrilling. There, towering perpendicularly a thousand feet, frowns a giant fac-simile of Echubro Castle. There stand the picturesque towers of the Drachenfels, and looming in the distance we can fancy we descry the vast pyramids of Egypt, as they first dawned upon us, one bright morning, as we rode our asses over the arid sands of the desert. Further on, surely there is a grotesque image of the Sphinx, as though some profane hand had caricatured her quasi-immortal beauty. Then again, chiselled in red sand-stone, is a most elaborated semblance of that gem of architecture, Saint Owen, of Rowen, with all the delicate tracery and foliated archways a sculptor's whole life had not been able to achieve. You might trace the fretwork of the niche where the crumbling statue of the saint still lay, even to the ornamental font and *bénitier*.

Ere we have recovered from the startling effect of seeing such unexpected things in such unheard-of places, we appear to be passing under the Rock of Gibraltar two thousand feet above us, leaning against the blue sky, and seeming to lose itself therein. The ramparts crowning each perpendicular height, loop-holes, towers, and gabions, as if to repel invaders ; and within a great smooth rock like a court-yard was the similitude of a Corinthian column. Such were the bewildering, bewitching effects produced by these singular rocks. It is a frequent complaint that the absence of ruins or remains of antiquity detract from the interest of travelling in America. But here the want is most abundantly supplied, for it requires little imagination to see any ruins in the world amongst the rocks.

Many of the rocks are seamed as though the floods of thousands of years had scored their marks on them. Yet centuries of history give no record of when these mighty floods were out, those mighty rocks cast up, or of the rending of the earth in twain to form the Echo and the Weber Cañons. Some of these massive rocks were hard granite, others red sand-stone, which had crumpled into the form of ancient carving. A natural road ran through the cañon, so that the rail had only to adapt it, otherwise the formidable pass would have bid defiance to engineering skill. On one side the cañon sloped away gradually, its beauty eclipsed by the rugged sublimity of its *vis-à-vis*. It is asserted that the echo in this cañon is repeated fifteen times.

When the unfortunate Mormons were persecuted and driven from their homes—by a mob as blind and as furious as that which assaulted those most harmless people, the Quakers of New England, a century before—they marched fearlessly into the wilderness, and established themselves upon these natural fortifications, intending to defend the pass against the troops of General Johnson, who it was expected might follow them and sweep them from the face of the earth. They rolled huge masses of stone to the edge of the battlement, intending to project them upon the soldiers as they passed. Fortunately the distance and the fierce wildness of the desert were the real protection to this peculiar people.

We emerged from this most magnificent of nature's marvels to stop at Echo City. The echo was a reality, the city was not. There was the usual gathering of mud hovels, wooden shanties, large signboards, bars, saloons—*called city* saloons—which information I feel bound to repeat *de temps en temps*, lest European readers should suppose the United States to be a land of a "thousand cities," whereas London alone would go far towards covering them all. At this point the rail follows the course of the river Weber, which rises on the Watsatch mountains and falls into the great Salt Lake. It seemed to conduct us to the Weber Cañon, leading the way, now leaping over monstrous rocks, now gliding smoothly at their base, and leaving the rail just room enough to pass on, but not an inch to spare.

The Weber Cañon is still more startling and mystic than the Echo, but it would be difficult to say which is the more beautiful of them. There is at this spot a peculiar formation called the "Devil's Slide," being two ridges of granite rock projecting about fifty feet, and running parallel with each other, the surface being as smooth as glass or as a slide, whence it takes its name. The wonderful serrated rocks were the principal feature of Weber Cañon, together with the mad freaks of the river, which plunged, and roared, and darted from one side to the other as if frantic to get out. The scenery was so terrifically grand that even our most stolid passengers became excited, rushing from side to side of the carriages. One man, whose voice we had never heard, burst out, "Wall, this beats me, for ups and downs, and ins and outs. I never did see!" The rocky walls on either side seemed converging together, as though it were impassable, the river continuing its furious efforts to get free, until we arrived very shortly at the Devil's Gate.

From this curious christening it would appear that the Devil is no mean architect, and has a taste for the picturesque as well as the terrible. Vast black rocks in vindictive-looking form towered above a sort of boiling cauldron, the river rushing in from all directions, foaming, roaring, lashing itself into fleecy froth, then sinking into inky chasms, battling against the dark rocks which hemmed it in sternly, as if saying, "Beat thy brains out, but no farther shalt thou go." Never have I seen a river in such a fury. Over this dark chasm, through this Devil's Gate, we had to struggle upon a very meagre wooden bridge. We held our breath with something like awe; a more terrific spot to end our days could scarcely be conceived, to say nothing of its suspicious appellation. But having got fairly over the bridge, the Cañon opened out, and we were soon in Utah Territory, when our thoughts and emotions merged into curiosity as to what moral wonders we were to witness in the land of the Mormon.

CHAPTER III.

MORMONISM.

THE most startling dropping off from my eyes of the cherished scales of prejudice occurred during my visit to the state of Utah! I say prejudice, because, before I went to Utah, I did not know that I was prejudiced; though I thought I knew all about Mormons, and it had inspired me with a holy horror. I had lived in Wales, the hunting-ground of the Mormons, and whence they had carried off our best housemaids and cooks, and the prettiest girls of the village. Consequently, the Mormons were regarded there much in the same light as men-eating tigers, and were rigorously persecuted, as well as "prosecuted according to law." It was not poor Joe Smith, who was a mere maniac, that had received some tablets of a new law of his fancy, but the institution of polygamy about which we were all furious.

The idea of a man having as many wives as he could support, or rather as he could make useful.

I had lived also in Oriental countries where plurality of wives was the law of the land, but had never thought a man a monster because he had two or three sultanas, a score of "yearling wives," and numberless others of different grades. But that was in the East, and they were Mahomedans. Living in the West, and being Christians, would seem, then, to have made the crime. How could the United States allow such infamy to exist in the heart of the country? Why not make felons of the Mormons, and send them into penal servitude as we do at home? An American replied, "So we would, but it is such a tarnation long journey to get at them; there are so many of them, too, and then I don't think we have any law to stop a man from living under the same roof with as many ladies as he likes. If they choose to consider themselves his wives, why that is their own look out; they are not in bondage, they are slaves only so long as they like to be. Oh! you'll see when this rail gets through them they'll skedaddle fast enough then. Ladies are as fond of change, you know, as the men."

"And do you think this will do away with polygamy?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it. Look at all these western states. Will you find many men, say of forty, who are living with their first and only wives? No; married before, years ago—almost all of them—down East, or North or South. We don't have marriage fussifications, like you Britishers. We only go before a magistrate, and what one magistrate can *do* another magistrate can *undo.* What's the odds? if the couple has never been 'tied up' there's no need of unloosing. Look at Missouri, Indiana, South Carolina. What is to prevent a man changing his wife as often as he likes? and if he cannot have them all legally in the same house—why, he don't want to!—and it's far better for them; they would clapper claw each other's eyes out. No," continued my informant, "I am down on these devils of Mormons, on account of the atrocious murders they've committed, and laid it all on the Indians. But as to a man having as many wives as he can get, why, so long as they fancy it, it's all fair play; and where you can get a divorce for twenty dollars, why it stands as a natural consequence, that it is all up with monogamy. You see, madam, we are a new country, and we can't be cramped with all these old world notions."

"You astonish me," I exclaimed, my scales becoming a little loosened for the first time.

"Well, I don't quite see how that is. Wasn't there a talk some time ago of a prince with a large family marrying into your royalty? I don't think you Europeans are monogamists any more than we far Westers."

This *gentleman* lived in Utah, but was a *Gentile*, "not a saint," he told us.

"Verily not a *saint*," I echoed.

This was merely the prelude to the position taken up by the Mormons; but as it chanced at that time that an ecclesiastic of high oratorical repute had come down to Salt Lake to *convince* the Mormons of their sin, and to open a controversy with one of the Mormon elders, we had all the benefit of the biblical lore of both sides. My secretary was constantly employed in hunting up chapter and verse to verify the quotations.

The first house in which we lodged was that of a *bishop* with *eleven* wives! It was an inn, such as one might meet with in any road-side in England. There was no attempt at style or grandeur; women-servants, with tucked-up sleeves and large checked aprons, waited upon us. We were asked what we would take, for there was no bill of fare, and it was evening, and supper was over. But we found we could have mutton-chops, cold beef-steak-pie, or ham and eggs; coffee, tea, ale, wine, or Bourbon. My secretary rubbed his hands joyfully. He was a man who cared to drink nothing but a glass of beer with his meal.

A coarse, brownish-looking cloth was on the table, but it was quite clean. There were no *serviettes*, or the ridiculous glass-cloths supplied in American hotels. The crockery was of the old willow-pattern, but the chops and potatoes were hot, and done to a turn. The beer was home-brewed, and excellent; and the coffee, with cream, was delicious. We were waited upon by a woman in a large white cap, such as only Welsh women wear now-a-days. She took quite an interest in our supper, and was hospitably bent on cramming us with cold pie, ham and eggs, cheese, celery, and a large currant loaf she had made herself. Our enjoyment of the fare seemed to please her immensely. She was a good-looking woman, with long features, and the clear, bright Welsh complexion. A clear coal fire was burning, and we felt rather jolly on our first night in Utah—just as people feel when a dangerous undertaking seems to be turning out favourably. I subsequently found out that all the women in the house were Mrs. Bishops, cook, laundress, parlour-maid, housemaid, and dairy-maid (and beautiful butter and cream-cheese she made). There was also in the family an old man and woman—the mother and father of two of the bishopesses. There was a perfect swarm of children; I never could count to the end of the number.

The bishop was a tall, powerful-looking man, —a Swede—with a mild, kindly expression of countenance. He was under forty, and was said to be dying of consumption. His wives seemed to be in great trouble about him, and were assiduous in their attentions. The white-capped one told me she had made him "the very best beef-tea that could be got out of meat; but it seems no use," she added, with a sigh. I saw another run to him with a chair when he had a bad fit of coughing, and could scarcely support himself. It was indeed a strange sight; and it threw all my previous ideas into the strangest confusion. The bigger boys went out to labour in the fields, the girls helping with the cows, pigs, and poultry; and all seemed to go on as smoothly as in any other farm-house. One woman—a half-caste of Red Indian and Spanish—was strikingly handsome, though wild and singular. She was always working hard, cleaning and scrubbing. The family drank their own home-made beer, but no spirits; and during the whole of my stay, though it was Christmas-time, which they were keeping up in old-country fashion, I never saw a Mormon intoxicated.

The woman in the mob-cap waited upon me in my room, as any English maid would do—which was a novelty indeed in America—and, under her influence, my fears as to horrors which might befall me while visiting these "Mormon dens of iniquity," began to subside. She looked so thoroughly respectable, that I could not fancy anything very shocking as associated with her. She enlightened me very much as to the spirit of Mormonism. She regarded polygamy as a priest might regard celibacy, as a duty which had its pains as well as its conveniences. She shared her husband's affections with her sister, as she shared with her their parents' affections. "Would it not grieve you if you fancied that your husband loved your sister more than yourself?" I asked. "Yes," she replied; "my selfishness would be wounded; just as it would if I found my father liked my sister the best; but it would be my duty to resist and conquer such feelings, and be content with the amount of good the Almighty has vouchsafed to me." She was so earnest in her belief, so simple in her unselfishness, that I felt a little confounded, and a little puzzled how to reply. "But," she continued, "if you are astonished, and are willing to think better of us than the gentiles in general do, you ought to have a talk with my father, who lives here with us; he can make it all clear to you." I rather doubted this, for it seemed to get more puzzling every moment, and has continued so, although I had many conversations with the old man, and other very clever and intelligent Mormons.

"By Jove!" exclaimed my secretary next morning, after our English breakfast; "here's a sight!" We ran to the window. Opposite was a large, roomy gig, evidently of Mormon manufacture, and into one corner was helped Madame No. 1, very stout and puffy, and of a certain age. Into the other corner stepped Madame No. 2, young and slight. Next, into the middle, squatted paterfamilias—or rather, the husband of the family. And he made himself quite comfortable between the two women, took the reins, and drove off! We all laughed heartily, for it was an extraordinary exhibition. "How would you like *that* comfortable arrangement, Mr. Wrigglesworth?" said my secretary to an American gentleman we had travelled with—"a fat and a thin Mrs. Wrigglesworth?" "I could not stand two Mrs. Wrigglesworths *at a time,* no how you could fix it," replied the Yankee, with a knowing wink.

The old man, the father of Mrs. Mob-cap, was a complete enthusiast. He gave me quite a poetical view of Mormonism. He believed, as firmly as ever did the Jews, that they were the chosen people of God; that "the Lord would establish his kingdom of saints in Utah;" "that the gentiles," alias Yankees, "would be overcome by their own vices—at least such as would not be converted; and that the Mormons would reign supreme in righteousness!" He regarded Brigham Young as a sort of Moses, chosen by the Lord to lead them into this "howling wilderness," which he had now made flourishing and bright as any garden of Eden. "Because," he said, "we have fulfilled the commandments, and live by the sweat of our brow, and increase and multiply God's saints on earth to our greatest capacity. I have been the father of twenty-three children," he said, "seventeen of them still living." "All saints?" I asked, naively. "Yes," he replied, delightedly; "I have done my share!" "The Lord has been good to us, and rewarded us because we have striven hard for his glory. No man hungers, or thirsts, or needs a shelter in Utah. Look, we have all the old-country fruits. Tell me if you ever ate a better apple than that?" and he handed me one. It was an excellent apple. "Taste my daughter's currant jelly," he said; "and what we call our Cheshire cheese, because it was a Cheshire woman who first made it here. Ay, if you came in the summer, you would see as fine flowers as any in England; yet when we came it was a barren wilderness—not even water; we have had to build conduits from those mountains to irrigate the land, and bring it under cultivation; and I will ask you, since you have travelled all through the States—have you seen anywhere land much better cultivated?"

I said, "I thought not;" and, with the exception of some parts of New England and Pennsylvania, not anything like so good. To a stranger from Europe, the extent of waste land in America is prominently striking; also the want of trimness in the farming. "But of course they can afford this negligence," I said.

"Ay, to live themselves in their own generation, they can; but not us labourers in the Lord's vineyard; *we* can't afford it. Almost every man of the first settlers walked out that two thousand miles on foot, only having waggons enough to take the women and children. But the Lord brought us through in faith. We don't rob, and swindle, and traduce our neighbours, as the gentiles do; we don't leave our women to perish in degradation and shame: we take care of them to the last. Even, as a gentile, you would not be allowed to want a meal in Utah, though you could not pay for it, or a lodging for as long as you pleased."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "on condition that I married the ninth part of a man!"

The old man joined in the laugh. "That

would be the *tailor*," he said. "But not exactly that; no woman is forced to marry: she is recommended to do so, but not compelled." I fancy, however, that it may be something like going into a convent: you are not compelled to stay; nevertheless, it is uncommonly difficult to get out. So I thought that if I succeeded in passing a few highly entertaining weeks amongst the Mormons, and getting away without the matrimonial noose being cast over me, I should be lucky.

There were but few educated people in Utah. Brigham Young himself has probably one of the most powerful minds in the United States, and is quite as much of an educated gentleman as most of them. I do not class him with such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Sumner—men of high culture, polished, and refined—but for powerful intellect, breadth of mind, and that strong magnetic influence by which great men sway the multitude, Brigham Young has few equals. With a face and figure resembling the late Earl Derby, he has a quiet, unpretentious, impressive manner. You could feel certain he would help you if you really needed it, and would as surely find you out if you were imposing upon him.

One of his wives was a poetess, another an accomplished lady, another was like a "grandmother to all the children." His daughters were fine, hearty, buxom girls. One of them, whose character and disposition I liked exceedingly, took part in the theatrical performances, and her winning, natural acting, took my secretary's heart by storm.

We certainly got into very hot water in Utah, in a different way from what we had anticipated. There was an elder of the Church of Saints, a brilliant, scholarly Irishman, who had evidently mixed in the best society. How he came there I do not know—perhaps he had committed bigamy in his own country—but he came regularly every day to see us, with the view, my secretary said, of making a convert, or pervert of me. He had no wife, and certainly he astonished us both by putting the matter in so different a light from the one in which we had been accustomed to view it. However, we made a compact—my secretary and I—viz., that he was to protect me from the fascinations of the witty Hibernian, and I was to take care of him, and bring him out clear from the effects of the bewilderingly beautiful little feet and sly glances of that innocently *naive* little actress, number 17, Miss Brigham Young. We carried out our compact in good faith, but I had far more trouble to take care of my secretary than he had to protect me.

As it was Christmas time, the theatre was open almost every day, sometimes with a pantomime for the children, or a burlesque or domestic drama for the adults. The manager gave us *carte-blanche* to enter any part of the house at any time, and, by special request, I visited behind the scenes the green-room coulisses. My secretary hesitated a good deal about this enterprise. "I do not know any theatre where I should like to take my sister behind the scenes," he said. However, Miss Brigham Young accompanied me, also her father's secretary and my secretary. I witnessed there nothing that could shock the most fastidious person. There was no vice, no drinking, no intrigue; all was as straightforward as the arrangements of an household. "Pleasure within bounds does not necessarily entail vice," said Brigham Young upon one occasion.

The theatre was generally well-filled, but I was greatly amused with the primitive mode of payment. A basket of apples, a bundle of turnips, ears of Indian corn, bags of barley, dried peaches or plums. There was very little money circulating in Salt Lake, but there was a great deal of barter, though they did not refuse money, as in some Oriental countries, where I had to barter my skirts for mangoes and fowls. The droves of rosy-faced children in scarlet hoods enjoyed themselves tremendously; so did the adults, at a large ball that was given. It was like an English country ball—plenty of fun, and a good supper, the young people behaving with the most perfect modesty and ease, simplicity and good humour taking the place of affectation and style.

Then there were skating parties, where they absolutely did skate, on the great Salt Lake, not in an over-heated, gas-lit room, with imitation ice, and on imitation skates—bonâ fide skating, and a very pretty sight and exhilarating performance it was.

On Sundays we had Brigham Young's fine discourse in the tabernacle, with some six or seven thousand persons as a congregation. Like Spurgeon, Brigham Young possesses one of those clear, soft, penetrating voices which, without effort, make themselves heard, even to the remotest corner of the building. As to the controversy of the bishop, the Yankees concluded they had gained the victory, whilst the Mormons considered that they had the best of it, while we remained in that peculiarly bewildered condition already described.

Whether this peculiar people are to continue to spread or to dwindle away after the death of their great leader, is a problem time only can solve, now that he has constructed a rail in conjunction with the great Pacific. Salt Lake is on the high road between San Francisco and Chicago, neither of which cities is celebrated for the purity of its morals. Whether this facility of intercourse will result in the Mormons turning swindlers and cheats, but taking only one wife at a time, or in the San Franciscans and Chicagans becoming saints and polygamists, who shall say?

CHAPTER IV.

THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

WE now entered upon the most picturesque part of our journey, the rail passing through the great chain of the Sierra Nevada, the everlasting snow-capped mountains, which, in their gorgeous beauty, can be compared only with the Alps. I should say, however, that the Alps were more peaked and spiral, the Nevada more abruptly perpendicular, their terrific frontals as vertical walls of granite, rising sheer up for several thousand feet, being far more appalling than the graceful peaks of the Alps.

This magnificent scenery, lit up by a bright blue sky—even at night bright blue—by dazzling sun rays, or glowing stars—the larger planets emulating young moons—was a treat to look upon, and effaced the remembrance of the trouble and toil we had gone through to arrive there.

The actual difficulties in the construction of the overland route to California began at the Sierra Nevada, for the line had frequently to be cut out of the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, and the Chinese, who were the labourers, were lowered in baskets over precipices varying from hundreds to thousands of feet. Here and there would occur a gap—a deep ravine or cleft—over which a suspension bridge was thrown. Engineers had indeed been much puzzled to trace out any possible route to carry a rail. The engineering over the Rocky Mountains had been child's play to this, for except the clearing away of the sage brush, there was little difficulty in it. Even through the Cañons the torrent formed an easy road, and all that portion of the country had been traversed by waggons for years; but through the Nevadas the first road had to be made suspended almost in mid air. The credit of planning and undertaking it is due to the Californians, and to the patient Chinese the labour of completing it.

Of sensationalism there was here enough and to spare. Some ladies shut their eyes and stopped their ears, as the train creaked slowly over these precarious-looking bridges, with hundreds of feet of yawning gulf beneath, or traversed the ledges so fearfully narrow, that if one had dropped a glove from the carriage window, it would have fallen straight three thousand feet!

"Oh, why could they not have made it a couple of yards wider?" I cried, in an agony, lest one of the lines should come unsettled, as they so often did, when utter destruction must inevitably have ensued.

"My dear madam, it would not have paid!" was the reply.

Still the glorious splendour of the scene unfolded to our view was so overpowering and absorbing, that it made one think that even if dashed to pieces, it was worth while dying a few months or years earlier, to have so magnificent a sepulchre.

Here also we encountered the Chinese population working at the roads or scraping out some abandoned gold-field for the dregs that might remain. If they earned a dollar a day they considered it a fortune; and so it was, as they can live on about five cents, barring their smoke. This being the first time we had come in contact with any number of Chinese or Red Indians, we were greatly struck by the strong similarity between the two races. When we first saw the Indians we had whispered to ourselves, "These human creatures were never surely akin to us." You may have been a firm believer in the Book of Genesis all your life, but if suddenly placed amidst these dark-skinned races—the negro race especially—the common interpretation as to man's origin becomes separated from matters of faith. Yet, between the Chinese and the Red Indians there is a strong family resemblance. The same plum-stone shaped eyes, set a trifle out of the horizontal, and the same unvarying shade. Both have high cheek-bones; in the Indian they are a little more square than in the Chinese. The colour of the skin seemed to be of the same foundation, with the admixture, a dash more of red or yellow. Their long, straight, coarse, black hair, too, is very similar. But there is a marked difference in the character of the civilized man and the wild one. The Chinese is laborious and painstaking to the highest degree; he recognizes the absolute necessity of labour, and for a fair remuneration does the greater portion of the work of California. The Indian, on the contrary, repudiates all mere labour, working to make existence a pleasure instead of a toil.

Descending from the snow-clad Sierras, however magnificent in their terrific grandeur, how delightful it was to find oneself in the lowland plains of California; with the young, green wheat springing up, the fresh vegetables offering for sale, the gardens redolent of flowers, and to breathe the warm air, so sweet, so delicious. Oh! we revelled and rejoiced in it like—what?—"like a toad after having been frozen up in a rock for a hundred years," said my secretary. "I feel like a butterfly escaped from the crysalis." And thus we enjoyed our first entrance into California.

Sacramento is at present the capital of the State, but there is no telling how long it will remain so; so often has the capital been changed. San Francisco is really *the city.* Apart from its being one of the most ancient settlements in America—having been colonized in the fifteenth century by the Spaniards—it is the largest in this state, though only since the discovery of gold, when its position made it the great seaport for the golden land. These "gold diggings" have been so often absorbed, and are so familiar to most persons, that it would be superfluous to enter into any minute description of them here. Suffice it to say that you are no sooner in California than you find yourself in the midst of quartz-crushing, mines, hydraulic-sluicing, water-conduits, etc, etc. Thousands of people yet resort to them, with the hope of making fortunes; but few fortunes are made now-a-days. The El Dorado has come to the level of other American cities, and has no speciality except its lovely bay, which is meet to rank with that of Naples, of Hong Kong, or the Bosphorus. It is more land-locked than the first, and resembles rather a great lake. The entrance to it from the Pacific Ocean, through the Golden Gate, is five miles long and something over a mile wide. There is probably no more gorgeous portal in the world to a great city. Rocky mountain peaks tower up perpendicularly or slope away in the blue mist, their base clothed to the blue water's edge, in softest verdure—*grass* and wild-flowers—above which droop myrtle and jessamine boughs. Bright green islands stud the vast expanse of water, and through it extend thirty miles in one direction and ten in another, east and southeast; the mountains hem it in on all sides, sometimes in double tiers.

The famous Admiral Drake, one of its first explorers, was overwhelmed with joy, when, lashed by the furious waves of the Pacific, he was dashed into what he thought was a little cove, but threading the narrow channel, found himself in that glorious bay, at rest from the howling winds and blustering billows—for of all seas the Pacific, I will engage, can make the most uproar—even without the adjunct of wind and without a breath of air except what they bring with them. The rollers come roaring in like huge green mountains, and burst on the

Pacific coast outside San Francisco; hoarsely howling as if from the bowels of the earth, and as if they had come the whole six thousand miles to pound themselves upon the sands of the rock-bound shore. Yet in their despite, the sand creeps gradually on and the water is being pushed back from San Francisco, its narrow portal protecting it from the destructive tidal waves, the terror of so many cities. San Francisco has this advantage over her sister cities of the Atlantic, that she has at least a show place other than the universal cemetery. Few travellers have beheld a grander spectacle than the one I have faintly described. An hotel has been built expressly for visitors to pass the day in, in admiration of "Nature in her wildest mood."

Yet the chief attraction, I fancy, is a great rock some fifty yards out at sea, where a large colony of sea-lions have domiciled themselves. These creatures in their rough gambles, their loves, and hates, are singularly amusing, and long-sighted visitors greatly enjoy the fun; others inspect them through opera-glasses, telescopes, etc. Like the pigeons of St. Mark's at Venice, these sea-lions have the freedom of the city of San Francisco. They are protected by an ordinance against their destruction, and a heavy penalty if anyone is caught firing at them.

Other rocks are covered by birds like the dodo, whose eggs are considered delicious, and excursions are made to procure them. The bay is alive with animal life ; every variety of waterfowl, as well as fish of all descriptions. The Californian salmon is, I think, equal to the English, and is the cheapest thing to be had in San Francisco. There is also an oyster-bay; but the oysters are not indigenous, but transplanted from Oregon. They are small, like our natives, and are, to my taste, the best oysters in America. The large ones, of a size capable of choking a man, are generally preferred, and brought in ice or cans from Baltimore—the most celebrated place in America for oysters. So immense is the trade of canning oysters in Baltimore, that the railroad runs through a deep cutting in mountains of oyster-shells, the accumulation of years.

CHAPTER V.

THE YO SEMITE VALLEY, THE HOME OF THE MONSTER TREES, AND THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

ONE of the most stupendous marvels of the North American continent is the valley of the Yo Semite; attractive alike to the geologist, the naturalist, the artist, and the wonder-loving tourist; in a word, to mankind generally, both civilized and savage. So widely has its fame gone forth, that it has recently become quite the fashion to visit this grand workshop of Nature, where she has been secretly labouring for thousands of years, unknown, unsuspected by what we are apt to consider the towering wisdom of man.

Only twelve or fourteen years ago, and then only by accident, did this said wisdom penetrate to this mysterious laboratory, where the glaciers and the winds and the waters had wrought their magical effects.

The wild Indian, it is true, had lived amongst these mighty crags and fastnesses, regarding them as impersonations of the Great Spirit whom he worshipped, and utilising them as impregnable fortresses, to which he believed that his foe, the white man, would never be able to pursue him.

Time after time the United States troops had followed the Indian, as they thought, to his lair, when suddenly he disappeared amid the ravines and boulders, and huge pinnacles of rock and morain. But, on one occasion, the snow, which usually sets in suddenly in the last week of October, fell thick and fast on the retreating steps of the Indian, and thus were his pursuers enabled to discover his retreat, if not absolutely to follow him in his perilous descent into the valley. They marked well the spot, and, when in the spring the blood-flower emerged from its downy bed of snow, heralding the advent of vernal breezes, they traced with much difficulty a path to the wigwams embosomed below. It is needless to say that the white man, having once got possession, has retained it, and the valley now is the property of the State of California.

"Have you been to the Yo Semite?" is the first question addressed to any stranger arriving at San Francisco, no matter whether from the east, west, north, or south. "Well, you have to go. It is *the* big thing of the world just now. You ain't got no rocks in Europe near so tall nor so straight. You are bound to go, I *tell* you." And the traveller accordingly does go, under a sort of moral compulsion, which he cannot resist, but never regrets it, unless, indeed, he be a bad rider, in which event it is just possible that he may experience some of the ills that flesh is heir to, in respect of imperfect equitation.

We left San Francisco by rail for Stockton, whence we departed by stage-coach at five in the morning, to drive eighty miles before we should be permitted to stop; at least, we had to pay our fare as far, and, if we did not keep our seats, the stage would assuredly go on without us, and the fare would have to be paid over again. To an European traveller it would seem that, instead of convenience being studied, there was a special faculty for creating discomfort in these stages, facetiously called "superior accommodation."

Gold, I need hardly say, is the God of California. There is neither king nor kaiser, nor prince nor empire, nor pope nor parliament; it is a "*free*" country. The man with the most money rules supreme. Every man in America begins by thinking himself as good as his neighbour, and, following out the Irish version of this social fact, he adds, "half a million of dollars better." He will tread on your toes, because he is as good as you, and he won't apologise, because he is a "free citizen," and has a right to place his feet where he pleases. Still, on complaint being made of his sprawling, "Sir, you are hurting me!" he will graciously reply, "Wall, I didn't mean that! *Put your feet on mine!* they'll be out of the way."

Thus, our stage-driver invests his capital in cattle. "Got as good a team, sir, as any on the Pacific coast, I guess." And that is quite true; he drives four fine, well-bred horses, and changes every ten miles. Eight ostlers effect the transfer in about three minutes; at all events, there is no time lost. He fixes his own price, according to the exorbitancy of his fancy, and treats his passengers as a drover treats his cattle, any thought for their pleasure or comfort being out of the question. He adopts everything to his own interest and convenience, as though there were no other party to the contract.

The coach is constructed to carry *four* inside, but *nine* are unceremoniously thrust into it. Three are wedged on each seat, and then a narrow plank is placed between the two doors—which has to be taken up when the doors are opened—

on which plank three more wretched victims to "freedom" are squeezed. If there are any children, *they*, paying half price, are crammed into the crevices, by way of making the fit completely a tight one, and babies are stowed in anywhere.

The three on the rail sit partly on the laps of those behind them, and are partly sustained by the knees of the three in front. Their arms are interlaced behind each other's backs, or settled into each other's ribs, their feet being thrust anywhere they can find a resting-place among their *vis-à-vis*, for be it noted that it is thought no symptom of endearment, or no preliminary to an offer of marriage, for a gentleman to impose the full weight of his feet on a lady's boots, and *she* does not, like the historical lady so familiar to us all, respond: "Pray don't soil my slippers; but speak to papa."

As a portly gentleman in my hearing once remarked, it was a work of supererogation to apologise. "We have to be good-natured here," and he forthwith settled down almost into a slender lady's lap. "You can take your choice, miss," added he, "whether I sit upon you, or you sit upon me. I've paid my money, and so have you, and we must just make the most out of it we can."

The slender lady, after mentally calculating the width of his shoulders, was obliged, in self defence, to get uppermost, or assuredly, at the end of the eighty miles, she would have come out as flat as the clown in the pantomime, who threw himself under the garden roller.

This state of things you must endure for fifteen hours, with the thermometer at ninety, and amid clouds of fine dust, which insinuates itself into mouth, nose, and ears, and even under the eyelids, so that you cannot look from right to left without experiencing a grating sensation in the visual organs.

If your neighbours are gentlemen, they enliven proceedings by chewing, spitting copiously out of window, and—unless some lady protests—smoking in a most cloud-compelling style. Stocks in the olden time must have been cool and comfortable in comparison with this *supplice* in civilized and free America; and I am very certain that, in spite of the stringency of the Christian precept to love one's neighbour as one's self, no special affection ever results from this crushing contact of stage travelling. And yet all this must be endured to get to the Yo Semite.

Our way through the wheat country was dry and arid to a degree—flat, hot, and dusty—the only variety in the landscape being the little hillocks made by the goffre, at the opening of which sat a curious little owl, the co-lodger with the tortoise and the snake.

Towards evening we neared the river Mercede, and came to a considerable mud-puddle, in which we stuck fast for a time. Strange to say, it was the most refreshing incident in the whole journey, for, after looking for so many hours upon nothing save stone-coloured dust, a piece of dark, cool mud seemed to us quite a luxury. So no doubt also thought two black pigs, who were wallowing in it, and who refused to stir though the coach had gone over them. They were American-citizen pigs, and free to roll in that mud if "they felt like it."

Two days of this travel brought us to Mariposa, one of the old mining towns of California; and here, to my extreme delight, but to the general discomfiture of my companions—especially the ladies—we took horse.

Mounting the steeds was one of the most comical scenes I ever witnessed. I believe I was the only person who had come prepared for the contingency. The mustangs were brought out, saddled with the high-peaked Mexican saddles, only *one* of which was a side-saddle. I noticed this to the grooms, as we had *four* ladies in our party, and he answered—

"Oh! them's ladies as can ride astride any animal."

I again suggested that three more side-saddles would be required, and was impressing the idea on the groom's mind, when I was summoned to the room of one of the ladies—an elderly lady, whom I found in great distress. She said—

"I can't manage this riding-suit—what are *you* going to do?"

I said, "I'm going to do nothing; I'm ready."

"What! in your travelling-suit?"

I said, "Yes; it is a riding-habit—short enough to walk in, if duly reefed."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "are you not going to wear *a regular riding-suit?* This is mine."

And she produced a very full pair of knickerbockers, over which was to go a wide, short petticoat or kilt reaching to the knee, and the jacket à Basque, to correspond! It was of blue alpaca, elaborately braided and fringed in yellow, with a quantity of yellow buttons distributed profusely in marvellously awkward places. To wear with this, she had red striped stockings and highlows!

No wonder, poor woman! she was troubled to don her curious costume. I did my best to help her, though frequently failing from weakness, occasioned by my irrepressible laughter at singular complications and dubieties as to fore and aft which arrested the progress of investment. She insisted, too, on wearing a green veil tied tightly over her face to preserve her complexion, and another (a blue one it chanced to be) over her chignon, to prevent the dust spoiling that precious bird's-nest; and on top of *that* she wore her husband's wide-awake; and on the top of that, a large wet sponge to save her from sun-stroke!

In due time the other ladies appeared, similarly accoutred to ride astride. But, difficult as had been their several toilet operations, the mounting into their saddles was still more so. Chairs, and stools, and grooms, and high rails were all put in requisition. More than one lady, in spite of all the assistance so rendered, mounted on the wrong side, as Mr. Winkle once essayed to do, and found herself with her face tailwards! I must do the ladies the justice to say that they rode astride on principle, being fully convinced that side-saddles were diabolical inventions of the tyrant man, to drag woman lop-sided through the world, and that the only reason why woman did not excel in equestrian feats was the simple one of the malicious awkwardness of her "fixings."

At length we were *en route;* some of the ladies having to be held on by the grooms and guides; others performing that highly necessary operation for themselves, by tightly clasping the high-peaked pommels of their saddles.

Soon we commenced the ascent of the mountains, and consequently went at a foot's pace; and it does a great credit to both horses and grooms that, notwithstanding hardly one in a hundred of the visitors to the Yo Semite knows how to ride, there have never been any serious accidents. For two days we rode, from early morn to dewy eve, through the most glorious country it has ever been my good fortune to traverse. Mountain rose above mountain, peak above peak; and away up, mingling with the snowy clouds, peered the no less snowy caps of the distant Sierra Nevada; yet, looking down here and there, we could descry green valleys nestling among the mountains, and deep cañons filled with dark pines.

At this point of our journey we came to a solitary log-house, constructed of unhewn trees, the chimney being formed of a wide aperture in the roof, through which curled the blue smoke from the huge log-fire, which, even at this season of the year, looked cheerful.

We were heartily welcomed, and told that we could spend the night, or as long as we pleased, in this picturesque abode. My companions were, however, all eager to "get through," as they phrased it, and reach the Yo Semite, which was some thirty miles distant, but of fearfully difficult access. I alone availed myself of the invitation to take a long rest in this quiet retreat, and to the owner of it was indebted for many interesting details of the botany and geology of the country I was visiting. I was often the subject of scandal to my more "go-ahead" neighbours, for my "extravagant waste of time," but am of opinion that it was well bartered for the pleasure and profit I received in return.

To live in the very midst of a forest, to make friends of the trees and the mountains, beyond the sight and sound of humanity, has always been the yearning of my heart. To tread where the earth is carpeted with fresh leaves, and the tall pines wave in the azure sky; where the squirrels approach and peer at their visitors with bright, timid eyes, and the feathery throng trill out their music in jubilant glee; where the flowers and herbs breathe out an atmosphere of pure delight, "and where," interrupts my unromantic neighbour, "prowls the grizzly bear."

My vision is destroyed, and my antagonism roused, not towards the *bear*, but the *bore*, for I do not believe in being eaten up by a grizzly. I know of no lady on record who ever was! Certainly no lady upon whom a law-suit depended. I forthwith took authentic information from the great bear-hunter of these forests, and obtained the following statistics. He had destroyed in fair combat fifty-eight bears, and he only knew of one man whom the bears had killed, and even that one died only months afterwards, from the wounds on his skull having given rise to other maladies.

Thus, being a born anchorite, and following the instincts of my nature, I, one holy Sabbath morning, opened my eyes upon the Eden which my fancy had so often pictured, and which I call golden, partly from its attributes, and partly from the name of the hitherto solitary dweller therein, who shared my predilections in this particular, and who had lived there alone for some fifteen years.

Through the deep, dream-like forest of moaning pine and cypress, the breeze came sighing through my modest window, laden also with the aromatic breath of cedars, whose hoary locks may or may not be coeval with those which wafted their odours to the distended nostrils of Solomon, and possibly suggested the idea of building a temple, fragrant with perpetual incense, to the Great Jehovah.

Learned antiquarians differ as to the exact age of these cedars, whether they are to be measured by hundreds or thousands of years, and botanists do not concur as to whether they belong to the same genus as the Biblical cedars. Be that as it may, had Solomon penetrated to these glorious mountain forests, and beheld these valleys, shut in with adamantine walls, spires, domes, and buttresses, he never would have had the vanity to think of building a dwelling for the Lord, who so majestically has formed His own temple for man to worship in. The poet has said truly:

"My temple is the ethereal vault of boundless blue,
My altars are these mountains which subdue
My wildest passions in their wildest hours;
My hymn is ever many-voiced and new,
From bird and bee, from wind and wave it pours,
My incense is the breath of herbs and fruits and flowers."

Here man may worship in purity of heart and mind. The temple walls are of sparkling granite, like a mosaic of diamonds, towering above him two or three thousand feet. Spires, minarets, arches, and domes, rise in majestic beauty, and crowned with feathery pines, waving like decorative plumes on a festal day. The *diapason tones* of the organ are rolled forth from pipes formed of hollow trunks of trees some fifty feet in circumference, and the flute *stops* and clarionet come warbling through the dulcet throats of birds. To such an anthem the soul prostrates itself before its Maker, the great Omnipotent Author of all, and needs no other priest or presbyter.

Such was this Sunday morning, in the deep solitude of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California. There was no rustle of fine garments—their owners wending their way to church on foot, in the pride that apes humility—no clanging of bells from the steeple, and no sweeping of lawn and purple vestments up the solemn aisle. Yet no Sabbath ever appeared to me more sacred, or inspired a holier frame of mind—at peace with all nature. "No great merit," exclaims the cynic, "when you had left all the discordant and disturbing influences behind!"

I plead guilty—no doubt that was the reason—and pass on to describe this Eden, which, as I have said, was a log-hut in the midst of the forest, and situated on a plateau-like valley, through which ran the south fork of the river Mercede, four thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was surrounded by an amphitheatre of precipitous mountains, rising two or three thousand feet higher. One bald scalp shone white and glittering in the sun, like the venerable head of the patriarch. During two long days of travel on horseback we had watched this point, apparently miles above us, and when our guide had pointed to it as our ultimate destination, we had been half incredulous of our ability to scale its dizzy height, for it seemed that only eagles could float up there. Yet, a few days after my arrival, accompanied by the hermit of the wilderness, we had started up a narrow trail on the sloping side of the bald mountain, rising about two thousand feet, and had stepped literally on to the head of this ancient giant. There, with rapture and amazement, we looked down upon hills and vales and rivers and plains; over miles and miles of waving corn, which floods our English market; over browsing herds of wild cattle, whose flesh is not so much appreciated in tins; over green hills, dotted with sheep, like daisies on a lawn, and whose fleece is their greatest value; over trout and salmon streams, whose reputation has allured many an ardent sportsman from ten thousand miles away, until the eye gradually penetrating space, could descry the great coast range of California. It formed a distinct, but soft outline, against the sky, although one hundred miles distant, so clear is the blue atmosphere in these mountains.

Upon a rock, jutting out over the precipice, stood a solitary cedar, stretching its moss-clad arms into empty space. It is called "The Sentinel," as it seems to keep lone watch over the beauteous earth beneath, like a guardian angel told out from heaven on detachment duty. We stood by him, on his lofty bracket—though to do so required a little nerve at first—and experienced a sort of awesome adoration, but we felt inclined to utter only the Indian guide's exclamation, "God is great!"

Of the beauty of these forest rides the dictionary supplies no words to convey an adequate idea. The far-famed big trees, consisting of the Mariposa grove and others, are in this forest. There are seven hundred of these giants of the sequoia species, in various groups and stragglers. Except by figures, it is difficult to convey an idea of their vastness. They would associate themselves in the mind more with the Napoleonic column of the Place Vendome, or the London Monument, than with any tree we have ever seen. The impression they produce is wonder, greatly toned by admiration, for their symmetrical beauty and perfect blending of colouring. Their trunks are straight as an obelisk, and branchless until within a few feet of the top. They have the aspect of a vast pillar of burnished gold, with an ornamental green capital. Their soft bark is of the richest golden brown, and sparkles in the sunlight like the *mica* found in quartz or clay. The chennelle-like foliage is of the most intense but tender green, and forms a lovely contrast with the trunk. Let the reader picture to himself this glitter of gold and green, towering up through the bluest of atmospheres for three or four hundred feet—the usual height of these monsters. Their circumference is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. The lower portion extends like a funnel upon the earth, and the scientific measurement is taken about twenty feet up, after which their girth remains the same nearly to the top. Upon the stump of one of these patriarchs of the forest, which had been felled probably for Barnum's exhibition, four sets of quadrilles can be danced at one time; through the hollow trunk of another three horsemen can ride abreast, and upon the outside of one that lies prone on the ground, three horses could canter in line, its soft bark resembling a miniature Rotten Row, formed of a single tree.

I had expected to experience the same sensation of breathless awe on beholding these mammoth evergreens, as I had done upon my first view of the mighty pyramids of Egypt; but during the many days we had been traversing the mountain forest, the trees had become larger and larger, and more and more beautiful, until surprise and wonder had merged from admiration to rapture, and instead of the bewilderment experienced at the pyramids, we felt inclined to throw out our arms, and clasp with affection these golden, glittering kings, with their trappings of emerald velvet.

There are moments in the lives of most men, when a sweet, intangible communion seems to establish itself between us and a thing of nature, when some leaf, or flower, or blade of grass, brings in the same delight as the grasp of a friendly hand, or the touch of beloved lips. Thus it appeared to us upon making the acquaintance of these leviathan trees, and although we saw them frequently afterwards, the feeling of reverent affection never diminished.

Joining another party of tourists, we followed the mountain trail to the Yo Semite. Towards the middle of the second day our guide led us on to a jutting rock, where we dismounted, and crouched on hands and knees till we could look over a sheer precipice of 8000 feet. Then for the first time we saw the valley of the Yo Semite—a sight the most grand, the most awe-inspiring, the most terrific that perhaps human eyes ever rested upon. Stout men trembled, and women burst into hysterical tears. It was a new sensation, and thrilled every heart. Sir Charles Coldstream—blasé as he was—would have hailed it with delight.

We seemed to be a million of miles from anywhere. Looking down into the valley below, it appeared to be utterly impossible for us to reach its placid shade. Above, the boundless sky,

> "Heaven's high canopy which covers all,"

and around—north, south, east, and west—rose the majestic granite piles—

> "The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And thron'd eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow."

Peering tremulously over the ledge, we dropt a bit of wood encircled with a pocket-handkerchief, and watched its steady swinging descent into a peach-orchard, where a man was ploughing, the oxen, to us, seeming like mice. And now we found ourselves really approaching the outskirts of our destination, and in a few hours we were in the valley itself. It would be impossible adequately to pourtray the stupendous grandeur of the spectacle; it certainly transcends my weak powers of description.

The Valley of the Yo Semite is some eight miles long and about a mile and a half wide, enclosed by immense bulwarks of granite—always precipitous, and sometimes ascending vertically a mile in height—occasionally advancing into the green-sward in a stupendous colonnade, or a massive single tower; sometimes receding into a cavernous amphitheatre, or shadowing forth the interior quadrangle of some ancient *chateau-fort*, and simulating the domes of cathedrals, the minarets of mosques, and Chinese pagodas.

Both ends of the valley are closed, one by a cañon or deep ravine, the other by the mountains closing up like a *cul de sac*, over the brow of which shoots the river Mercede and falls like an avalanche of eider-down clouds becalmed in mid-heaven, of brightest blue. The elegance and grace of this mighty flow of nine hundred feet of water impart to it the semblance of repose rather than motion, until it touches its rocky bed, where it bursts into sparkling spray and roars and boils in deep cauldrons and over cataracts for more than a hundred yards. Then it takes another triumphal leap of a thousand feet, spurning the rocks behind it and spreading like a giant fan until it reaches the plain below, where it meanders round white, sandy banks, the most tranquil and peace-loving little river in the world, shimmering coyly as if for the sole benefit and habitation of the speckled trout that swim in its limpid waters. At the other end, it steals quietly out through a rugged fastness, and is lost sight of in the deep cañon.

Gaze on whatever side we would, these towering battlements met the skies. Their jagged summits, cutting the horizon in clear, pointed slants and zigzags, carved it into the curious form of the dandelion leaf. The blue vault above was of the exact size and shape of the green valley below; so much of earth and heaven was encompassed by the granite walls, and all the rest of the great world was excluded. No sound but the voice of Nature broke the solemn stillness. And yet one might fancy that a number of carpenters were at work, as we paused to listen to the rap-a-tap-tap of the distant woodpecker. We often saw him at work with his long chisel-beak and scarlet hammer-head, toiling away faster than you could count the evolutions; boring holes in the trees as rapidly as a joiner with his auger, and making them the exact size to fit in his acorns. Some of the trees were perforated with a thousand holes, as close as in a honeycomb, for these little birds have not only to provide food for themselves against the advent of winter, but are fully alive to the fact that the squirrels will rob them of the greater portion of their accumulated stores. Even as it is in human nature: one half of the world labours from morning to night in order that the other half may prey upon them and despoil them of the fruits of their toil.

We made our way towards the foot of the highest fall, called the Yo Semite, over rugged rocks profusely garlanded with the most exquisite flowers, and soon became rapturous in our intense enjoyment of the music of the falling water—projected as it seemed from the very heavens above us—*twenty-seven hundred feet in one continuous leap*, to where it broke at our feet in a whirlwind of spray. The wonderful tones of this great rush of water made it the most glorious orchestra in the world. It was entrancing to listen to the marvellous harmony! No instrument out of tune; none wiry or needy: all pure, rich, full, and resonant. Hark to the trombones! How they boom out their parts; and the delicate, rippling flute, too, as clear and prominent as any. All the stringed instruments surge through, as if with one bow and one set of strings, in a rush of liquid melody. There is no wavering in time or tune. And the fugue is led off by the clarionets, those streams of silver just divided from the main fall, with a precision followed up in the *allegro* enough to drive an *impressario* frantic with excitement and delight. And as for that lyre-like boulder, upon which the great bulk of the water falls, there is no silver kettle-drum to equal it in its full volume of harmonious roar, in perfect accordance with the rest of the instruments. Hark, that chromatic scale executed by the first and tenor violins! Cremona never made such perfect instruments, and Paganini himself never executed such faultless performances. It is effected by the wind raising the whole body of water and switching it over the rocks.

It was an ever-memorable moment in my existence when first I climbed up into that top-chamber—the great concert-hall—and heard the liquid roll of the various music:

> "Such sweet, such melting strains!
> Their soft, harmonious cadence rises now,
> And swells in solemn grandeur to its height!
> Now sinks to mellow notes—now dies away—
> But leaves its thrilling memory on my ear!"

Under the clumps of noble oaks, measuring from ten to fifteen feet in girth, were pitched the tents, or wigwams, of the Indians. They live in tribes, with *biens en commune*, and labour in common, too. It is true that the women carry the heavy burdens, while the men walk at their ease, with their bows and arrows, or rifles. But, if the men were burdened, they could not pursue their game whenever it might appear; and it is the only kind of flesh they consume.

It requires at least three weeks to visit the whole of these marvellous regions; for, besides the valley, there is a twin sister, called Hetch-Hetchy, with waterfalls averaging one thousand feet in height; also the little Yo Semite, called my valley, from the fact that I was the first white woman who ever scaled its rugged fastnesses; and I went through the necessary formula of planting my stick and throwing up my hat, which gives me a claim to several hundred acres of land. It is six thousand feet above the great Yo Semite, and seems like a reflection of it cast up in the sky. The river Mercede has its source in the mountains which encompass it. It winds through the upper valley, and rushes down to the lower one in two splendid waterfalls, as described.

Instead of three weeks which I had proposed to stay, I remained three months and traversed the country around. We visited the two great falls of the Py-wy-ack and Nevada, averaging about a thousand feet each.

I had made up my mind to ride the whole hundred and fifty miles of my return journey to Mariposa on horseback, accompanied by an Indian, and doing as much as I could daily.

"My God!" said an English nobleman, who was then enjoying the pleasures of the happy land with me, "have you any idea to what you are exposing yourself? The Indians might murder you; the bears might devour you; you might be taken sick, and be unable to reach your destination for the night."

"Yes," returned I, "and the moon might fall and submerge us all in green cheese."

"Well," replied his lordship, "I do not see any courage in incurring unnecessary risk. We have with some difficulty got a carriage within fifty miles of this. Why will you not take a seat in it? We could all start together, and we will land you safely in Francisco." And so it was decided.

Fatalities are not to be met by any forethought. When the guide had gone off with the baggage-mule with all my wraps, and the lunch (the meal of the day), I found that I had more farewells to say than I had anticipated. I had been so happy, and so much cared for in the valley, that my departure became quite a mournful event, and I was fain to kiss some pet children over and over again, by way of getting rid of a surplus of feeling. My cavaliers rode about, impatiently regretful of every minute so consumed, for we had a long ride before us. When I did, finally, get mounted, I discovered I was on a bad saddle; so I said gaily to my escort—

"Oh! pray ride on; we must change the saddle. I shall overtake you very shortly; pray go on."

As I knew every foot of the valley, and had often served *them* as guide, they obeyed me. I never did overtake them, never saw them again. They probably indulged in a gallop, which I did not, reserving my horse for the terrible ascent of ten thousand feet, and the fifty miles I had before me.

I started without any doubt as to meeting them at certain points. But I noticed that the heavens were beginning to be clouded, and a soughing wind whispered sadly of a storm at hand. Soon the rain began to fall. I urged my Rosinante on. Unfortunately he was as bad as the saddle, and I ought to have changed him too. But as I ascended the mountain the rain turned to hail, and then to snow. Thicker and thicker it fell, like leaves of the autumn trees when shaken by the west wind; deeper and deeper it lay, obscuring the pathway, and rendering the mountain-side one broken, jagged slope of rock, trees, and manganite bushes.

I remembered with anxiety that it was the period for the setting in of the snow-storm in these mountains. The snow falls to the depth of fifteen feet almost without stopping, and lies for six months in the year; so that the few inhabitants of the valley are shut in for that time.

My horse began to stumble and slip, missing the trail, which was now, like the rest of the scenery, concealed by a soft, white cushion.

The way through these dense mountain-forests is marked by notches cut on the trees; and by these I steered for some hours, buoyed up with the belief that, at the usual resting-place, I should find my friends. But the snow fell faster and heavier, until it enveloped me like the white pall thrown over an infant corpse. I could not see my horse's head or my own hand a yard before me, and the trees all stood like marble columns, the "blaizes" obliterated and the landmarks gone. Then, suddenly, with a slip and a crash, down went my horse, rolling over on his side, but fortunately not on my side; and I fell on my feet. I had to wade down in the snow and haul him up, and then to find a convenient piece of rock to enable me to remount. That was the first fall, but not the last.

That livelong day we struggled, and stumbled, and fell, and rolled. I led him, and whipped him, and coaxed him to get him on. Sometimes the poor brute would come to a dead stand, putting out his fore feet and shaking his head dolefully, almost prophesying that we could never make that journey. By this time there was no sign left of the track by which we had ascended through the intricate rock and jungle, and I was sure we must be close to the spot where my friends were awaiting me. And there it was. I knew it again by the peculiar form of the cedars, whose singular arms grow without a slant, horizontally from the trunk. But no friends were there—not a sign of them; and I was six thousand feet up the mountain!

There was nothing for it but to push on and overtake them, or reach a small, dilapidated woodman's hut which I knew of, some eight miles away, where at least I might get shelter from the blinding fury of the elements. Little thought I that at the same hour my companions, and also the guide, were wandering desperate, lost, like myself, in another portion of the mountain. I knew that I must continue to ascend, and so I did; and sometimes, attempting to clear with a leap snow-obscured impediments, they proved to be solid rock, and brought both rider and horse sliding down on all fours.

So long as daylight lasted, we continued the fight with the elements, although, as the peaks of the mountains were now completely hidden by the steady falling of the snow, I had not the remotest idea where I was. But when the shadows of night fairly closed in, my situation was the desolation of despair. To continue was simply to invite a fall, and to rush into the jaws of death. I remembered, in my agony, that I had noticed a hollow tree not very long ago. I got off my horse, led him back, groping my way, with the bridle over my arm, and providentially found my kind (though hollow) friend. I crept in, regardless of snakes, and drew the horse's head close to me, so as to profit by the warmth of his nostrils.

Having been wet through all day, and now beginning to freeze, I had to persevere in continued friction to keep up the circulation of the blood; and so the long watches of a dreary winter's night wore sadly away. What were the reflections generated during those slowly-revolving hours spent by me in my strange abode, it would require a volume to tell. I had heard of drowning persons living their whole lives over again during the few minutes of submersion—of the mind flashing a stenographic review of a whole life's career, at the supreme moment. I probably experienced the same marvellous sensation. But I said within myself: "If it be God's will that this should be my end, so be it." Yet I gazed with distended eyeballs into the ever-falling white pall of snow, and listened with aching ears to something which, though barely a sound, fell acutely on my thrilling nerves; snow upon snow still falling. I was being rapidly snowed up. Already it was lying three feet deep on the ground. I shook my horses reins to induce him to disturb the deadly wall that was fast building us in, and I longed—oh! how I longed

—for daylight. At last it came; and, with the aid of the tree which had so generously sheltered me, I mounted my poor beast, who, shaking and trembling in every limb, had evidently resigned himself to his fate, though I had made him eat a few leaves I had gathered from the overhanging boughs.

We crawled on for a few paces, not knowing whether to turn to the right or to the left. Snow mountains above us, snow precipices below us, snow in front of us, snow in the rear. Snow everywhere; nothing but snow between earth and heaven! I, in my blue riding-habit, being the only dark speck upon the great white expanse, when suddenly the sun came out—and oh! the glorious sight that burst upon me!

I forgot my hunger; I forgot my danger. I seemed to escape for a moment from that spectre of death whose clammy shadow had enfolded me closer and closer during the vigils of the night.

Who amongst us has not felt something of rapturous exhilaration upon beholding the first fall of snow in the country? But here was a whole world of snow-clad beauty and grandeur. For miles and miles—yes, for fifty miles away—I could see dome after dome rise glistening up to heaven, as slanting bars of pink and amber coruscated on their sides like scintillations from morning angels' wings. Every rock and boulder had taken that symmetrical form which only a coating of snow can give. Every rugged precipice of stern magnificence had changed to winsome loveliness. Every tree had its infinity of leaves transformed into strings of pearls and sparkling gems, as they caught up the dazzling splendour of the early beam of day. Surely few mortal eyes have ever gazed upon so much of God's glory spread upon this earth as was unfolded before me that memorable morning. There was a blissful stillness and repose in the atmosphere, which imparted even to my shattered nerves something very like peace. The bitterness of death had passed over me, and I was left at least a choice of how I would die; whether to sit still and be calmly folded to sleep in the icy mantle of snow, or to brave the terrific precipices and stern rocks, over which I should certainly fall if I attempted to make my way in the snow, and as certainly be dashed to pieces, unless some miracle intervened. I decided on the latter course. I had to give up trying to ride, and led the horse by the bridle; and I had struggled for an hour or two with nothing worse than slips and bruises, when, on a sudden, I heard a sound—oh! joy it was!—the panting of a horse: and surely he must have a rider! We had been the last party in the Valley; but there might be some one leaving for the winter months. I raised my voice and shouted, "Help! help!" with all the wild delirium of rapture with which this sudden promise of rescue filled my soul.

My voice rent the air, clear and shrill; but there came no other answer than the echo of the mountains, which doled out "Help! help!" with a despairing wail. Again I heard the panting sound. It came from the other side of a high granite crag, around which there was but a very narrow ledge. I had to tempt it! The snow concealed its real dimensions; but I kept close in to the rock, testing well with my feet before I trod.

I rounded the corner with a beating heart and exultant hope, and found myself face to face with a—*grizzly bear*—so near that our eyes actually met; and I shall carry the memory of his expression to my dying day.

I do believe that beast saw the agony of my soul when this horrible crisis of my fate assailed me. He never attempted to touch me. He never moved the almost pitying eyes with which he regarded me.

I turned to fly—missed my footing—fell over the precipice—was caught for a moment by some Manzanita bushes growing to the rocks; then, bounding down, I struck upon cliff, and scaur, and bramble, and rock, now and again, until I lost consciousness. Of course it was the work of a second.

When I came to myself, the sun was high in heaven: I was lying in a deep ravine, the snow crimsoned with blood; and the fierce precipice looming ominously above me.

The Manzanita and the deep snow-bed had saved my life.

I had fallen into a ravine, through which in the early spring would roar a little mountain torrent.

I knew that if I had the strength to follow that track it would lead me in sight of the Valley. It might be ten or twenty miles; but there it went.

I rallied my strength for the effort, for I had lost my horse on the ledge where I had encountered the benevolent bear; and, without enumerating all the trials and difficulties I went through on the occasion, suffice it to say that I was found at the close of the second day, frozen and insensible, by a hunter; was carried to a shelter, and cared for with all that true Christian charity which we often find in the roughest natures.

The moral I draw from this experience is that bears, whether quadruped or biped, are not so bad as they are represented to be. This was the end of my visit to the Great Yo-Semite.

CHAPTER VI.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO ST. LOUIS.—BUILDING UP EXTRAORDINARY.

THE banks of the Mississippi—that is to say, ascending from Cairo—are low and sandy, but covered with verdure, whose vivid and glorious tints pen would fail to describe or pencil to depict, so wondrous are the contrasts, so brilliant the hues. Sometimes, for a hundred miles together, the foliage in autumn is like a bouquet of flowers culled from a hot house, and artistically arranged.

The peculiarity of the forest trees in this country is, that in autumn their leaves vie in brilliant transparency with the most beautiful garden flowers. As we advanced up the Mississippi, the scenery increased in grandeur, the banks gradually rising to bluffs, and from bluffs into precipitous cliffs. Sometimes the river stretches out, and forms islands of several miles in length, from whose marshy banks flocks of wild geese rise, screaming—according to Longfellow—"Wa, wa, flying southward." The islands often become so numerous, as to look like groups of islets in some sea or extensive lake, rather than in a river.

The Ohio falls into the Mississippi a little below Cairo, where we changed boats, and went up on one of those splendid river steamers plying between New Orleans and St. Louis. To speak of them as "steam ships" would convey but a very poor idea of those floating monsters which traverse the larger rivers of America. Picture first an enormous flat-bottomed canal-boat, some three or four hundred feet long, piled up with all sorts of merchandize—cotton bales, sugar casks, flour barrels, agricultural implements, furniture, anything and everything —to about the height of seven feet. Above this, supported by very slender props, is a platform, or first deck, on which is a wooden house, or series of cabins, which can only be likened to kitchens, wash-houses, bakeries, and nondescript out-houses of every kind. On the top of these are the passengers' main cabins, consisting of a long cabin running the whole length of the vessel, and serving both for dining and drawing-room, with "cabins," or "state rooms," as they are pompously called, opening into it on one side, the other side opening out on a gallery or verandah that encircles the boat. The cabins are generally very prettily got up, with miniature windows and doors, and all the appurtenances much resemble those of a doll's house, in which big dolls are to live. Each room contains two beds, one above the other, which, on the larger steamers, are of good dimensions. Each room has two doors, and two or more windows. About fifty of these are set apart for the use of first-class passengers, not that there is any other class in America, if we except the negroes.

On the roof of this house—which is elaborately decorated with carved wood-work, and generally painted white—stands yet another but smaller house, containing about a dozen little rooms, generally occupied by the captain and officers of the ship. On the top of that again is a still smaller house—the pilot house—consisting principally of windows like an observatory. From this eminence the pilot directs the course of the vessel. The "man at the wheel," contrary to the custom of English steamships, may be freely spoken to, and he is generally the great *beau* of the boat, the lady passengers resorting to the pilot-house as much for a gossip with the pilot, as to obtain a good view of the river, which, as a rule, they care nothing about.

Americans have very little appreciation of scenery. They glory over Niagara, the Hudson, and some other *chefs d'œuvres* of nature, because they think they reflect some glory on America and the Americans themselves; but for picturesque nooks and quiet dells, or even striking scenery, which has not become prominently known to the world, they have little or no admiration. If you speak to them of the beauties of any place of which the fashionable world has not taken note, it will only excite their pity, for they imagine you must have been dreadfully bored.

But to return to the steamers. Two black columns in front, called "smoke-slacks"—by us "funnels"—alone denote that these floating houses are steamers. Many of them are constructed with a wheel behind, which throws up the water in a continual cascade of foam, and gives the steamer very much the appearance of a gigantic swan propelling itself onwards by the natural paddles—its feet. No mast meets the eye, no rigging, no fore and aft, no sails, nothing but a white-painted floating village, very pleasant to travel upon, and admirably adapted for carrying freight on the rivers. The living on these boats is conducted on much the same principle as in the hotels, except that it is much cheaper, being comprised in the fare, as on ocean steamers.

River travelling is the only thing which is moderately charged for in America, for, with very few exceptions, you can live, *and travel too*, in these boats for the same amount that it costs only to live in a first-class hotel. Both the sleeping and eating arrangements quite equal those of any hotel, and it is worth while for any traveller who desires to see the country and the people, to spend as much time as convenient on the rivers.

The captains of these vessels are, like most seafaring men, rough but genial, and they are willing to recount any number of anecdotes, and give any amount of information. The clerk—whose business it is to attend to the passengers and freight—is frequently advertised in the notices of the vessel as "gentlemanly," and "clever," with various other qualifications, which he may or may not possess. He occupies a position on board somewhat similar to that of *purser*.

Every river steamer has also a state cabin, called "The Bridal Chamber." It contains only one large bed, and has very gay "fixens"—lace curtains, and delicate pink or blue upholstery. These great state apartments are intended for newly married couples, who frequently choose to spend their honeymoon on these boats, and the bridal chamber can of course be hired for a few extra dollars. Upon this occasion it was occupied by the most diminutive couple—with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb—I have ever seen bound in wedlock. I had supposed them to be a little boy and girl, dressed up in the old-fashioned way that American children are so fond of adopting, until the captain remarked,

"I guess that couple had best go back to their mother when they have got through with their wedding '*tower.*'"

"Those children married!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"They are of marriageable age," he replied. "One is fourteen, the other is eighteen. You would not be long aboard before she'd let you know she was a bride."

Watching her with some interest, I noticed the display of a great many airs and graces, and much fuss with herself in general, whilst the little dapper husband was skipping around her, and showing extraordinary devotion in his efforts to take care of his bride and to make her comfortable. This seemed an arduous yet delightful task. At one moment the little lady was too warm, at another too cold; then she would fancy rocking herself in a rocking-chair; but most American ladies, ay, and gentlemen too, love rocking themselves so much, that in one of the largest theatres all the seats are made to rock.

Strange to say, the little bride found no opiate for her restlessness either in the rocking-chair or in a camp-stool she afterwards tried; so she finally "concluded" she would lie down on her bed, as she "felt right sick." This created intense amusement through the whole ship, for coarse joking is one of the disagreeable features of American life. Nevertheless, I must say that this lilliputian burlesque of a honeymoon was one of the most irresistibly funny things I had witnessed for a very long time; and I had more than once to return to my cabin when the broad witticisms came near betraying themselves to the pretentious little couple. The bride wore diamond earrings and a large cluster ring; indeed, she wore so many large rings that her slender fingers looked very like ring-stands. She never appeared without orange-blossoms, either in her hat or her hair; and, as the captain had remarked, she was determined to enjoy to the full the honour of being a bride. Most of these river steamers have a piano, and usually there is dancing every evening, if any one can be found good-natured enough to play dance music.

Of juvenile precocity another instance came also under my observation at this time. I noticed among the dancers one evening, a young girl about twelve or thirteen. She had not yet attained to the dignity of long dresses, and her skirts flew out rather in the ballet-girl style.

"I guess that young lady has right fine limbs," said my neighbour!

As only her legs were visible, I replied: "No doubt."

"She don't mind showing them either," laughed my companion; "she's the smartest dancer in the room, and will dance them all down."

And the girl did dance well; a little too vigorously, perhaps. She was a stout, fine-grown girl, with a perfect mountain of hair piled on her head; her face being flushed with the exercise. Too rude health seemed to be her only failing; but she gave promise of becoming a splendid woman at eighteen or twenty. Every gentleman who could dance whirled her about the saloon, and finally she wound up with the "gentlemanly clerk," who at last stopped, declaring he was "dead beat," and must return to his account-books. I had been playing for the young lady, for the last half-hour, and she now approached and thanked me most graciously, saying:—

"Your playing is fine, I could dance all night to it."

The next morning on opening the cabin-door on to the balcony, I noticed a young girl seated on a camp-stool, outside the next cabin, reading a book. The feet, in slippers, were twisted round the legs of the stool, and her stockings hung like bags on legs that somewhat resembled chair-rails. She wore a loose dress all in one piece, and called in America a *sac*, which is supposed to be French for dressing-gown. Her thin, wavy hair was pushed back by a child's comb, and hung loosely about her neck. She looked so slight and frail as she bent over her book, that my first thought was, "That child reads too much; she ought to be made to run about and play." She raised her head as I approached, and said, "What a pleasant morning." Her face seemed familiar to me, though I could not remember where I had seen it. But during the day the likeness to the stout little dancer occurred to me and I concluded that she must be a younger sister.

That same evening the young danseuse was again the subject of general admiration and comment. She was footing it splendidly with all her heart and soul.

"How she du dance and caper, that gal," said a lady, whom I took to be an old maid, though spinsters are rare in America. "How she du throw them gilt leather boots about."

"Yes," I replied, "she appears very active and strong."

"Well, I don't know as to strong. I calculate you don't know how that gal is built up?"

Thinking of her constitution and cod-liver oil, I said: "Delicate, perhaps, like her sister?"

"I don't know about delicate, but she's as thin as a whipping-post and flat as a flounder before she's built up. Why, you have never seen her in the morning?"

I glanced at the girl's rounded contour as she whisked by me, and then stared in bewilderment at my informant.

"If you came out to breakfast you would see her without her 'fixens.'"

The slight girl bending over her book, her thin legs twisted into the camp-stool, flashed across my mind.

"Not possible!" I exclaimed.

"Why?" ejaculated my companion, reading my thoughts. "That's so; she has the most complete set of fixens you ever du see, and she doesn't wear them all day because it's too expensive. We room together, and she du build up, I *tell* you. Those boots and stockings are all in a piece, and she has only to get into 'em; only has to twist her hair up out of the way and put her head into that haycock. But it's some one else's—all real hair—no joke—and cost seventy-five dollars; it was bought for her ma, but was too small, so not to waste it she's got it."

I burst into a fit of laughter at the absurd idea of letting a child wear a wig because it was too small for her mother, as the "built-up" young lady was whirled past again in the arms of an admiring swain.

CHAPTER VII.

ST. LOUIS.—THE FAIRY AND THE BIG LOTTERIES.

ST. LOUIS, as its name denotes, was an old French settlement, named after the patron saint of its first settlers. For over a century it continued to be little more than a small town or station on the Mississippi, but about thirty years ago it began to increase in importance, and within the last twenty immigration has flowed westward to such an extent, that it is now one of the largest cities in America, and third only in population, Brooklyn being considered as part of New York.

St. Louis numbered, in 1868, two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and vied with Chicago in its flourishing trade and commerce. This city is well built in brick and stone, and has well-paved streets—indeed, the first good pavement we had seen in America.

The roads generally, when I was in America, were something to be remembered in nightmare dreams, for with bated breath I have looked down on the horses, plunging head foremost, with their tails perpendicular, into a gulf some eight or ten feet deep, and have watched the wheels sink up to the axles in mud; have been thrown on my nose against the splash-board by a sudden jolt, and in New York city itself, was bumped and shaken and jolted in and out of my seat.

All this seemed very like a dream or a fiction, when riding on the well-paved streets and roads of St. Louis. Outside Savannah there is a good shell-paved road; out of New Orleans another; and outside Charleston there may have been, "before the war," a fine road, made of planks laid transversely, but I found it a fearful series of pitfalls, from the fact of a good many planks being missing. This plank-road, too, had been raised on logs, so that the absence of planks here and there made the descent into the cavity more startling than agreeable. St. Louis, however, was well paved, partly with small blocks of wood, called the "Nicholson pavement," and partly with small indented oblong blocks of iron, about six or seven inches in length, shaped like salt-cellars. The indentations receive the dirt and mud, and prevent the horses from slipping.

The town was also well drained; and the footpaths were flagged or bricked. An immense wharf extends along the river for some five or six miles, and there several hundred steamers were always lying, receiving or discharging freights and passengers. The bank sloping down to the river was partly paved with stone, the rest horrible slush and mud. There was not even a wooden landing as good, or, rather, I should say, as bad as that on the Bosphorus. But of that narrow strip of pavement the Saint Louisians were immensely proud, and would draw attention to it with a conviction that if the visitor had seen nothing else in America to surprise him, he at least must be overwhelmed with astonishment when he saw this *levée* of St. Louis. They were very much annoyed when it was intimated that thirty or forty yards of mud intervened before a vessel could be reached, and that this must be rather injurious to the merchandise that had to be deposited on it, as well as to the passengers who had to traverse it. As a river landing it could not compare with either the Liffey, Mersey, or Clyde.

A large river trade was done at St. Louis, and the river here is very deep, and nearly eight hundred yards in breadth. It was in contemplation to span it with a suspension bridge. The steamers, such as described, with their three tiers of galleries, filigree tunnels, &c., have a peculiar and striking appearance, and distinguish St. Louis from a European city, which, nevertheless, in many other respects it greatly resembles—Leeds, for example, especially in regard to the smoky atmosphere, and its general smutty appearance.

The quays, or *levées*, were lined with vast piles of dirty-coloured brick warehouses and storehouses, in the style of Liverpool, but on a smaller scale. The coal which is found here in great quantities, is of the sootiest kind, and St. Louis might easily rival Sheffield in that "*rain* of smuts" which distinguishes the latter place.

There are many fine blocks of buildings—for offices, banks, and stores—but the Capitol is the only handsome edifice prominently attractive to a stranger. It is a large stone building, cruciform, and with a handsome dome rising in the centre; but there were no monuments or any buildings of real architectural merit, although the town was generally well built, and the streets wide and regular.

One-third, probably, of the population was German, and more than another third Irish, consequently the number of Catholics was larger than in any other city of the States, hence it was called "the Rome of America," though in point of appearance no city could well be less like the Rome of Italy. The Catholics had then twenty-eight churches and chapels, a university, under the superintendence of the Jesuits, with from three to four hundred students. There were ten other establishments under the control of the "Christian Brothers." One of them, for the education of the wealthier classes, had five hundred pupils—boys. This order, as in France, teaches in all grades, from the ragged school to that of highest rank.

In St. Louis, as in the rest of America, there was a want of domestic servants. This general want is one reason that the country is so thoroughly uncomfortable to an European, accustomed to have all menial offices performed for him. He has a difficulty about getting his boots cleaned, and to have his clothes brushed is a luxury unheard of; unless he likes to hire a man on his own responsibility, when he runs the risk of not getting the clothes back.

The best cooks in the country are foreigners—French and Italian—and the best waiters negroes, for, excepting the lowest class, white men will not be waiters in America. Housemaids are universally bad, and ladies'-maids rarely to be met with. Thus, the same class of persons who in Europe would have continued drudges all their lives, rise there, in a very short time, to a position of importance, and not only educate their children, but often educate themselves. Some of the greatest millionaires in the United States began life as pedlars or hucksters.

St. Louis, on the whole, disappointed us. As usual, we had been over-crammed with its merits, and found them comparatively few. If Americans would desist from cramming strangers with exaggerated accounts of their country, they would be less chagrined when meeting with such descriptions as Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, and the disparaging accounts of other places, visited by foreign tourists.

Before I went west, every American who spoke to me urged me strongly to go. "You ought to lose no time in going west." "You will be delighted with the west." "You'll find the western people very much to your mind." "The western people are the most hospitable in the world, the most refined, the most wealthy." "You'll make a fortune in the west." "You'll find yourself fully appreciated out west." "Your talents and literary abilities will just suit the west." "You'll be very likely to settle down in the west." "You'll find there pretty nearly all your heart can desire." "Splendid people out west!" and a thousand other recommendations of the west, until one was prepared to find it the *summum bonum* of earthly existence.

But the first gleam of reality which dawned upon us was that the people of St. Louis cared nothing for poetic literature. Had we taken with us a couple of good bull-dogs to fight, it would have been far more to their taste, and they would have then appreciated our "smartness." Even a circus or a minstrel troupe, with plenty of broad jokes, would have been preferable. True, a French burlesque actress had been for the first time liberally patronized; for although they did not understand a word she said, they admired very much what she *did*. She had been suppressed in New York—not the most moral city in the world—but at St. Louis she was a favourite. Such an actress in France would surely have been walked off the stage between two *gens d'armes*. St. Louis, however, enjoyed it vastly; not the play or the language, for although St. Louis was originally a French settlement, there is no French spoken or understood there now; but the manner in which it was played—that needed no interpretation, for vice is vice all the world over. Music and the fine arts were evidently at a discount in St. Louis, and as to hospitality, not having seen the remotest vestige of it, we could form no opinion as to its length, breadth, or strength, except by some hundred bits of pasteboard, left, we presumed, to propitiate us.

To say the town was as dirty as smoke could make it, would be to blame only the sootiness of the coal; but when that is spat over by men, women, and children, what pen could describe its filthiness. People spit more in St. Louis than in any other place, because there the women and children spit, though they do not "chaw;" consequently, we found them more uncouth and disagreeable than in any other town in America. We went there at the time of the great fair, which had been extolled to such a degree that one would have supposed it could be nothing less magnificent than the Paris exhibition. But it was chiefly a cattle and agricultural implements show, with a small admixture of other things, on the model of Ballinasloe. But I infinitely prefer Ballinasloe. There were some hundreds of horses of no particular merit, and some pigs, not half as fat as those at the Dublin Stock Show.

There was great excitement about what were called "the races." But these races were nothing more nor less than the trotting of some horses in buggies, and one at a time round a large circus, trying which could do the distance in the shortest space of time. Actual races are almost unknown in the country, riding not being an accomplishment in which the Americans excel. Yet the Southern gentlemen, although they ride with long stirrups, have an easy, graceful seat in the Arab or Mexican style, only totally unfit for fighting, racing, or hunting.

Another amusement at this fair was a lottery, of which the chief prize was a large hotel, complete in every particular. The lucky winner would only have to walk in, light his cigar, chew, spit, and commence business. The tickets were five dollars each, and it was curious to observe how every one who could by any possibility muster five dollars bought a ticket; for speculation is the universal tendency of the American mind. Several thousand tickets were sold; a few, however, remained on hand, and among them the number which carried the hotel. So the speculators who got up the lottery outspeculated those who speculated in it.

Lotteries are legal in America, and always form part of the programme at fancy-fairs, and bazaars, and all public amusements. You may go to the theatre and buy a lottery-ticket, by which you may, perhaps, win from five to fifty dollars. Quiet jog-trot trade or commerce is little known or regarded. But what is venturesome, risky, speculative, exciting, whether on the stock exchange or in dry goods, gold, molasses, "pork and beans," or hotel-keeping interests all. Parsons, lawyers, doctors, politicians, even to the omnibus cad, all desire to "go in for a *big thing*." A parson speculates in pork, or the pork-dealer "runs" for the office of deacon, to secure the patronage of the congregation.

There were several smelting and iron foundries in St. Louis; iron being found in great quantities within a short distance. One mountain is composed entirely of iron; it is called "Pilot Nob," or Iron Mountain; the iron on it needs only to be gathered and smelted. It is stated that there is in this mountain as much iron as would supply the whole of America for a century. Coal, silver, and lead mines also abound. In fact, the mineral wealth of the United States is as yet comparatively unexplored; but the country is so extensive that even with the constant influx of a thousand a day, it is so thinly populated that the inhabitants have enough to do to attend to the surface, without boring beneath it.

St. Louis, at the time of my visit, prior to the election of President Grant, was, like other cities of America, convulsed by the struggles of the various factions then contending for power. Seymour and Grant were the candidates; and the excitement was so great that nothing but the election was spoken of; both parties being equally sanguine of success and prepared to go any length to secure it. The whole population of St. Louis formed themselves into clubs, and every alternate night each party marched through the town in a torch-light procession, with bands of music and banners flying. The processionists were attired in impromptu theatrical costume, resembling very much the freebooters and brigands in "Fra Diavolo," or general soldier-gatherings in operas. The men, for the most part, wore Wellington boots and white or red shirts. One club sported blue capes, another white, and a third Zouave jackets. All had some sort of fanciful kepi or shako. Most of Grant's men wore leather aprons, in compliment to their chief's former occupation. They all had torches, or rather small oil lamps, slung from a rod carried over the shoulder, and which gave to the procession a very picturesque appearance. The Democrats' procession was the most effective. It occupied two hours in winding past the hotel. But the greater number of them were disfranchised; the city of St. Louis, like the state, being very much divided in its politics. The old settlers were mostly Democrats; while the Germans and Northerners, recently established there, were nearly all Republicans. Owing, however, to disfranchisement, the Republicans were decidedly in the majority.

Fierce were the threats that were uttered, especially by the Southerners, whom the election certainly affected most. For whilst with the Republican the election is a mere question of emolument, which, should he lose, he will immediately embark in some other speculation; with the Southerner it is a matter of existence—at any rate, of free existence. To have no vote in an election is bad enough for an American, but to be ruled over by his former slave is to be ignominiously branded and goaded to frenzy.

Prominent men are set up and knocked down in America like nine-pins in a game of skittles; but there is one thing of which they can never accuse Grant, and that is of making rash promises, for he never made any. The rigorous manner in which he kept his lips closed must strike any one as an indication of the greatest wisdom ever practised in the United States, for he thus established for himself a standpoint, from which he might carry out whatever line of action seemed good to him, having committed himself to none, probably not even with his most zealous friends, or it would most assuredly have leaked out, in a country where men are as unable to keep secrets as are women in most others.

The officers were generally well disposed towards the South, and Grant, their commander-in-chief, was likely, it was thought, if elected, to treat the Southerners with more leniency than they had anticipated. It had already become apparent that he would not belong to the extreme party, which went by the name of the "Saint Wendell" sect.

The Americans are a talking people; they have an easy flow of language, and it is more rare to meet with a man who is not a good talker than with one that is. Even though he should not possess education, voice, or ideas, he can still talk on, without hesitation or embarrassment, from a natural gift of eloquence, whilst an Englishman, in the same position, would finger his notes, twist his hat round, tie his watch-chain, and shuffle his feet. But the American throws himself into a loose, vulgar attitude, and talks away at his ease, without a moment's pause or confusion. He enters into conversation easily and fluently, whilst an Englishman stammers out with difficulty a few conventional sentences, unless he has known you all your life, and your grandmother too.

An American launches into the subject which interests him, without any preamble of hot or cold weather, wet or fine day, and is fully conscious of his superiority in this respect over the Englishman, entertaining also the firm and pleasant conviction that English people cannot speak their own language.

This impression is universal in America. The greatest compliment an American can pay you is to tell you that you do not speak like an

Englishman, and he will at once assume as the reason that you have spent many years in the United States. On being informed that you have only resided in the country a few months, he remarks, "You must be right smart."

I have alluded frequently in these pages to the quantity of water consumed by Americans. The water drunk at St. Louis contained a solution of mud, being the mud from the river, which is the colour of *café au lait*. My first impression at the table d'hôte was that every one was drinking coffee in tumblers, and from its rich colour I concluded that it must be very good. The art of making good coffee, I reasoned mentally, might be the one lingering trace of St. Louis having once been a French colony. How great was my dismay, therefore, when I touched the glass, and found it icy cold. "Iced coffee," I thought; then I sipped a little, and in great disgust set it down. It was simply muddy water! Nevertheless, the Saint Louisians assured me it was the most healthful water in America. However this may be, it is quite certain that the Mississippi, from the strength and rapidity of its current, carries past St. Louis daily millions of tons of mud, over and above what the inhabitants swallow, and bears it down to the Gulf of Mexico, where it forms a sort of peninsula for miles into the ocean.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI FROM ST. LOUIS TO LOUISVILLE.

ONCE more on the Mississippi, leaving St. Louis for Louisville. In the middle of October its banks looked more grand and gorgeous than ever. There had been a little frost on the previous evening, which had had the effect of turning the green of the foliage into brilliant yellow, and the brown into bright scarlet and purple. These gorgeous colours, reflected in the river under a brilliant sun, made the muddy waters look as though they flowed over sands of gold and amber. It is really worth a trip from England to see the beauty of the foliage on the Mississippi in autumn. In fact, I believe the whole of the forest trees of America at this season are equally grand and startling to the European eye. A great difference exists between different portions of the Mississippi. Sometimes as it wandered round a sand-bank, or island covered with canebrake, of a bright verdigris green, we could see, rising beyond, huge cliffs crowned with dazzling crimson foliage.

One place, in particular, I remember; we reached it on Sunday. It was a small town called Chester, situated on the brow of twin hills, embedded in an ocean of crimson leaves. On the summit of each hill was a wooden church, painted white, and the belfries, reflected against the crimson, looked as picturesque as the minarets of the East reflected against their dark cedars. Only an artist's brush could convey any idea of the magnificent colouring in these woods. Even then the transparency would be wanting, and nothing I have ever seen can compete with it except the Bengal light in pyrotechnic displays. These yellow trees are brighter than the brightest gilding, and the most brilliant dyes of crimson, scarlet, Bismarck blue, violet, green, yellow, and magenta, do not surpass the tints of these autumnal leaves. I am satisfied that, for a lover of nature, it is the most wonderfully beautiful sight to be seen on the North American continent, and to me it was far more fascinating and impressive than Niagara itself.

After crouching over the dirtiest of coals, and shivering in the rawest of east winds in St.

Louis, the transition to these Pactolean tides and glowing sunlight had very much the same effect on the nervous system as drinking champagne after a very dreary and damp picnic. It excited a puzzled sort of feeling as to how we could have felt so wretched, with nobody dead or married, no legacy left, and no earthquake to upset us, and as to how our individuality could have so suddenly assumed so different an aspect.

The navigation of the Mississippi in these parts is complicated by sand-bars, which are constantly shifting, and the *snags*, which as constantly take up new positions. These "snags" are trees, which have been gradually undermined and washed from the bank, and have then floated into the river, where either their roots or branches becoming obliquely embedded in the sandy bottom of the river, they prove dangerous snares to vessels passing over them, with insufficient depth of water. The Mississippi flowing at a rapid rate, and the engines going at full speed, a heavy but yet slightly built steamer strikes "end on" against a snag with terrific effect.

The glorious scenery of these rivers makes us feel half inclined to forgive the Yankee for his intolerable bombast; as, naturally, he identifies himself with his newly-acquired grandeur of country, and forgets that he came of the good old stock of England, and has rather receded than advanced beyond the mother country. Yet he apes everything British, imports everything British, and even boasts of his ancient British family. A very thorough Yankee related to me a conversation which he had had in England with an Englishman on the subject of the "Alabama" claims. After discussing the merits of the case, the Yankee said, "You Britishers will have to pay for it." "What if we refuse?" said the other. "Well," said the American, "we should just make you!" "Madam, would you believe it? He just turned on his chair and said 'Pooh!' "

The cool scorn implied in this interjection seemed to have taken my Yankee friend aback; he thrust his hand into his trousers, and repeated "Pooh!" evidently essaying whether by any possibility it would bear another construction than simply "Pooh!"

"I appeal to you, madam, as a lady who has travelled *some* in this country, whether we are a nation to be put off with 'Pooh!' "

I replied, "In return, I appeal to you, who have travelled in England 'some,' if John Bull is one to be bullied into paying what he does not believe he owes. The time has not yet arrived for England to submit to any nation."

"It's tarnation near it, at any rate, marm, I tell you. Yes, *sir-r*," continued he, getting angry, and forgetting genders; but meeting with no further opposition from me, the matter dropped.

Canada is a great eyesore, and very little is needing in the way of provocation to make America retaliate by seizing Canada. Their late successes over the South, however obtained, have inflated them to such an extent, that nothing but actual demonstration will convince them that they are not far superior to other nations in the arts of peace and war. Essays have even been written to prove that Grant and his generals were greater military geniuses than Buonaparte and his marshals. And this on the extraordinary ground that more men lost their lives in the battles of the former than in those of the latter, and that the will is all that is needed to enable Grant and his generals to accomplish the conquest of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE FEET THAN BARGAINED FOR.

AMERICAN railroads ?have been very much vaunted as superior to our own, but in point of actual comfort I am not of opinion that they at all approach ours. They are constructed longitudinally instead of transversely, and have a passage directly through them, with doors at each end. On either side of this passage are seats which will contain two persons closely pressed together. They are narrow, with a low back rail, which can be turned to make a *vis-à-vis*, or *dos-à-dos*, or one line facing the same way. They are so narrow and close together, that you must have your knees dovetailed into your neighbour's, there being otherwise not sufficient space for them. The door at each end can be closed, but as it is the sole means of ingress and egress for the whole of the passengers, it rarely remains shut for many minutes, and each opening causes an immense draught in the carriage, sufficient, in winter, to give catarrh to any but American throats. In the middle there is a stove, and in one corner the never-failing water cistern with its tin can, from which all ranks, ages, and sexes drink indiscriminately—from the lantern-jaws, who takes out his quid of tobacco, to the dainty be-diamonded lady.

As to the pleasures of the promenade from one end of the train to the other, the passage is so narrow, and the motion of the train so violent, that it is only by steadying yourself with both hands from one seat to another, that you can make any progress at all, or preserve yourself from being laid flat on your back in pools of tobacco-juice, thrown head foremost against a red-hot stove, or deposited on the laps of neighbours, while your hat or bonnet flies out of the window. Then, as two persons cannot pass one another without turning sideways, a lateral jerk of the train will very probably either cause you to throw yourself into the arms of whoever is passing you, or to receive a like demonstration from him—the elbow of the seat behind you preventing a fall, while you act as a sort of buffer. After having with difficulty pulled open the door at the end, you find yourself on a small platform, separated by a chasm from the platform of the next car. Over this chasm, which shows the sleepers and rails flying under you at a very unpleasant rate, you have to leap, catching by good luck the handle of the door leading into the car. After pulling it open, and staggering about until you can get hold of the end of a friendly seat, you may continue the "delightful promenade" as before, with the addition of the pleasant reflection that you have all the way to go over, and the chasm to leap, to get back to your seat again.

American railroads have the peculiarity of seeming to stick at nothing; they run through and over everything, and may be aptly described as rushing

"Through park, through pail,
Through fence, through rail."

The train skims over roads, which have no other protection than a signboard, with the somewhat facetious notice, "Look out for the cars." It dashes through the public streets, only announcing its approach to bewildered foot-passengers by the deafening appeals of an alarm-bell. When you hear this alarm-bell it is time to fly, if you only happen to know in which direction. If the train comes to a mountain it runs over it; if it comes to the sea, it embarks itself on board a steamer and goes over; if merely a river, a deep ravine, or bottomless swamp, it picks its way over on the smallest pegs conceivable for such a purpose; a hair's breadth of mistake would literally swamp all the passengers;—in short, it does everything but fly.

Americans are termed a "go a-head" people, and consequently a great travelling people. We rarely entered a car in the North that did not fill immediately; and unless you are in good time, there is difficulty in obtaining two seats together. As all the cars are first-class, except a smoking-car, we of course looked to have first-class passengers, but looked in vain. Perhaps the upper classes in America travel but seldom, or their number may be so small that they escape observation when mingling with the great moving masses. Three or four cars constitute a train, which run on most of the great Northern lines from three to four times a day. There is no guard to find you a seat, and, instead of a fresh carriage being put on for extra passengers, the last comers lounge on the back or arm of your seat, it never seeming to occur to them that you can have the least dislike to their sitting half upon you. It is quite common to see a comparative stranger sitting with his feet or arms upon another. The seats are so constructed that wraps or bags cannot, with any comfort, be put underneath; and frequently there are no hat-racks for sticks and umbrellas, so that, loaded with all your travelling paraphernalia, you are obliged to sit for hours crushed up in the most miserably cramped position. The seats have all low backs, the height of a chair, consequently there is no place to lean the head upon. Americans will often sit like schoolboys, with legs or arms across each other. They think nothing of placing their hands on your shoulder to enforce an argument, laying their forefinger on your hand, or tracing plans of projected railroads on your knees, using you as a sort of black-board until you are nearly tickled to death, and have to roar out and destroy the railroad plan.

The carriages are called cars, though they have no more resemblance to an Irish car than to the car of Juggernaut or any other sort of car. The word "sleeping-car" would convey to the uninitiated reader an idea of repose and comfort particularly inviting, looking to the thousands of miles the traveller must speed over to become acquainted with the young, giant country. But the result of my investigation of American sleeping-cars is that they can be considered "superior accommodation" and "luxury" only in the American acceptation of those terms.

On our journey from New York to Niagara we were ushered into a long car on the usual plan, but encumbered with piles of mattresses, sheeting, pillows, planks, &c., and with curtains suspended from the ceiling. The "commodious state-rooms," so elaborately described, had evidently yet to be built. The general appearance of the car was that of an uproarious *dortoire.* All hopes of comfort began to vanish in thin air, and we exchanged glances of mutual commiseration.

Opposite to us were two gentlemen, making themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted. One, in a reclining position, with his body half-way off his seat, his legs stretched on either side of my companion, and his white hat stuck on the very back of his head, like a lady's chignon. The other, who evidently was of a highly nervous temperament, nursed himself in various ways: sometimes his arms were locked together, sometimes his knees; but when he undertook an affectionate nursing of one leg in particular, his foot inevitably fell on my lap; so that I had to watch narrowly the discussion in politics, and dodge the unwelcome intruder, which thumped me with more or less force, as he was more or less emphatic in his opinions.

"Is this to go on all night?" I mentally ejaculated. But my fears were speedily relieved by the appearance of our coloured chambermaid—I mean man—who bade us "stand up," while he "got through" our beds.

"Where," I naturally thought, "are the opposite legs to be stowed away?" But the bed-making, which was accomplished with amazing celerity, somewhat allayed our fears. Down went the backs of our seats, up went the planks above our heads, over went the mattresses, pillows, sheets, and blankets, in the space of time usually allowed to say "Jack Robinson." Though the curtain was drawn across, we were still rather bewildered as to what was next to be done, therefore anxiously inquired for the "state-rooms."

"In here, miss," said our black chamberlain, after he had achieved another transformation trick.

We slipped in as meek as might be, and found nothing but a rather large bed, with curtains all round it, except at the top, which was open to the ceiling. It might have been a state *bed*, but state *room* it was not, for there was room neither to sit nor to stand. We might have lain down dressed in our bonnets, boots, and umbrellas, but, it being only seven or eight o'clock, we peeped out again. Premising that the gentlemen had got possession of the passage, and were divesting themselves of coats, waistcoats, &c., we of course turned back and kept our faces to the wall. But when the chief clerk came round to examine the tickets—which he did about every half-hour—we discerned, by the light of his lantern, a pair of stockings, with legs in them, dangling from the shelves next door to us.

The peculiar oscillation of the carriage, which swayed from side to side, fore and aft, and then took a sudden wriggle, like a vessel in a chopping sea, bade defiance to all repose of the body.

I have slept in a storm in the Bay of Biscay; I have slept standing on guard; on my knees at long matins; on horseback; and in an Irish country village bed with its inhabitants (the bed's, I mean), after a little contrivance; but by no human ingenuity could I ever procure a wink of sleep in an American sleeping-car; although, from sundry unmelodious sounds that reached us when the train stopped, our neighbours seemed to be enjoying their rest pretty well. After a while the air became anything but rarefied, and the opening of the door by the ticket-clerk eagerly watched for—for when we consider some forty or fifty human beings unclothed, asleep, and packed up in a space similar to that of sardines in a box of oil, the atmosphere must of necessity be overwhelmingly vitiated.

When morning dawned a terrible vision arrested my sleepy eyes. I had paid a dollar extra for having no shelf over my berth, that constituted the real difference between a "berth" and a "state-room;" I was therefore entitled to so many cubic feet of air for my own use; but, unfortunately, the compartment next to mine was let off in shelves, and the gentleman occupying the top shelf being a very tall man, his feet projected into my "state-room," so that I really had more *feet*—though not of air—than I had bargained for. I could only feel thankful that the intruder had not chosen that end for his head. When relating this to an American lady, she exclaimed: "That was a down-right shame! Why didn't you get up and tickle them? that would have made him draw them up."

The morning scene was something worse than the evening one. Sundry feet, stockinged or otherwise; sundry heads, night-capped or *au naturel*; sundry bodies—for the most part in a state undescribable in this work—made their entry from behind the drop-scene into the passage. They were all about to avail themselves of the "accommodation" of the toilet saloon, some yard and a half square, and into which as many as possible crammed themselves to enjoy the luxury of one basin, one piece of soap, one towel—a large one, on a roller—one hair-brush and comb, and, I am assured, one tooth-brush! Presently our dark chamberlain again insisted on "getting through" our beds, and we had to emerge from them, rumpled and forlorn, and to stand in the passage until the process of putting them up was completed.

When the train stopped we were driven—much in the manner of cattle—into a wooden shed, to take our breakfast. One cup of coffee, or rather solution of some kind of mud, was a shilling, if you stood up to drink it, at the counter; but if you took a seat, it immediately became a dollar (four shillings), or a full breakfast, whether you eat it or not, or asked for it or not, you must pay for if you sit down. Our nervous friend sat, and accomplished the feat wonderfully, with one minute to spare to stretch his leg. He ate oyster-soup, salted cucumber, fried ham, succotash, fried fish, beef-steak, roasted apples, quart of iced water with a pint of tea, ditto, coffee—and various cakes, butter, and molasses—for this was the seven o'clock breakfast provided for all who approached within several yards of the table. I should have mentioned that there were no separate sleeping compartments for ladies; therefore these sleeping-cars are not very pleasant or convenient for ladies to travel alone, or for single ladies, any way.

CHAPTER X.

PHILADELPHIA, THE QUAKER CITY.

A TRAVELLER who had seen many American cities might have some difficulty in deciding which of them was the dirtiest. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, would all have sooty claims upon his consideration, but he would have no difficulty in deciding that Philadelphia was the cleanest; for that would strike him immediately. The Dutch, the first settlers in Pennsylvania, seem to have bequeathed to their successors one of their greatest virtues; for never out of Holland have I seen a cleaner town than Philadelphia. Besides being *actually* clean—even the brick pavements being diligently scrubbed as in Holland—the materials of which the houses are constructed give also the appearance of cleanliness. Most of them are built in regular rows of brick, which by some process is kept very red, and the window-sills, door-steps, lintels, and mouldings, which are kept specklessly white, are all of marble and all alike. This uniformity gives the city a very prim and neat appearance. The houses are built with a more positive view to comfort, and less for the sake of mere display, than in most other parts of America. They are quiet, comfortable, respectable, well-to-do looking dwellings, and in their unpretentiousness not unsuited to their tenants.

There is something substantial pervading Philadelphia, which is lacking in America almost everywhere else; Boston excepted. The streets are wide, without looking as though one side had disowned the other. The squares, of which there are several dispersed through the city, are plain greensward, but they are well provided with seats and overshadowed with magnificent trees, chestnut, walnut, mulberry, cedars, &c. The numerous public buildings of Philadelphia are all substantial and in good taste; generally in the simple Greek style, and in granite or marble. For good taste in architecture, Philadelphia stands unique on the American continent. There is none of the gingerbread filigree of New York; the villas of that cosmopolitan architecture, so frequent elsewhere, and which puzzle the traveller to decide whether the structure be intended to represent a church, chapel, asylum, observatory, or private dwelling. The churches are built of stone, and are substantial and elegant. The Catholic cathedral is the largest, and of red sandstone. It is in the Roman style, is cruciform, with two towers at each angle, and a dome two hundred feet high, surrounded by a wide colonnade. St. Mark's is a fine structure of greystone, with a well-proportioned tower and steeple.

A very handsome, though not very large, church was in course of erection in Broad Sreet. The material was a beautiful green-coloured stone. Over the porch was a magnificent oriel window. The columns of the mullion windows were of red porphyry marble, from Tennessee. A large gothic church, in white and gray granite, was also building in Broad Street for the Baptists. But by far the most interesting building in Philadelphia, and, indeed, in all America, is the State House, or Hall of Independence; for within its walls sat the Congress which issued the great Declaration of Independence. That fourth of July was a great day in the world's history; and that quaint, old, red brick building, with its heavy-browed mouldings and lintels, ought to be surrounded with a palisade of gold, in honour of the great deed its old walls witnessed. The actual room in which the Congress sat is carefully preserved as a sort of museum and portrait-gallery. It contains portraits of the prominent men of the revolutionary era, and of all the presidents of the United States. The walls are wainscoted, in panel, with handsome mouldings and cornices, the floor is tesselated in various coloured marbles. In front of the building a handsome statue of Washington had been recently erected. A clock-tower faces Washington Square, which has its full complement of stately trees.

Next to Nature herself, this old building is the most interesting to a British heart, of any spot on the continent of America. Faneuil Hall, in Boston, is doubtless the birthplace of American liberty, but it was in Philadelphia that it was baptized, and became a name and a power in the world. The old-fashioned, prim brick walls of Independence Hall are worth a hundred of their costly marble modern fronts. They inspire all those feelings of affectionate veneration which one would feel for the old-time garments and white hairs of some aged general, around whose form had often rolled the bloody tide of battle, and whose eye, now dimmed by years, had sparkled once with martial fire. With the same pleasure do we lay our hand on those old rough walls, as we should feel in touching the withered hand of the old warrior.

Philadelphia may also claim the most beautiful and purely classical building in the United States—the Girard College—certainly the finest specimen of Grecian architecture the country possesses, and one of the very few that command the unqualified admiration of the traveller. It is in the Corinthian style, and the whole is built of solid white marble, quarried in the State of Pennsylvania. It is not so pure as the Italian marble, for it has a slight tinge of a greyish stone colour, nevertheless it is a splendid building material.

There are two buildings also of marble, one on either side of the main structure, and of one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two storeys high. The whole is surrounded by a rough-hewn stone wall, enclosing forty acres of ground laid out as play-grounds, pleasure-grounds, and gardens. Like all other places of the kind in America, they are filled with beautiful trees—walnut, hickory, weeping willow, and maple. Two small chestnut trees were pointed out to me by the Principal as having been planted by the Prince of Wales. He seemed to regard them with considerable pride, and was having them well cared for. The whole building cost two millions of dollars, and it is not often that we find two millions so judiciously expended, for such a structure is really worthy of any age or country, and it will, like the temple of Athens, long remain to delight the wondering eyes of posterity.

The college was built and endowed at the sole expense of Stephen Girard, a Frenchman by birth, who accumulated a large fortune in America—as much, it is stated, as seventeen millions and a half of dollars—during the War of Independence. The college is for the benefit of the orphans of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, from the ages of six to eighteen. They are provided with food, clothing, lodging, and an excellent education, the latter, however, depending on the willingness and ambition of the boys themselves. Those desirous of learning a trade are for that purpose apprenticed to masters in the city. Ten professors are engaged for the higher branches of education, and lady teachers take charge of the younger boys. A singular clause of the will of the founder, prohibiting the entrance into the building of any clergyman, of any denomination whatever, under any pretext whatsoever, renders this institution somewhat remarkable. Nevertheless, a room has been set apart for a chapel, in which the Principal officiates, praying extemporarily, and reading some portion of scripture.

It would be interesting to trace the career of some of these boys, who are trained for the duties of life on the simplest elements of Christianity, without any form of religion. From the roof of this edifice may be obtained a panoramic view of the whole of Philadelphia, with its two rivers, the Schuylkill and Delaware. On the occasion of our visit, the pure air and clear light of the Indian summer enabled us to see distinctly every portion of this city of nine hundred thousand inhabitants, as well as its suburbs and the country beyond.

Another fine stone building is the Custom House, approached by a flight of steps, and ornamented on two sides with handsome Doric columns. The great hall is eighty-one feet long, and is lighted by a dome elevated on columns. The Post Office is also a handsome structure, but the office of the *Daily Ledger* newspaper, so far as commodiousness, richness, and elegance are concerned, is perhaps the finest of the kind in the world. The editorial rooms are perfectly luxurious, and made us blush to think of the offices of the London *Times*, *Standard*, *Morning Post* and *Telegraph*. The *Herald* office in New York is a splendid building, faced, or veneered, with white marble; but the *Ledger* office surpassed that, and every other we had seen, in the richness and comfort of all its interior arrangements.

The Academy of Music (which, be it remembered, does not *mean* academy, as nothing is ever taught there, but is simply a euphonious name for *Opera House*) is a very beautiful building, particularly as regards the interior, which is fully equal, if not *superior*, to the Opera House in New York. Indeed, Philadelphia, in almost every respect, gives a stranger a much better impression of America than does New York. This vast theatre, seating some four thousand persons, was crowded to hear Miss Anna Dickenson, the most eloquent of the "Women's Rights" sisterhood. She spoke for an hour and a half without intermission, never for an instant seeming at a loss for a word or an idea. From the magnitude of her audience, it may be assumed that the sentiments to which she gave utterance had the sympathy, if not the actual support, of the American people, but I met with very few openly concurring in her dogmas, an indication, I presume, of the continued prevalence of the dominion of the male over the female mind. Girls, before they marry, are too anxious to conciliate their admirers to throw out even a hint that they could possibly protect and help themselves, while the married women prefer to retain their ascendency by more covert and insidious means. "I will ask my husband if I may," says the wife, predetermined, however, that his yea or nay shall not interfere in the slightest degree with her wishes. It is only the old-fashioned, the timid, and the enthusiastic, who really "obey."

There is really very little marital tyranny in America; no locking of wives out of doors, or knocking them down, crushings of their feet under tables, or pinchings of their arms black and blue; for such conduct would very probably drive the American wife straight into the arms of any man who pitied her, and would be disposed to pay twenty dollars for a divorce, and then marry her; but when they have nothing to gain or lose by the men, the ladies evince themselves greatly independent of them. This is often very amusingly illustrated in the cars, which are constantly crowded with more passengers than they will seat, the last comers, therefore, having to stand. If a gentleman rises and gives his seat to a lady—as is generally the case—she drops into it, as though it were her right, without thanks or acknowledgment; but if he looks upon "equal rights" from the other side of the question, and is uncivil enough to sit still and allow her to stand, then she looks most beseechingly (if not with contemptuous indignation), intimating, "I am only a weak woman; can't you give me your seat!"

Hence it is, perhaps, that the movement (publicly) has not so many advocates and sup porters as might be expected in a country like America, for every woman there—*bon gré mal gré*—obtains, or expects to be able to obtain, as much liberty and freedom of action as she may feel inclined for.

The sole object and end of many women's ambition is to *glitter* through the world, to adorn their persons, their children, their houses, and all that belongs to them. To this feeling the American yields, and so is different from the English husband, who reckons an extravagant wife the bane of his existence. But if there could be a congress or house of *Female Representatives,* where ladies could assemble every spring and autumn, and display the latest fashions from Paris, such a political institution would no doubt be very popular. The great mistake the leaders of "Women's Rights" have made is the attempt to curtail these extravagances and vagaries of fashion, or, rather, to cut off the tails and some of the brighter feathers of these birds of paradise, and an American woman would rather part with all her liberty than any portion of her gilding.

These strong-minded ladies have preached and practised simplicity in dress, sometimes even approaching male attire. They have sheared off the locks in which lurks woman's fascination —her greatest weakness and greatest strength

—accompanying all this with fierce denunciations against the artificiality of the sisterhood. Miss Dickenson, however, with that sound good sense which is her chief characteristic, had in some measure conceded, or compromised, this matter of costume, for although she adhered to short hair, she appeared, when I saw her, in a handsome and fashionable dress of white silk, with a train nearly as long as herself.

The American ladies, though passionate lovers of dress, have yet very few opportunities for the legitimate or rational display of it. They have no promenades where to listen to a band of music is the supposed object of the *réunion,* though the real one is to make an outdoor display of toilette. Having no court, they have no need of court dresses; and as for horticultural, or agricultural shows, and fêtes champêtres, so fashionably patronised in Europe, they are scarcely known in America. Then, at public balls, there is such a mixture of all classes, that ladies do not go in full dress, but are confined to *demi-toilette;* and private entertainments of any magnificence are very rare. As all the wardrobe has therefore to be displayed in the street, if displayed at all, American dress, for this reason probably, loses all appropriateness and consistency. If the female Rightests would waive the question of dress, and allow their followers to appear *en grande toilette,* they would, I doubt not, find their number increase rapidly. Philadelphia, however, was less subject to these vagaries of dress than most cities. The Quaker simplicity still prevailed with a good many, and propriety and consistency seemed to pervade alike their persons and their establishments.

✓ To return to the public buildings. The Walnut Street Theatre—the fashionable one of Philadelphia—is small, but pretty. At the time we were in the city, Edwin Booth, the tragedian, was drawing crowded houses. He is the son of the Booth formerly famous on the English stage, and the brother of Wilkes Booth, who played the principal character in the tragedy of President Lincoln's death. The family is remarkable for genius, which may contain the seeds which produce either the patriotic assassin, or the great tragedian. A man to thoroughly personate great master-passions, must possess a soul capable of them, and according as they are well or ill controlled, so do they affect his life and career. There is something so exceedingly benignant in the expression of Edwin Booth's countenance, that it tends very much to dissipate the previously conceived idea of his brother as an assassin, in the full meaning of that word. It is said that Wilkes was even handsomer than his brother Edwin. But although as regards *physique* this may be correct, it would be difficult to find more intellectual and soul-like beauty than that which ennobles the countenance of Edwin Booth. There is in it a combination of power and sweetness rarely met with. His head is of the most wonderful symmetry, a beauty as rare as it is commanding. It resembles much that of the first Napoleon. Indeed, altogether, the likeness was most striking, when, in the character of Hamlet, he sat with arms folded in deep contemplation. The whole figure might have been that of Napoleon at St. Helena. His conception and rendering of the character of Hamlet was the most refined and intellectual I ever witnessed on the stage. His Othello was perfectly grand. He had nothing of the rant and pompous display so much admired in America; but the wonderful simplicity of his acting was its greatest charm. Hamlet—although I have seen it played more than once—will henceforth appear to me under Edwin Booth's face and form as long as the character lives in my mind, just as the face of the great Kemble is said to have lived ever after in the memories of those who had once seen him. In his every movement and attitude he was a study for a sculptor—he was grace personified.

Having seen so little of perfection in any form on the American stage, I feel bound to pay my tribute to this American-born masterpiece of dramatic genius. If not thoroughly appreciated in his own country, as he scarcely is—the audience actually rising to leave in the most thrilling portion of the last scene in Othello, and evincing a stronger relish for a stray joke or two than for any other part—still he drew large audiences. I was informed by a mutual friend that his private character was as charming as his public personation, and that, charitable and kindly to all, he was an universal favourite from the manager to the call-boy. There is a larger theatre in the city, in Chestnut Street; but, as I have said, the Walnut Street theatre was the most fashionable. But this must not be taken in the English sense, as implying greater elegance, or wealth in its frequenters. In America ladies do not dress for the theatres, consequently the general appearance of an audience clothed in rough garments suitable for the cold and mire of streets and street cars is not brilliant nor enlivening,as in Europe, where all the best circles have come daintily attired and in carriages. Moreover, in Philadelphia the remains of Quaker sentiment still frown on theatres, and many of the wealthiest and best portion of the inhabitants are never even seen there. Theatres are much frequented by young men and their *belles,* for it is quite *comme il faut* for a gentleman to walk out with his *belle* and adjourn to the theatre, and thence to an oyster or ice saloon.

The environs of Philadelphia are both interesting and beautiful. German Town is seven miles from the centre of the city, a suburb connecting them. About three miles out is Laurel Hill cemetery, most picturesquely situated on the banks of the Schuylkill. It has an area of about sixty acres, and contains many beautiful monuments. It is entered by a very handsome gate of Gothic design, and the first monument which arrests the attention of the visitor, is a group of Old Mortality, his pony, and Sir Walter Scott. There are several other cemeteries along this road, all endeavouring to make death look, if not inviting, at any rate as little repulsive as possible; and if mortal flesh could have its choice, I suppose it would be to lie in peace under one of those weeping willows that grow so luxuriantly in this country. The number of dollars standing to the name of said mortal flesh at the bankers, would, however, have something influential to say in the matter, no doubt—there as everywhere else.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE—"ON TO RICHMOND."

WE left Philadelphia early in November, on one of those days whose balmy air and bright skies have gained for them the title of "Indian summer"—cool enough to render exertion pleasant, without being cold enough to render inaction unpleasant, they are highly appreciated by the people of the Northern States, worn out by the heat of a long summer, and conscious of the severe winter coming upon them. The Indian summer is beautiful also in the South, but the steady fading of the summer into winter renders it less noticeable there. The railroad runs for some distance along the bank of the Schuylkill river, which, on both sides, is dotted with handsome country houses. The earth was thickly covered with rich brown leaves; the late corn was stand ing in picturesque sheaves in the fields, and the woods were brilliant with the gorgeous colouring of the American autumn. Numberless streams, great and small, intersected the country in all directions, making it a very paradise for anglers. Very beautiful, too, was the peaceful and domestic character of the scenery after the wild and desolate routes of the South, and its almost interminable pine-forests, dreary swamps, and ruinous-looking plantations.

After leaving the silvery Schuylkill, we still passed a number of small streams, rippling between their leaf-strewn banks. At Perryville (there are eighteen other towns of the same name in America) we crossed the Susquehanna on a bridge supported on columns—the river being about a mile wide—and then found ourselves in Maryland, the State which caused so much bitter feeling during, and especially at the opening of, the late war. For Maryland, though adjoining Delaware and Pennsylvania, was a slave-state, with pro-slavery interests and inclinations, of course, while outside influences were strongly anti-slavery. Great efforts were made by the seceding States to induce Maryland to cast in her lot with them, and with her large slave interest—valued at fifty millions of dollars—and her strong Southern feeling, it seemed her natural destiny. No doubt the sympathies of the Marylanders were with their Southern brethren, but they had among them a strong and—what was of even more importance—a compact party of Unionists, headed by the Governor of the State, and guided in their action by the unscrupulous energy of General Butler. The legislature not being in session when the question of Union or Disunion came before the State for decision, every effort was made by the Secessionists to have it speedily convoked, and resolutions favourable to their cause passed. A convention had been arranged; picked men were on the point of assembling; and at one vote the destiny of Maryland would have been fixed, when General Butler, by a bold stroke, clearly indicative of his legal abilities rather than of his military science, arrested them on some trumped-up charge. The moment for action passed away, and when the war broke out Maryland found herself arrayed on the side of the North.

Twice did General Lee lead the Southern army across into Maryland, hoping that its presence and support would bring the wavering Marylanders to a decision, and induce them to enlist under its banners. But the success of the Southern arms had not hitherto been striking enough, nor was the appearance of Lee's army so brilliant as to counteract the firm action of the Northerners, who were in places of power in the State, and the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg finally decided the question.

When a part of Lee's army, on its march into Maryland, passed through the town of Frederick, Jackson, the General commanding, having been informed that Union flags were displayed in certain parts of the city, gave orders that they should be pulled down. This was done accordingly. Among them was the flag of a certain old woman named Barbara Freitchie. What happened after it was hauled down is told by the American poet, written in the following lines:—

"Up rose old Barbara Freitchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead:
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced—the old flag met his sight.
'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!' she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host."

Maryland is called the "Garden State," and it appeared to well deserve the title. It has a second bridge, a mile across, over the river Rush. At high water, the railroad upon it is but a very few feet above the water. The Gunpowder river, also a wide one, is close to Baltimore, but the city chiefly lies on the Patapsco, which falls into Chesapeake Bay, about eleven miles below. To the right is fort McHenry, into which the British, during the War of Independence, threw at one time fifteen hundred shells, with the brilliant result of killing four men and wounding twenty. It was during this bombardment that the celebrated song "The Star-spangled Banner," was composed. Another fort, on a rising ground above Baltimore, was built during the late war. A fort near the mouth of the river had been in process of construction for the last twenty years, and was not then finished.

Chesapeake bay, like that of Delaware, is covered with "white sails of ships," and busy with whole squadrons of steamers, plying to and from the various ports on the Chesapeake and the rivers tributary to it. On this bay are the famous beds whose oysters are so renowned in America. American oysters are large and white, but an English palate is rarely satisfied with their insipid flavour, though they are among the best edibles to be had in America. Baltimore is almost paved with oyster-shells, while hillocks of them stand in all directions, awaiting the crushing process.

Hugging the western shore of the bay, we soon lost sight of the other side, and after a while turned into the noble James River, so named by the most celebrated of John Smiths, in honour of his royal master. Smith and his companions founded Jamestown, but by his skill and energy alone was the colony saved from early extinction. While Smith was engaged in exploring the Chickahominy, a tributary of the James, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, who brought him before their great chief Powhatan. After a while he was condemned to die; and with hands bound, and head laid upon the stump of a tree, was about to receive the fatal blow, when Pocahontas, the chief's daughter, rushed forward, averted the impending blow, and declared her intention of marrying him. No doubt John Smith was a good-looking fellow, and Pocahontas is said to have been beautiful; therefore, the matter was arranged without much difficulty. But not long after Smith returned to England, and Pocahontas, hearing a report of his death, married again, and went with her husband also to England, where, to her surprise, she received a call from her former husband. However, when preparing to return to America she died, at the early age of twenty-two, leaving an infant son, from whom "some of the first families in Virginia" claim direct descent—just as every negro man, over a hundred years old, claims to have been "body servant to Washington."

It was on the banks of the Chickahominy that General McClellan hesitated so long, and forfeited the confidence of the people, his employers, and from which, after "a decided victory to the national arms," as his admirers say, he was compelled to retire to the James River. In Chesapeake Bay we passed close by the celebrated fortress Monroe, which is a vast earthwork on a jutting point of land on one side of the bay, on which is the small town of Hampton. It is a most formidable work. I counted in it upwards of one hundred embrasures, and we could see, peering over the top, as many parapet guns, of the heaviest metal. Some gun-practice was going on, and each report made our steamer shake and jump in the water as though it startled her. One of those most uncomfortable and ugly little monsters called monitors was lying off the fort, bearing as much relation in point of beauty to the old style of war-vessel as an alligator does to a whale. Next to meeting it at sea as an enemy I should think being in it at sea as a guest would be the most unpleasant situation possible. They are, as described by the confederates, like "Yankee cheese-boxes on rafts." The whole bay was alive with wild-ducks, which were shot in great numbers by our male passengers, though, of course, the birds were lost.

To return to the James River: when we began to ascend towards Richmond, the land assumed a more hilly character and the trees presented one glorious bouquet of brilliant colours. They seemed yet to be thick with leaves, and had we not noticed that the ground was strewn with them we should never have realized that it was indeed the "fall." There was every colour except blue, and the fallen leaves were hardly less beautiful than those that remained on the branches. The timber was magnificent; oak, elm, maple, and the gorgeous crimson shumach. The water was of a dark, clear green—like the sea more than a river—and it swarmed with small sailing vessels, the most conspicuous being the smart-looking three-masted schooners, most of them laden with timber, and it seemed quite wonderful that they were able to thread their way so well among the shoals and sandbars with which the river was filled.

Of Jamestown, the original settlement, no trace now remains except the ruins of an old brick chapel, said to be the one in which the fair Pocahontas received the rite of baptism previous to marrying John Smith. The site is very picturesque, and its placid beauty no doubt was very inviting to the early settlers after their weary voyage across the ocean. Higher up is City Point, at the mouth of the Appomattox River, upon which is situated Petersburg, the scene of such desperate fighting during the Civil War, and before which General Grant lost in nine weeks—as he himself confessed—*seventy thousand men!* What would England say to losing seventy full regiments in two short months ? To have it coolly announced that the whole of Her Majesty's troops in India, that had been safe two months before, were non est ? Yet this General is said to be the superior of Wellington; the peer of Napoleon. But this deluge of blood did not wash down the Confederate entrenchments; the Southern flag still waved above them and the Northern army "rested on their arms." Well they might. To the end of the war Petersburg remained untaken, and was only evacuated when Richmond, the capital, was abandoned.

It was at Appomattox Court-house that the surrender of Lee and his army took place. The army of Virginia laid down its arms, not unconditionally, as utterly conquered men, nor at discretion, as "rebels" submitting to lawful authority and merited punishment, but as friends and equals, who had quarrelled and contended but at last agreed that the struggle should cease and the cause of contention drop.

Richmond is built like ancient Rome, on seven hills, and sits on the James River very much as Rome sits on the Tiber. It has not the commanding aspect of Vicksburg on the Mississippi, whose haughty brows frown defiance on the surrounding plain, nor has it the majestic-looking capitol, which held its cupola proudly aloft after storms of shot and shell had done their worst upon it. But Richmond has a calm, peaceful look, with its river winding around it and forming a beautiful curve. Indeed, Richmond is far more worthy than New Orleans of the name of Crescent City. The James at this point is not navigable; the shallow water rushing rapidly over a rocky bed. Within the inner curve is a small town called Manchester. It possesses a few tobacco-manufactories, which form its only resemblance to its mighty English namesake. We were so fortunate as to arrive in Richmond on a deliciously bright November morning, and however incredible that adverb in connection with November may sound to English readers, my Southern friends will, I am sure, support me in their own vernacular with an emphatic, "That's so."

Seen from the deck of the steamer, Richmond looked very unlike the proud seat of empire which so long asserted her rights. She looks less like the capital of a haughty people than Charleston, and more like a peace-loving, snug Southern city than one that had stood in almost isolated defiance—laved in the rivers of blood that flowed around her. To my question as to the localities where the fighting had been, I was answered that the difficulty would be to show where it had not been. "On to Richmond," was the first cry which burst from the enraged North at the very opening of the war, and, to the very end, Richmond was the main point of attack of each successive commander. McClellan, Burnside, Grant, all tried their utmost, and from every direction, to force their way into it, and all failed, for it was quietly evacuated at the last.

As we wended our way to the top of the hill, a splendid coup d'œil opened to our view. To the left lay the city, in crescent form, rising in tiers from the river and crowned by the capitol, a large, oblong, classical building, reached by a flight of steps and a colonnaded portico in stucco. It stands in a handsome square of some eight or ten acres, filled with ancient oaks and other trees. The ground being undulating, renders the site very appropriate and picturesque. There are several churches, Episcopal, Baptist, and Catholic, which contribute greatly to the scenic beauty of the city. Beyond the little town of Manchester, in the bow of the river, stretched a long, broad sweep of country, covered with wheat, rye, and tobacco, the last being the great staple of Virginia. It was to cultivate this plant that negro slaves were introduced into America in 1620. About the same time, also, ninety young women came over with a ship-load of emigrants, and were given in marriage to the planters, who paid to the Government one hundred pounds of tobacco as a consideration. No doubt some of the "first families of Virginia" are descended from these women as well as from Pocahontas.

Wooded slopes, rich with every glorious tint; the river to the left below Richmond—broad, twining, rippling, with a few steamers and small sailing craft—added considerably to the picturesqueness of the scenery, but said little for the commercial prosperity of the city. Half a dozen factories could hardly suffice to supply America with tobacco. There were several residences on the top of the hill, whose inmates must enjoy the delights of a perpetual panorama. The river is spanned at Manchester by two bridges, united by a small island in the middle of the stream, covered with trees and grass. This is the celebrated, or rather notorious, Belle Isle. The whole area is but a few acres, only five of which, it is said, were enclosed for a prison-pen; and on this spot of barren and shelterless land eleven thousand men were sometimes herded together. Their sufferings must necessarily have been very great; but it was not fair to attribute shortness and poorness of rations to a deliberate intention on the part of their captors to starve them to death, when it is well known that, at that very time, the Confederate soldiers themselves were nearly starving, and were quite as shelterless as their captives. The remedy, too, was in the hands of the North all the time, I suppose. They held thousands of Southerners as prisoners who might have been exchanged at any time. If motives of policy prevented this, they were none the less responsible in a great degree for the sufferings of their men, who were in the hands of an impoverished enemy.

Another spot in Richmond has a name to a Northerner of even worse odour than Belle Isle, viz., the Libby Prison. This is a large three-storey warehouse, and it derived its name from the merchant who used it for storing tobacco, and out of whose hands the property was taken by the Confederate Government. It contains six rooms, each one hundred feet in length and forty in breadth. Twelve hundred Union officers of all ranks are said to have been at one time confined there. This was only an allowance of twenty square feet of flooring to each man, or less than three feet by seven. They were allowed no other place for cooking, washing, or promenading, and even this was restricted, by a space of three feet all round the room, within which prisoners were forbidden to stray under pain of being shot by the sentinels outside. But it is very difficult to obtain any trustworthy information of the events connected with this worst of civil wars. The best accounts of the war are unworthy the name of history, since they strain every favourable circumstance to the utmost, and suppress, or touch in the lightest manner, every adverse fact—even though it be the exceedingly bright red one of the loss of seventy thousand men in nine weeks. Indeed, neither party was willing to give credit to the other for anything nobler than mere brute courage and ferocity.

The plan of Richmond is the same as that of most other American cities, straight streets, crossing one another at right angles. The three or four principal thoroughfares run parallel to the river, and, rising one above the other, form terraces, each commanding a beautiful view of the river. These again are crossed by others leading directly up the hill. Broad Street, the central avenue, is magnificent as regards length and width, but it is wanting in fine buildings. The Capitol is the principal one, and the glory of that is, doubtless, the splendid monument of Washington which adorns the square. It is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and is the finest I have seen in the United States. The statue is in bronze, and from all points of view is one of the most symmetrical and satisfactory equestrian statues I know of, for the horse has none of the awkwardness and stiffness which too often are observable in works of this kind. The pedestal is of granite, the base being flanked by bronze statues of the great men of Virginia—Jefferson, Lewis, Patrick Henry Marshall, and Nelson, all graceful and powerful figures of heroic size. These fine statues are elevated upon a flight of steps, which at the angles are adorned with allegorical female figures, representing war, of the revolution, with a drawn sword; peace, with the olive-branch; justice, finance, etc., and on their shields were inscribed the various achievements and victories of the "father of his country." The monument is most advantageously placed, and is a fine object from several parts of the city, which, like Edinburgh, is picturesque from all points of view. In the same ground is a handsome statue of Clay—another of Virginia's sons.

The streets of Richmond are mostly lined with trees, but they are small, and of a light species, and so are more ornamental than useful, as their shade would be slight. The best private dwellings of Richmond are upon the top of the hills. These, considering the size of the town, are very numerous, and form altogether very handsome suburbs. The most interesting object in the environs, is Hollywood cemetery. It is exquisite in its natural beauty, consisting as it does of small hills and ravines, tastefully laid out to display the numerous monuments to the greatest advantage. Under any circumstances, this would form a beautiful burying-ground; but it has the additional beauty of a superb growth of oaks, white, black, and red, all similar to our English oak, excepting that in this climate the leaves of one turn in autumn to a brilliant blood-red, of the other to a bright yellow, and the last assumes a beautiful purple. These, contrasting with the vivid glossy green of the magnolia, and the sombre shades of the cypress, presented a combination of wonderful hues, which was heightened to gorgeousness by the parting rays of a setting sun. The gleaming white of the obelisks and monuments seemed only to enhance the beauty of the spot. There was nothing mournful or depressing in this abode of death, for loveliness had mastered decay. Roses were blooming round some of the graves, the fallen leaves exhaled a delicious perfume, and the rustling of the wind through them was like the plaintive music of the Æolian harp. If departed spirits can still enjoy the beauties of this earth, they must rejoice exceedingly in this lovely abode.

I do not know whether Americans ever indulge in such ideas, but they are certainly very careful to bury their dead, if possible, in some beautiful spot. Many families have a miniature cemetery on their own grounds. The practice, I dare say, is a consolatory and affectionate one to have some lovely sequestered nook wherein to lay their loved ones, and to which they can go in hours of sadness and bereavement, and, as it were, commune with them. Only their cold clay at best; but they loved the clothing of flesh, and as long as they remain in the body themselves they will continue to do so.

A massive pyramid of hewn stone had just been erected to the memory of the Confederate dead. It will be a lasting memorial of the great civil war. It is a pile of solid stone (having no chamber within) some hundred feet in height, and measuring sixty feet at the base. Nothing but an earthquake can destroy it, if the granite be sufficiently hard to resist time and weather. The private monuments in this cemetery were very numerous, all in white marble, and though not large, are exceedingly beautiful and in good taste. The ground extends over a high bluff overhanging the river.

CHAPTER XII.

BALTIMORE BELLES.

WE approached Baltimore with feelings of considerable curiosity; not so much on account of its history, though that is interesting enough, or of its buildings and monuments, but because we had been told everywhere in America, during our two years' travels, of the wonderful complexions of the Baltimore ladies, and we wanted to see them. When actually arrived, and seated in our hotel, I began to analyse my sensations, and I am not sure that I did not find my principal reason in visiting the city to be a desire to verify this universally believed tradition. Wonderful to relate, it was true. Continually excited by magnificent descriptions of cities and scenery, only to be cast down, when, on rushing thither we found them utterly commonplace and uninteresting; overwhelmed by delineations of almost fabulous wealth and loveliness in various parts of the country, which, when visited, proved to possess even less than the usual amount of either, it was quite refreshing to find that in this one instance we had not been deceived.

The ladies of Baltimore certainly bear the bell of America. Why they should be so endowed by a partial Providence to the engendering of envy and other evil passions in the bosoms of their less favoured fellow-countrywomen, has not yet been explained. Probably it will have to be left among the "inscrutables," but that they have both better complexions and better figures than the ladies of any other city in America, is incontestable. The complexions of the ladies of Philadelphia were an agreeable surprise to one who had passed many months in the South; but the Baltimore belles surpass no less in complexion than figure. They have the clear, healthy colour which is almost peculiar to England, and a roundness and elasticity of figure denoting vigour and health—very pleasing to see. They are free alike from the dyspeptic frailty of the Northern, and the coarseness of the Western women.

The climate of Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore must be very similar; at any rate, not so different as to account for the pale sallow cheeks of one place and the rosy ones of the other. The water may possibly have something to do with it. Arsenic in solution, and habitually taken, is said to produce a beautiful complexion, and the water drunk by the Baltimore belles may perhaps be impregnated with it. The study of the complexions of young ladies is one which ought to attract the attention of all young *savans;* and I should think experiments on the comparative brilliancy and softness of different lips and cheeks might form a very interesting series, and lead possibly to important results.

As "none but the brave deserve the fair," the men of Baltimore did their share of the fighting necessary to the creation and preservation of the United States; and if some did take part with those whose aim was Disunited States, they no doubt fought as bravely—although Providence, in the shape of superior numbers, was against them that time. After the burning of Washington in 1814, the British, under General Ross and Admiral Cochrane, attacked Baltimore. In the repulse which followed, the General lost his life. On the breaking out of that war, many of the citizens were very much opposed to it, and adopted the measures which then and for forty years afterwards were so popular in that free country—viz., destroying the printing-press of the opponent newspaper, and endeavouring to murder the editor and his friends. In this first attempt they did not succeed in murdering their opponents; but in a second, a few months afterwards, they were more successful—the editor was effectually silenced, and several of his friends were injured for life—an achievement, in honour of which every statue of Liberty in the city ought to have been presented with a new *bonnet rouge*, with directions to pull it well down over her eyes, and not tell anybody who gave it to her.

The same injudicious spirit manifested itself in the men of Baltimore at the opening of another war. In 1860 some Northern troops, having occasion to pass through Baltimore to the defence of Richmond, were attacked by the populace, and many were killed on both sides. A horrible sight that street of Baltimore must have been to the inhabitants. Brothers slain by brothers lying in the business thoroughfares, their mingled blood trickling past the thresholds—an earnest of the work that was to follow!

Baltimore was so fortunate as to escape the ravages of war, though more than once its fate trembled in the balance—sinking and rising as the smoke of the rebel lines rolled backwards and forwards over the heights of Antietam and Gettysburg. It is a city of great commercial importance, perhaps less so since than before the war; but it still carried on a large trade in

Southern produce—cotton, coffee, sugar, Indian corn, timber, &c. That its citizens did not let these commodities pass without paying tribute, the number of well-to-do houses in the city amply testifies.

Baltimore is not remarkable for fine buildings. Had we seen them before those of Philadelphia. we might have thought more of some of them, but the latter city, with its churches and colleges fairly eclipses all the lesser lights. As usual, the Catholic Church takes the first place in the ecclesiastical architecture of the city. It is nearly square in form, is built of solid granite, and contains one of the largest organs in the United States—six hundred pipes, I believe. It is also the proud possessor of two fine paintings—"The Descent from the Cross," and "St. Louis before Tunis"—the former presented by Louis XVI., the latter by Charles X. of France. Baltimore is one of the strongholds of the Catholic faith in America, and has been from the first—Lord Baltimore having, apparently, bequeathed his religion as well as his name to the city.

The Americans are very fond of giving pet names to their cities, and indulge in the ring of some rather long-winded paraphrase with never-failing delight. For instance—New York is the Empire City; New Orleans, the Crescent City;

St. Louis, the Mound City; Memphis, the Bluff City; Natchez, the City of the Bluffs; San Francisco, the Queen City of the West; and Baltimore is the Monumental City—probably because it has two or three not very striking edifices of the kind. The Washington monument towers to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, and is of white marble. Another, of no great elevation or beauty, commemorates the defeat of the British at Baltimore—as though Americans ever could forget a defeat of the British, even if it should be such an one as that of New Orleans, where the Americans were all the time behind a rampart, with a swamp in front of it, and lost only six men!

CHAPTER XIII.

RIVAL CAPITALS.

THE road from Richmond to Washington —from the Confederate to the Federal capital—is one not only of historical interest, but of great natural beauty. The autumn season, and especially the month of November, in which nature arrays herself in her richest and most marvellous garb, is, above all, the time for a stranger who would see the country in its greatest beauty, to visit America. Not only is the foliage on the trees beautiful, but the ground is covered with dead flowers which have withered on their stems, but yet retain loveliness equal to that of life, though of a distinctly different character. These dried flowers are of infinite variety, and if gathered before the snow settles upon them for the winter, they can be made into exquisite bouquets of white, downy blossoms, scarlet berries, and rich bronze leaves. The whole earth teems with delightful surprises for the lover of botany and of nature; and nowhere were these features of beauty more strikingly exhibited than on our journey to the Potomac from Richmond. The country was undulated—rising in gentle slopes covered with waving grain, and intersected with rivers and small streams, from whose banks hung the golden boughs of the oak and the maple.

The cars on this line were the cleanest, the most elegant, and most comfortable of any I had seen in the United States. The seats were larger, and handsomely cushioned in crimson and green velvet; the wood-work in bird's-eye maple; the floors were carpeted, and the ceilings were lofty and gaily frescoed.

The country was all so smiling and lovely in its peacefulness, that it was difficult to realize it as the theatre of a recent bloody struggle. A glance at the map of the operations of the two opposing armies, in the country between Richmond and Washington, showed it seamed with lines denoting the marches and counter-marches of the struggling hosts, and covered with crossed swords, indicating the spots where they fell by thousands in battle. Just at the entrance to Fredericksburg was the Federal cemetery, almost the only attesting witness of the dreadful struggle which had filled it. It lay on the hill-side, in a series of terraces, and contained nothing more ornamental, in the way of monuments, than some thousands of white wooden slabs, tier upon tier; and even these seldom recording more than the number of the regiment to which the clay mouldering beneath it had once belonged.

The plains around Fredericksburg were trampled over, to and fro, by the contending armies. One day it was Lee who had crossed the Rappahannock; the next, it was Grant. One day the Southern army was there in position; the next, the Northerners held the ground. Fredericksburg was battered into ruins one fine morning by some hundred and fifty Federal cannon, and then became the arena of death and desolation. For miles about the Rappahannock most of the heavy timber seems to have been cut down. That river, by the by, is the bluest I remember to have seen, except the Po in Italy; it was as bright as the celebrated "Azuline," so much advertised.

A few miles beyond Fredericksburg we came to Acquia Creek, and there took the steamer for Washington by the Potomac, the river which for so long checked the Union armies. It is a broad, majestic, rapid, and deep blue stream. The banks are somewhat hilly, although not so precipitous as to interfere with the camping of an army on them; so here, on the brown wooded banks, lay the great army of the Potomac, where "all was quiet" for so long a time. Numerous white sails were gliding down the blue waters; and, as we advanced, the river extended considerably, appearing like a lake. The scenery became wild and more romantic, the setting sun lending a touch of glory to the picture, bathing ships and trees in a deep pink, hazy light. We next rounded a point of high bluffs, which brought us in view of Glymont, a picturesque summer resort, of great beauty. Within six miles of Washington we arrived in front of Mount Vernon, the former residence and the burial-place of "The Father of his Country." The steamer did honour to this abode of the great man by ringing, or rather tolling, a bell, in order to call the attention of the passengers to this venerated spot. The evening sun also paid it honour by flushing the sky with crimson light, while the water looked like a vast expanse of fiery, copper-coloured waves. The whole scene was superbly grand.

CHAPTER XIV.

WASHINGTON.

IT was not my intention to say anything about Washington, for it has been so often described, that the leading characteristics of its scenery must be as well known, through the medium of engravings and gazetteers, as were its social ones through that of special correspondents and newspapers, and I should have carried out my intention of being silent, and have left Washington to the mercy of its unsparingly severe critics, had not I felt, on visiting the capital, that those criticisms, and especially those on its public buildings, were in a great degree undeserved.

Singular, indeed, it seemed to me that none of the writers should have done justice to the Capitol. This may be because it is so difficult to describe it, unless in technical, architectural terms, or because the inferiority of some portions to others destroys the sense of uniformity.

The two wings, in their symmetry and classical purity, certainly eclipse the main building, and even tend to impart to it an appearance of shabbiness which whitewash always must have when placed side by side with white marble. It is a pity that the central portion cannot be pulled down, or at least veneered with marble, as so many other buildings are, and marble pillars substituted for the whitewashed ones now so unpleasantly conspicuous. But for these incongruities, the Capitol at Washington would compare favourably with the most magnificent of modern edifices. The front—facing away from the town—consists of a main building and two wings, the latter, as I have said, of white marble, and each having a double row of fifteen pure Corinthian marble columns. The main building is surmonnted by a dome, and also adorned with columns. They are composed only of whitewashed plaster. The cupola reminded me of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. The interior of the wings is beautifully finished, and they contain a most exquisite tesselated pavement, brought from Europe. The library is a very fine gallery, shaped like a double T. The books are in separate alcoves, of which there are three tiers, reached by very handsome bronze and gilt galleries. The walls are painted of a beautifully soft cinnamon colour, and are richly inlaid with dull gold moulding, the ceiling being adorned with massively wrought gilded rosettes and brackets. The floor is of black and white marble. The general effect of this blending of colour is very harmonious—the beau ideal of a reading-room, where the eye should be able to rove over pleasing colours and graceful forms without being arrested by any.

I deeply regretted that my short stay in Washington would prevent me from availing myself of this reading-room, for it seemed to me the only thoroughly congenial *indoor* spot we had met with in the Union. I think I should prefer it as a matter of sensation to the reading-room in the British Museum, although the accommodation for readers is not so complete, probably because there are fewer of them. The difference between the populations of Washington and London must be taken into account, for whereas in most countries every one throngs to the capital to reside, there, if possible, few persons live the year round in Washington who can avoid it.

As with the British Museum, every book published in the country has a representative copy in the library of the Capitol, besides which there are agents in the different countries of Europe, who are authorized to purchase for the Capitol library all works of standard interest. All through the building the officers were most obliging and polite. The volumes in the library were generally bound in bright covers, with much gilding, being presentation copies. This gave the alcoves a bright look, which was exactly what was needed. The whole building was pleasantly heated, and kept in excellent order. The Supreme Court—where Chief Justice Chase with seven of his brethren were sitting—is a semicircular room, not in any way remarkable. The judges, however, with the exception of the chief, were very remarkable for *fat.* Seven uglier fat men I never saw on any Bench, nevertheless they had very powerful faces, not expressive of refinement, but rather of shrewdness and determined *will,* little of grandeur or dignity. They wore silken gowns, but not wigs, as in our courts.

The old Hall of Representatives is, to my idea, handsomer than the new one. It is a lofty, domed structure, the dome supported upon pillars of the red Tennessee marble, and the floor of red and white marble. It was there that Washington, Clay, and Webster spoke. The Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives were handsomely fitted up and decorated, but more in the style of a private room than a public hall. They were lighted from the top, the ceiling being entirely of painted glass. The effect was rather dull and gloomy than impressive. The desks, or small bureaux, of the representatives were exceedingly tasteful, being made of light-coloured marble, richly carved. The two chambers resembled more some of the rooms of the Tuileries or Louvre, than those of our House of Lords, which, in its great magnificence, surpasses every other structure of the kind. It must be confessed, however, that the Capitol, from its dazzling whiteness, is more showily effective. Like the cathedral at Milan, it is much indebted to the climate for its cleanness and colouring. The Capitol, placed in London, would look as dismal as St. Paul's, which, however, is a far more perfect building, although the first *coup d'œil* is not so imposing. At a short distance, and before the eye detects that the centre is a sham, the Capitol is almost startlingly beautiful.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO CHICAGO.—THE ALLEGHANIES.

LEAVING Philadelphia on a bright sunny day we were able to see to advantage the beautiful pastoral scenery of Pennsylvania, through which we had to pass on our way to Chicago. Our train ran for many miles along the side of a lovely valley, a perfect panorama of peaceful plenty. What a contrast the ruined South presents to the flourishing North! There desolated plantations, here trim white farm-houses and crowded barns; there frowning earthworks and charred towns, here round hills and thriving villages; there haggard and hopeless-eyed men, here bustling, well-to-do farmers.

As we approached the Alleghany Mountains, the scenery became wilder; the eminences were more abrupt, the outlines more bold, and the silent-flowing, tree-shadowed brooks alternated with broad, rocky, brawling mountain streams, their wide bosoms bared to the winds, which blew colder and colder as we rushed nearer and nearer to their mountain homes. Beautiful vistas of stream, and tree, and rock opened, every now and then, as the train flew onward; but they closed too soon for us to do more than give an eager glance, and wish we had had time to stand and admire them to our heart's content.

We had started from Philadelphia at noon. At five o'clock the day was beginning to close, and we were only then at the foot of the Alleghanies. To have passed that beautiful range in the night, when it was possible to make our journey by daylight, would have been sacrilege. The railway ascent began at Altoona, and there we stayed for the night, leaving those who had seen the mountains before to traverse them in the dark.

At Harrisburg we had crossed the Susquehanna, a noble river flowing between lofty hills, covered with dark pines to their very summits. The twinkling lights in the houses, the yellow sheen on the water, and the great black cone-shaped hills towering up across the fading light of the sunset sky formed a picture interesting in the extreme.

When the train stopped at Altoona, the noise of gongs and the display of white-aproned negroes gave notice that supper must be taken there, if taken at all. The conductor announced a twenty minutes' halt—a short one for hungry passengers to turn out of the cars, order their suppers, get them, eat them, and, finally, pay for them with a ten-dollar bill—as no change was to be had—and get back to their seats again. As we were going to stay for the night, it seemed to us—oblivious, for the moment, of hotel discipline—that we might wash our hands and change our travel-stained attire before taking our supper. But the appeals of three waiters in rapid succession to come down ere it was too late soon convinced us of our error; so down we went, and to be agreeably surprised, as it happened.

The Logan House, Altoona, had certainly one of the best restaurants in the United States. Guests were allowed to order what they chanced to fancy, instead of being hemmed in with a crowd of small dishes filled, for the most part, with things they perhaps disliked very much. What was ordered at the Logan House was also brought to table well cooked and of good quality. The dining and drawing-rooms were very fine apartments. In the latter there was one of the best pianos (a Steinway) that I had touched in America, where good pianos are by no means rare. Some of the best built engine and carriage factories are at Altoona; they belong to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad; and no doubt the number of men employed in those extensive works has a great deal to do with the wealth and prosperity of the town, which had a population of thirteen thousand. The roofs of these workshops were decorated with a kind of short belfry, of a semi-Chinese design. And all along the route the same extraordinary pagoda-roofed turret appeared, in all sizes, materials and colours, on churches, school-houses, barns and stables indiscriminately.

The hills on the opposite side of the river at Altoona are not unlike those of Malvern; and where the banks rise abruptly from the river they are, in the mingling of foliage and grey rocks, very similar to the shores of the Hudson opposite New York. Snow had fallen during the night, and each leaf and branch bore a little load of it. The lines, curves, and angles of the pretty houses that dotted the hill-sides were all carefully marked out in white, for our inspection and admiration. To the summit of the mountains was twelve miles by rail. Looking up at them, it was difficult to imagine how we were to make the ascent, even with the two powerful engines which stood ready to attempt the feat. Up, through artificial ravines, between dark rocks fringed with icicles, along the edge of precipitous slopes, over the slimmest and narrowest of bridges, we toiled, higher and higher; but not until we came to the Horse-shoe Curve did we fully realize that we were climbing mountains.

Round one end of a horse-shoe shaped valley the train panted, the road being scarped out of the sides of the mountains, and at one point making so sudden a curve that, from the window of our carriage, and without moving from our seats, we could see the two engines that headed the train. We were informed by one of the officials that this was the "most dangerous curve anywhere," and he seemed very proud of the fact. Theoretically, perhaps it *is* the most dangerous, but, practically, I should think it is safe enough, since more than ordinary precautions are taken to prevent accidents. The depth below us, as we looked from the carriage-window, was sometimes perfectly frightful, and the road was as winding as that over the Alps. The mountains, which rose above one another in tiers, were covered to their summits with larch, spruce, and cedar; the larch, being lightly sprinkled over with snow, looked like large bunches of white mignonette.

The highest point reached by railway is a favourite summer resort; but as we saw it in December, shrouded in snow, and swept by a horizontal storm of sleet, it looked anything but inviting as a residence. There is a handsome hotel here, in a nicely laid-out enclosure. From this point we began to descend the mountains—an affair of forty-eight miles—and found ourselves on level ground at Conemaugh, a small town that takes its name from the river upon which it stands. The Conemaugh, at first a narrow mountain stream, widened out more and more as we ran along its banks, and ere we left it, it had become quite an imposing river, gliding swiftly along to join the Ohio, and with that the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico—a route we had travelled before.

From Conemaugh to Pittsburg the country is rugged and bold, with vast granite hills, bare and steep, but honey-combed with mines, principally of coal. It is to the abundance of coal in its immediate neighbourhood that Pittsburgh owes its greatness, exporting it and consuming it in her iron-works and other manufactories. Pittsburgh also owes to her coal her reputation as the dirtiest town in the United States. As we only stayed in it an hour or two, we did not see much of it; but what we did see convinced us that its reputation was well deserved. Black roads, dingy houses, grimy people, an atmosphere of smoke and a background of dark grey hills formed a *toute ensemble* suggestive of anything but cleanliness. The railway, as usual, unfenced, unwatched, ran right through the town, and even, I think, unprovided with the customary "Look out for the locomotive."

After the grand scenery of the Alleghanies—without doubt the most interesting railway route in the United States—the country beyond Pittsburg seemed monotonous and uninteresting; and when night was closing in again we regarded its approach with very different feelings to those of the previous evening, when the sun went down behind the hills of the Susquehanna. When slowly and mistily the morning dawned, we saw the ground thickly covered with snow. The hills had disappeared and hardly so much as a wave of land remained to recall them to our minds. On every side, level as the sea, stretched the prairie, the horizon its only boundary. Here and there a clump of trees or a copse briefly relieved the monotony of the scene, or a solitary wooden house, or perhaps a small group of them, might now and then be perceived. The land was very swampy, and the rivers we passed were entirely without banks, but filled with snow and ice. The fences seemed good; there were many ditches, too, for draining, and no doubt the swampiness of the country detracts in no degree from its value under the industrious hands of the Western farmer.

On nearing Chicago, railway after railway joined the line upon which we were running. Railroad making is easy work on a prairie; it is but a gift of land to the company and the erection of one long low embankment where the land is swampy, or the digging of two long ditches where it is dry. As we passed them at right angles, we could see the lines stretching back until the two rails became one, and even that faded in the distance. The entrance into Chicago by rail is through the poorer portion of the city, and the visitor is not much impressed by the succession of wooden shanties and grimy workshops that spread out before him as the train slowly feels its way through the surrounding maze of lines. The depôt, or terminus as we should call it, is but a poor one for so large and important a railway, being a roughly-built, low-roofed, wooden structure.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONFLAGRATION CITY.

CHICAGO has become familiarly known to most persons, from its fires, and there are few, I opine, who have had any experience of that city, who have not suffered through fire. Fire would appear a special idiosyncracy of certain cities, Constantinople for example. America, as a whole, is greatly given to fires. Chicago is the fire capital. All the fires I have ever seen in the course of my life have been in America or Constantinople. To be "burnt out" in Chicago is a matter of course. I, however, was "burnt in," and could not get out, and was obliged to sit on my window-sill, three storeys high, waiting for the fire-escape, the stairway having been cut off by flames and smoke. The scene at the top of the stairs was terrific. About two hundred people were trying to rush down together, and to carry with them some of their belongings.

Trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, hat-boxes, valises, bundles, men, women, and children, were all jumbled together in one inextricable, struggling mass. A theatrical troupe was staying in the hotel, and their *déshabille* was marvellous, infinitely more comic than anything they had ever displayed on the boards! Even at that horrible moment one's risible faculties were evoked, as well as one's disgust, for I saw not one instance of gallantry towards these fascinating beauties.

The fire occurred on a Sunday morning about seven o'clock, when few toilettes were complete, or even begun. I chose the rope-ladder rather than the staircase, and emptying my trunks into the blankets, made them up into bundles, and hove them into the street, having first communicated with one of the hundreds of spectators to take charge of them. The fire-engine service, though usually voluntary, is most effective in America. It was a great sight to see the engines come tearing down the street, unlumber in a moment, and throw up a perfect mitraille of water, like a battery. Then it fell upon our roof, and nearly drowned me, as I sat perched on my window-sill. That same hotel had been burnt down twice, and "If they are burnt out this time," said a spectator, "I guess that ought to be the end, and a caution to them not to put it up again!"

But it was not burnt down this time ; no lives were lost, and no property of any account, except to the proprietor of the hotel, who, besides the damage sustained by fire and water, had the misfortune to lose half his boarders. Most of them carried off their effects in the *mêlée*, and forgot to return to pay their bills.

Beside the peril of fire, Chicago is also notorious for the "peril of marriage." The Paradise of bachelor and maid, it is woe to married man and woman. It is no respecter of status. It is prone to "giving in marriage," and married men commit bigamy in their own despite, while married women are snapped up like flies on a trout stream.

It is asserted that all trains passing through Chicago stop *twenty minutes* for divorces and for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Missing husbands may generally be found at Chicago. A lost wife has most frequently been kidnapped there. It is a dangerous city to visit. Whether the "burning out" will save you from matrimony, or, *vice versa*, wedlock from fire, I cannot undertake to say, but one or other is surely imminent, and it may be a lesser evil to sit on a window-sill three storeys high on a cold, bitter winter's morning, than to get more husbands than one knows what to do with, like the celebrated Duchess of Kingston.

Chicago, as a town, is about thirty years old, having been previously only a trapper settlement; now the commerce in corn and pork is gigantic. It has been wholly or partially burnt nearly as often as it numbers years; but, like a hardy beggar, it prospers on its wounds, and, finally, it has persuaded the world at large to furnish supplies to build it up again, and handsomer than ever. It is one of the least pleasing or interesting cities of America, though for rapid wedlock or making a fortune, the most go-a-head of them. By the way, wed*lock* is not a proper term; there is no *lock* whatever to the *wedding.* Chicago bridals are as easily dissolved as made.

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIANAPOLIS.—CIVILIZED POLYANDRY.

INDIANAPOLIS is the capital of the state of Indiana, which covers an area of ground larger than the whole of Ireland; but when this is said the likeness ceases. Big is the striking feature everywhere. Extent is the thing which forces itself on the attention of every traveller. In any other respect Indiana would fail lamentably in comparison with the Emerald Isle. Whilst Ireland has splendid cities, and a population of six millions, Indiana has for its capital a small town of fifty thousand inhabitants, who are dubbed with the title of "Hoosiers"—a rough set of people, similar to those of Rochdale, Burnley, etc.

Indianapolis was not so flourishing as might have been expected from its being in a Republican, non-slavery state. More than half of the working men were idle, and the high rate of provisions, added to the intensity of the cold in December (the thermometer falling as low as ten degrees below zero), created a degree of misery equal, if not surpassing, any in Ireland.

The principal dissipation would seem to be going to church, though a lady informed me she "did Berlin work for excitement." But small as the town is, we counted as many as forty churches, which would seem to augur well for the piety of the "Hoosiers." The finest of these churches would be the Catholic cathedral, not then completed. The streets were wide and good-looking, as in most American towns, and were well-kept and clean. Indiana is the state where the marriage yoke is the most easily adopted and the most readily slipped off, and might well be termed the *State* of double blessedness, for those who wish to take a second husband or wife, the first being still alive, go to Indiana for economy. It is the Gretna Green of the West, and the goal of runaway couples. Once across the border, they easily find an accommodating magistrate to give them a license, without many troublesome inquiries as to age or consent of parents. A couple arrived just before our visit, bringing along with them the bride's mother—the consenting and only surviving parent. "Are you the mother of the young lady?" said the magistrate, looking doubt-fully at her. "I am," replied the mamma. "What's your age?" continued the magistrate. "Twenty one," said the lady, forgetting her *rôle* on the delicate subject of age, she being, in fact, only a young friend of the parties, and had come to personate the consenting parent.

Those already joined in holy wedlock find an easy dissolution of the bond, for any reason or no reason, by an equally accommodating court, if only one of the parties seeking the divorce has at any time resided twelve months in the state. An advertisement is inserted in the daily journal, addressed to all whom it may concern; but as this paper rarely travels beyond the state, *persons whom it may concern* are not very likely to see it, and the decree is given "in absence."

Frequent marriage is very common in America, and it is not unusual to see a comparatively young woman with her third husband. Our buxom landlady had had five, and three of them were still living. From one—the first—she had been divorced; her marriage with the second had been informal; two others were dead, or gone to California—the depôt for all stray husbands—and with the fifth she was then living in bliss.

The looseness of the bond of marriage in this State, and even the many shades of difference with which this most importunate of social ordinances is regarded in other States, must inevitably produce interminable litigation. Indeed, marriage is gradually assuming a new character in America, and by slow degrees is being divested of the holy attributes which have been for centuries ascribed to it in Europe. Marriage is contracted more hastily and indiscreetly than in England, and the bond is broken with more recklessness. Less is thought of its obligations and responsibilities, and less affection and devotion are looked for. If a man *fancies* a girl—and it is rare to meet with a deeper feeling—it is as convenient to him to marry her as not. Any other proposals might, and very probably would, lead to his being shot by her brother. But the fancy having worn itself out, the gentleman fancies some one else, or probably the lady does; whereupon they separate, get a divorce, or go to the Antipodes, each following his or her own bent. This causes little or no scandal; they marry again, and it is all right.

No woman hesitates to take a man because he has two of his former wives living; and no man, if he *fancies* a woman, would make a previous husband's existence any obstacle to the fulfilment of his desires.

An anecdote is told of a gentleman meeting an old friend from a distant part of the States, and inviting him home to dinner; his wife, also, had invited a lady friend. When the *partie carrée* met at the dinner-table, great was their consternation and embarrassment, for it was discovered that the gentleman had invited his wife's former husband, and the lady had invited her husband's former wife! The story goes that after the first surprise, they all sat down amicably, and if they did not enjoy the joke, made the best they could of the contretemps. The subject would not be a bad one for an American farce in the style of "Box and Cox." Men and women make up their minds to marry as they would to engage in any business or speculation —they hope it may turn out satisfactorily, but if it should not, something else must be tried. Marriage is not the solemn affair that it is in Europe—"for better for worse, in sickness in health, till death do us part"—but, on the other hand, that tyrannical dominion of the husband over the wife, which is too often seen in England, is unknown in America. They bear and forbear, as any other persons living together in other relationships might do, and when they cannot agree to do this, they dissolve partnership, and seek society more suitable elsewhere.

If a lady misses her husband for a certain length of time (say twelve months) she "guesses" he is gone for good, and "concludes" to take another, with the full approbation of the community. She is not expected to mourn his absence, as it is universally agreed that his room is preferable to his company, and a fresh husband is likely to be an improvement. Such is marriage in Indiana!

Indianapolis has several starch manufactories and rolling mills, but it can scarcely claim the title of a manufacturing city. Probably there is more manufacturing of pork than of any other material.

The city possesses little to interest a stranger. The inhabitants, however, seem to possess their full share of Western egotism—a sort of general feeling, "If I can make a dollar of that transaction, I don't care a cuss for all creation."

But every rule has its exceptions, and in that city I met one of the most truly charitable and benevolent characters it was my fate to encounter in the United States—a woman with a clear, expansive mind, and a tender, earnest heart; one of the true Christians of this world, whether American or European. It is refreshing and strengthening to meet with such a character. It is a proof that the world is not abandoned to the apparent machinations of evil, but that God sends his angels to walk the earth, though their visits be few and far between.

Indianapolis could also boast of a poetess, were it only poetical enough to be aware of it, which I think it was not. For having read one of this lady's poems, I discovered many of my audience dissolved in tears, and perfectly surprised that it was a composition of a native poetess—Mrs. B., whose poems, if handed down to posterity, will make a name and fame of which Indianapolis may well be proud.

This city, some thirty years ago, had only a few hundred inhabitants, and was surrounded by Indians, so that Indianapolis takes much credit to herself for the advance she has made in so short a time, and proudly points to those three semi-Athenian stone columns in front of the Insurance Company's office.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KU KLUX.

IN Indiana, as in most of the Southern and Western States, the law is nearly powerless for the protection of either life or property. If a man is careful and cautious, and avoids getting into antagonism with his neighbour, then his life may be as safe in Indiana as elsewhere. But if he covets his neighbour's wife, or his neighbour's goods, or should make himself in any way obnoxious to him, his life hangs entirely upon the disposition and character of that neighbour, and not upon the power of the law, to protect him from violence. "Judge Lynch" is the most potent of the United States judges, and frightful scenes occur under his auspices.

During my stay in Indiana, some men, who had been arrested in Canada for robbing the parcel delivery company of a large sum of money, were given up to the American government under the extradition treaty, and placed in the jail of a small town called Seymour. During the night about a hundred men arrived by train, all masked. There being no other passengers, they secured the conductor, the engine-driver, and other persons belonging to the train, and placed a guard over them, obliging them to back the engine fire, that the train might be able to start again at a moment's notice. The mysterious visitors proceeded in a body to the jail where the robbers were confined. They aroused the jailer, and as he was in the act of opening the door, seized and bound him. They then marched in, and encountering the sheriff or governor of the jail, who made some attempt at resistance, they shot and disabled him. The keys were then demanded of his wife, who lay in bed too terrified to speak. Another jailer, however, making his appearance, was fired at and wounded, and the keys taken from him. The whole scene was witnessed by a negro boy, who had contrived to hide himself.

The Lynchers all wore masks of red flannel, and garments of the same colour, and addressed each other by number instead of name. They opened the door of the first cell, and when the light of their lanterns burst upon the eyes of the wretched criminal, he at once knew his fate. He braced himself for the encounter, and being a powerful and desperate man, the struggle which ensued was terrific. Not all the strength of numbers which could be brought to bear upon him could for some time force him from his cell. It would seem that they had some reason for not using their pistols, or even their knives, with which these desperadoes are always armed, as they might at once have stabbed or shot him to the heart. This man's frantic strength was so great, that he disabled several of his tormentors. But having flung himself against a railing, they leapt upon him and literally broke his back. He was dead enough then, but they proceeded to hang him, as Lynch law requires, and left him suspended over the stairs.

After this, these tigers in human form, known in the western world under the title of American citizens, went to the next cell, where the brother of the first victim was confined—for the robbers were three brothers and a brother-in-law. The second brother—a young man of some eighteen or twenty years—having heard the struggle, and guessing the cause, was found in an agony of terror, the most excruciating agony of which a human being is susceptible. He begged piteously for his life, or, at least, for five minutes alone, to make his peace with his God; but no such mercy was extended. He was dragged face to face with the distorted corpse of his brother, and hanged by his side on the same banister. For some reason or other, death did not immediately ensue, and the murderers rushed upon him, breaking the spinal cord, and twisting his head nearly from his body. The end of the third victim equalled in horror that of the others; but with the fourth they would appear to have been hurried, for they left him hanging without being dead, and for two hours he hung writhing like an eel, the boy not daring to come out of his hiding-place and release him. Life was barely extinct when he was discovered by some of the officials of the jail.

Murder or atrocities were not alleged against these men, only a bold and extensive robbery of the express waggon; but so-called retributive justice inflicted on them fearful torture and a most diabolical death, with the connivance and approval of the whole community. The reason assigned for the toleration, by respectable citizens, of the Ku Klux and Lynch law clans, is the corruption prevailing in the courts of justice, where, if the accused parties have wealth to buy themselves off, they invariably escape. Sometimes a train has been stopped, in which a newly-arrested prisoner was being conveyed to take his trial. If his offence should happen to be murder, he may go unscathed; but should it chance to be robbery, he is dragged from his guards (who make no very strenuous efforts to enforce the majesty of the law—which, indeed, in Indiana has very little majesty to enforce), and is hanged on the first tree, without any interference from the rest of the passengers. In fact, in a case that had recently occurred, of some pickpocket having been detected in the act, the passengers themselves stopped the train while they hung their man, afterwards proceeding on their journey with no other consequences than arriving at their destination an hour behind time.

The law extends but little protection to human life; each man must protect his own. Any man is free to take the life of his enemy—the cause is of little consequence; he has merely to seek a quarrel as a preliminary to shooting or stabbing him. He is aware that the law will not condemn him for murder. And though he should even be arrested, he is sure to be out of prison, on bail, in a very few days. He can then canvass his friends, and arrange for two or three fellow-murderers to serve on his jury, and under these auspices, his crime will be dealt with leniently. In a recent trial for murder, where the criminal was arraigned for a third offence of the kind, and there was a strong feeling that it might go hard with him, his friends contrived that no less than five of the jurors should be men who had been guilty of murder themselves. This was, in point of fact, being "*tried by his peers.*"

In the case of the horrible tragedy at Seymour, the sister of the men—a woman of vehement character—came down to see the mutilated forms of her brothers and husband. When in their presence she knelt down, and, with one hand on the corpse of her brother, and the other raised to heaven, she registered a most fearful oath of vengeance upon the perpetrators of the foul deed. She appealed to the Almighty to strike the light from her eyes, the sound from her lips, and the strength from her hand, if she failed to plant a dagger in the hearts of the murderers of her friends. The newspaper account remarked—"And she is the woman to do it, too." Such is the sensationalism of crime in America!

But a sensation can be worked up about anything. Men will do the wildest acts of enthusiasm, while a calmly generous action in everyday life is far to seek. So when Lincoln was assassinated, a sensation was got up about it, and worked up to a pitch of insanity, for political ends—as though assassination had never been heard of before in the broad lands of America—as though the crime of murder was too appalling to be realized by these sensitive people without driving them absolutely wild and beside themselves with horror. Lincoln's blackened, hideous corpse — the ugliest man when living, the most revolting to look upon when dead—was hauled from city to city in order to excite and rouse to frantic rage these excitable people, who, with a relish for the horrible unsurpassed, rushed in crowds to see him. The dead man was suddenly exalted into a saint and martyr, instead of being classed as a political victim, with the thousands of robbers who have suffered from the same cause; for it is as common in America for a man to be shot by his opponent in politics as by his rival in love or war.

To satiate the desire for vengeance thus aroused amongst the people, a victim was wanted; and, alas for the American chivalry! they can find no better one than an old woman, whose only crime consisted in being the mother of one of the suspected conspirators, but whose complicity has not, to this day, been proved. This poor old body was literally dragged to the scaffold, uttering the most heart-rending shrieks for mercy and protestations of innocence, and using all her feeble strength to prevent the fatal noose from being adjusted. One of the most revolting spectacles civilization ever witnessed under the name of justice then ensued, for brutality had to be used to compass the unfortunate victim's death! It is only just to say that such an act would never have been tolerated in America, save for the maddening excitement into which the people had been lashed by political schemers; for such a rigid exercise of justice as the hanging of a woman, no matter what her crime, is almost unknown.

CHAPTER XIX.

COAL, OIL, AND WHISKY "COLLIDING."

MADISON, Indiana, is a small but beautiful town on the banks of the Ohio. The hills, rising gracefully behind into an amphitheatre, close it in to the river, presenting, from the opposite side, a lovely prospect of wooded heights. When the Ohio was the only means of communication, Madison was a place of considerable importance in river commerce—principally in pork, which still forms its chief item of trade. But the numerous railroads opened through the country in late years have greatly lessened the importance of the river-carriage; and a good site on the river is no longer so necessary to the importance of a town as formerly. *Au reste,* the Ohio is only thoroughly navigable during nine months of the year, and its shifting shoals make navigation difficult at all times, except during the rainy season, when the torrents from the mountains cause it to rise as much as twenty feet.

Below Louisville, a canal, several miles in length, had been cut to obviate the action of the rapids, which are covered only with a very few inches of water, except when, from sudden thaws or similar causes, the river is unusually full. So that Madison was rather a growler over the loss of her former good fortune, and by no means an advocate for progress in the way of railroads. She seemed to think that man might be content to take the good the gods provide by way of the river.

Indiana was not a slave-State; but being divided from Kentucky only by the river, she became a temporary haven for runaway slaves. The intercourse between the people of Indiana and of Kentucky had never been very cordial; the latter considering themselves much above the former—despising the Indianians, and stigmatising them as "Hoosiers"—in other words, "rowdies" and "ruffians." Nor does this seem to be altogether a misnomer, as there can exist no doubt as to the roughness and rudeness of their manners; not that the Kentuckians have much to boast of either.

An old gentleman of Indiana, to whom I took a letter of introduction, amused me very much by the evident dismay into which my presence threw him. He strode about his little parlour in a state of the most comic perplexity, looking at me askance, and talking partly to himself and partly to me.

"I don't know what I am to do," said he, scratching his head, which was a very short, grey-haired, round one. "What does the fellow expect me to do?"

The "fellow" did not mean me, but the writer of the letter. Then he looked at me hopelessly, and declared he did not "know what to do!" Feeling a malicious pleasure in his dilemma, I asked—

"Would you do it if you could?"

Here he scratched his head violently. This *was* a poser. He took another turn in the room, and at length, stopping before me, he said—"Well, I don't know but what I would. What is it?"

I looked out at the window—there were a few chrysanthemums growing in the little garden.

"Give me some of those flowers; that is what you are to do."

"Is that what he wants me to do?" he exclaimed, in utter bewilderment. "Well, that beats *me*, and no mistake."

He shook his round head in a bothered way, and said—"You may take as many of them as you like."

I did so; then departed. It may be surmised that I shall never again be troubled with letters to American citizens after these disclosures; but I hereby acknowledge my obligations to all who favoured me with them, for they brought me more amusement, as well as knowledge of mankind, than I could possibly have obtained from other sources. For surely, no general acquaintance with human nature could have foreseen or imagined this very droll reception of a letter of introduction.

There is a great deal of "'cuteness" about the inhabitants of this little town of Madison. They are not going to believe everything that is said or written, but take due precautions against being befooled by the rest of the world. Another gentleman, to whom I was introduced, said that he "certainly had seen that name in the New York papers frequently," and he "reckoned that *she* was a right smart woman from England, but he was not aware that *she* had come west," and appeared to be greatly of opinion that "*she*" was still in New York, or gone back to England.

"It would be so easy," he said, "for west of New York to set up for that right smart woman and impose upon people—*she* would never be a bit the wiser."

"We have had a good many impostors down

here," I replied; "I should think you have learned to detect them at sight."

"Well, that's so; but it takes a pretty smart woman to carry out the character of another, and such another as, I understand from the New York papers, this English lady is."

I laughed, and put into his hand a New York paper of a recent date, giving an account of my tour in the West and my visits to the various cities of the Ohio. He read the paragraph, and slapping his knee, exclaimed, "If that isn't right smart of you! So you *are* the celebrated Englishwoman my friend writes me of? But don't you think it was 'cute of me to get such good evidence of it?" and he seemed quite elated at the result of his ruffianism.

There is not much literary advancement in Madison. Progress and development are manifested principally in the porcine race, for I noticed that the pigs in the gutters were the fattest of any I had ever seen in the United States. There is neither library nor public institute of any kind, but the Sisters of the Holy Cross are labouring with their usual zeal to found a convent for the instruction of youth, and thus to introduce a little refinement and culture.

But in Madison all were not stupid and suspicious, for I met there one of the most charming families I had ever known in the United States. It consisted of three sisters and father and mother, the three sisters worthy of personating the three Graces in any part of the world. Three more beautiful girls could not be found in any family. They were dark, with the Italian cast of feature: delicately arched nose and slender nostril; soft full dark eyes, with that indescribable expression of sweetness, tenderness, and intellect combined, which makes the pure intellectual woman the most charming object under the sun. Their heads were purely classical, and undisfigured by any attempt at Chinois coiffure—then the rage in America. Their figures were graceful and symmetrical, undistorted by "Grecian bend," or the fifty and one appliances to render the human form divine, like unto a Hottentot Venus or Chinese joss idol. The youngest had the most perfect face I remember to have ever seen, and her rounded cheeks had the smoothness of marble. She was about seventeen, and her figure had the undulating grace of Hebe. Her voice was in keeping with her person: sweet, clear, rippling, and melodious; for although good voices are very frequent in America, they are, generally, shrill and hard, and convey the impression of breaking china and glass, yet of such voices the most brilliant ones could be made. The elder sister, still young, though the mother of two beautiful little children, was less classical in style, but sweetly piquante and fascinating. The second sister was as highly accomplished, educated, and well read as any girl to be met with in any society in any country. She had a wonderful dignity of carriage, with great sweetness of expression, and there was so much power and nobility in her character, that she exercised immense influence over all who came within her sphere. She really appeared to be the guiding star of the family, who were all greatly attached to her, and to one another.

Both physically and mentally they were different from the usual style of American women, and were intellectual, modest, refined, graceful, and kind. The father, with his long silvery locks and benevolent expression, was a study for an artist. The mother was all that renders a woman of middle age dear to her own family and those about her—gentle, lady-like, lovable, and clever. If this family is a specimen of Americans as they are, and not as they attempt to make themselves—bad imitations of Europe—they would do well to adhere strictly to their own nationality.

There was an awful consternation prevailing in Madison on the day we left. A most dreadful steam-boat collision had just occurred on the river, a few miles above, and every moment stragglers were coming in from the wreck, spreading dismay among those who had friends or relatives on board of either the ill-fated vessels. Two of the largest steamers plying between Louisville and Cincinnati had, as they call it, "collided," at about eleven o'clock on a very dark, stormy night, the wind being so high that the signals were supposed not to have been heard—more probably, they were not attended to. One of these vessels carried, besides passengers, a cargo of coal-oil; the other, whisky and some sort of combustibles. Scarcely had they struck, when the oil-barrels, which had been carelessly stowed, rolled over into the furnace of the engine, and the whole lower deck was immediately flooded with blazing oil.

In twenty minutes from the moment of collision, both steamers were enveloped in a terrific mass of fire. The forked flames sprang up the light spars and rigging, and around every object that stood highest on the boat, until they leapt, exultant, on the pinnacle of the wheel-house tower—always in American steamers situated on the hurricane deck. Dropping fiery hail as they mounted, they rose higher and higher, with a fierce cracking sound, devouring the flimsy wood-carving with which these river steamers are so elaborately decorated. Through the main cabin, or state saloon, the flames rolled like lava floods, gliding swift messengers of death in and out of the passengers' cabin on either side. Bursting forth at the other end of the vessel, the sheet of consuming fire united its various points, and wrapped the doomed ship in a last burning embrace.

The passengers of one vessel were wrapped in their first sleep, on the other they were engaged in dancing, drinking, and, according to American custom, serenading a bride and bridegroom. It would be difficult to say which were the least prepared for the advent of the terrible foe—those wrapped in the mysterious repose of dreamland or those alive with fictitious excitement, and unrestrained revel; but indescribably horrible was the scene which ensued. Mothers rushed back to their cabins to seek their children; husbands their wives; bridegrooms their brides; lovers their loved ones. On the two vessels were three newly married couples, only one of whom was saved. But alas! it was discovered that there were several couples who were *not* married—at least, to each other.

One young lady rushed from her cabin—her white dress fluttering in the lambent flames—and sprang boldly from the third deck into the river. Fortunately she was picked up by one of the boats which had been instantly lowered.

A mother, seeing this happy result, flung over her shrieking child, and followed, hoping to be saved as the girl had been, but the child must have risen under the vessel, for it never reappeared. The wretched mother rose in a pool of burning oil, by this time floating in raging patches all over the surface of the river. This boiling cauldron being beyond the reach of help, she soon perished in it. The account of this fearful catastrophe was as horrible as the story told by the "Ancient Mariner."

The next day some charred shoeless individual, his feet bound up in rags and borrowed slippers, would take you by the button-hole and whisper a tale from his blistered lips which froze the blood of his hearer like Colenagi's story of the phantoms. Of how he had traversed the deck, covered with blazing oil, to reach the side of the other vessel nearest shore; how a young girl, with whom he had just been dancing, and—although he did not say it, I knew by the expression of his face—making love to, clung to him, and how she had prayed him, in a frenzy of despair, to save her, "But what could I do?" urged this American Ancient Mariner, his teeth chattering and his eyes dilating with the remembrance of the recent horror. "My feet were being burned under me. I flung her back from me—she fell in a pool of burning oil!

Her hair which was loose was caught up by the wind and flames together, and formed a Medusa head of fiery snakes. I shut my eyes. I had a life preserver with me and jumped over into the river and reached the shore, then some few yards from the vessel. But I shall never forget that face with the eyeballs straining and the forked flames wreathing the head in terrible beauty. I wish I had saved her," said my narrator, as he wiped his brow with the bandages on his burnt hands.

Another incident of equal horror was that of a man and his wife. He having unloosed a shutter and thrown it overboard, induced his wife to make the plunge in the hope of catching it. This she succeeded in doing. She had seated herself safely on it and he was about to follow when he beheld a man, who was swimming about in the water, seize upon the shutter and thrust the unhappy woman into the dark abyss of the river. Agonized, and furious at the sight of his drowning wife, screaming pitiably for help, the husband sprang on to the shutter—caught the murderer by the throat—wrestling together, both sank beneath the dark waters, never to rise again—the destroyer and the avenger meeting the same doom.

A not less tragic but more pathetic occurrence was that of a beautiful girl who had been entertaining the passengers with her melodious singing. She had been placed in safety upon a shutter, which, instead of floating to the shore, had been seized by the rapid current and carried for miles down the river where at last it settled "where the reeds and rushes quiver;" and there she was found a couple of days afterwards frozen to death; but looking as pure and white as a marble statue. The intense coldness of the night and the paralysis of fear, had been as inexorable as the flames and the water to many other of her fellow victims.

Every effort was made from the shore, but the floating plots of burning oil bade defiance to human help. One heart-rending case was of an old man with white flowing hair, who seeing a boat put off from shore, flung himself from the burning deck to meet it: ere he rose to the surface a pool of oil came floating down and he came up in the midst of it: Nemesis herself would have been moved to pity at the sight of the agony of that poor old man, his white locks and arms enframed in lambent fire.—Only for a few moments though—then something else occurred.

In half an hour both vessels were in full flame burning to the water's edge. For days nothing but bandages and impromptu clothing was thought of—Americans show great impulsive kindness to sudden misfortune, and a great misfortune calls out all their best feelings. One hour before, I had embarked on that vessel, but owing to some information given me by a passenger, relative to a person I was going to see, being from home at the time, I had gone on shore again. What trifles turn the scale of our existence. Something under three hundred persons perished on the two vessels.

CHAPTER XX.

CINCINNATI.—THE DESTINY OF PIGS.

CINCINNATI, renamed Porkapolis, is one of the largest towns of the West, harbouring two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the Ohio river, and is surrounded on either side by picturesque hills and all those natural advantages which should make it one of the most charming cities in the world. But its climate is as disagreeable as it can well be, and the coal burnt there is of the dirtiest description—so that like Sheffield in England, the natural beauties of Cincinnati are wrapped in a pall of dark smoke, which, mingling with a good proportion of greasy fog, produces the most murky of atmospheres, and the dullest looking of places. As long as Cincinnati continues to burn that sooty dirty coal, she must give up all her pretensions to beauty.

Mountains viewed through that yellow, grey mist look like blotches in the distance—obstructing the vision rather than delighting the eye. Young girls seen through this saffron-tinted haze have the appearance of having been disinterred, so cadaverous is their aspect. While the inevitable smut on their delicate nostrils, lips or forehead, makes cleanliness, which is said to be akin to godliness, impossible. It is not of much consequence as regards the men of Porkapolis, for they are rough, awkward, rude, ungainly creatures, at best ; still the sooty cloud in which they live and move and have their being, gives them a muddy greasy look, and destroys the last vestige of comeliness or attractiveness.

Porkapolis, so called from its large pork manufactories, is one of the best built cities in America, and indeed it is the handsomest with the exception of Philadelphia. The houses of business are substantial and have considerable pretensions to architectural beauty—most of them having stone or iron fronts, or handsome stone copings. The Post Office is a fine stone building, and several of the banking houses may well compete with any of the smaller fraternity in Europe. The streets are wide and well paved, though fearfully dirty. There is no want of commodious carriages for hire, but there is no fixed fare, and the drivers ask unreasonable prices—as is mostly the case throughout the United States. For instance, a drive of something less than a quarter of a mile, is nine shillings! The street cars—a sort of long omnibus drawn by horses and running on rails laid along the streets are, except in cases of emergency, the most available means of transit, cheap enough—the fare being only five to ten cents for any distance.

Cincinnati is the great centre between the north-east and south-west, being situated, mid-river, between Pittsburg, Baltimore, Memphis, and New Orleans. It is the oldest large city of the West, but now rivalled by Chicago and St. Louis. It has all the characteristics of Western America in its rough-and-readiness and complete indifference to the *convenances* I have observed in other parts of the world. If a man steps on your dress, no doubt he feels as sorry for your rent garment as another, but he does not think it worth while to say, "Pardon me!" but stalks on, kicking the torn morsel from under his feet.

Nothing in this over-rated America is more over-rated than the West. Looked at in the right light, it is a fine thing in its way. It is the great and grand spectacle of man subduing nature—of felling the trees of the forest, and subduing the wild beast of the prairie. The character of the men is rough and harsh; they measure their brute force against brute force, and have need only of sufficient intelligence to prove themselves the conquerors. It is not fair to measure and compare the Western man with the man of high culture, who labours only with his intellect; he cannot be classed with the Eastern man, who is a thinker only, and has no trees to fell or buffaloes to encounter. So far as regards high culture and polite civilization, the West is half a century behind the eastern portion of America.

True, there is a great commerce in these large Western cities, but the trade is of a more savage kind—pork, to wit. They bring grain from the great prairies. Furniture, singular, in these days of European elegance, in its rough primitiveness, and their attempts at style and fashion are copied, and imported from New York, and are often more grotesque than imposing. Art, science, and literature are not as yet domiciled in these western regions—only hovering round on fluctuating visits. If a great artist or a great man visits the West, he or she must prove distinctly that they were the height of fashion in New York: the West will then make a frantic attempt to show the world that they have a higher appreciation than the East of this brilliant star or philosopher. But this is mere rivalry and competition; and without such a stimulant, there is little doubt that a Western audience would comfortably sleep through "La Divina Comedia," or a play of Shakespeare, read by himself.

And the reason of this is simple enough. The West is formed of immigants from Europe, and by no means the élite or polished of the land, but of adventurers who, for their own benefit—or not unfrequently for their country's benefit—have found it safer and better to cross the Atlantic. These are cemented together by a sprinkling of enterprising Yankees, who had not been so successful in their own country as to wish to remain in it. Hence, assuming that the vast mass of population floating westward consisted of the most respectable and worthy citizens (which they are not by any means, for where else go the vagabonds of every family?), even then they have too much of the roughs of life to encounter to waste any stray thoughts on the fine arts or the amenities of civilized life.

By the time they can afford to gratify a taste for refinement, that taste has in most instances dwindled away from want of cultivation.

"People go West to make a living, and not to enjoy the refinements of life," I have heard it urged by the Western World. "But look at our cities! look at our buildings, where thirty or forty years ago there was nothing but swamp, prairie, or forest!"

This is all very well; but considering the many millions of men who have sought a fortune or a living in the West, little, very little, has been done for taste and refinement. This deficiency, prompted by thrift in the first instance, has become a habit. The Western man does not care to spend his money on superfluities: he was not born in that town, and the memories of the past are not centred in it; moreover, he may leave it any day if a better speculation presents itself further west. The only attempt he makes at the luxury of refined life is in the hotels, where he can, in a certain sense, consume it himself—where he can eat it and drink it, lounge it and smoke it, and gossip it individually—for talking seems to have become one of the necessities of life to every man who settles in America; one brilliant exception there is—the President.

There are more handsome stone buildings in Cincinnati than any other city of its size in the States; but the glory of the city is the suspension bridge over the Ohio. It is two thousand two hundred feet in length; has the greatest span of any bridge of the kind in the United States—measuring one thousand feet from pier to pier. With this one immense leap it crosses the broad Ohio river, which is, however, not nearly so wide at Cincinnati as at Louisville, where the bridge constructed across the rapids exceeds a mile in length.

On our journey down, the waters of the Ohio were high enough for us to pass over the rapids, where many a vessel has foundered in sight of help, but where no help could come. A ship drawn on to the rapids, with not sufficient depth of water to float her over, is stranded on some ledge of rock, until the turbulent, foaming billows dash her to pieces within a few hundred feet of the shore. But in this seething cauldron no boat could live for an instant, whether lowered from the ship or launched from the shore. Though we sailed safely over, yet the water hissed, and foamed, and formed into eddies here and there, like miniature whirlpools.

The wharves, as in St. Louis, were sloughs of black mud, on which a number of negroes were toiling. The loads they struggled under are of pork, for, as I have already observed, Cincinnati has made pork a speciality, and the speciality has made her. The killing of hogs has there been reduced to a science, and is done with such dexterity and rapidity, that it is said an unfortunate porker, after entering one of the places devoted to the destruction of his species, does not even become fully aware of his own death, till he finds himself salted and in a barrel, on his way to the levée.

Division of labour is carried to the highest perfection to attain this rapidity, each pig having the services of fifty men to assist him easily out of this sorrowful world, and prepare him for burial in the stomachs of human creatures—truly a "lordly sepulchre!"

Two men show the pig the way in; one monster of inhospitality knocks him down as he diffidently crosses the threshold; another man, more humane, mercifully puts an end to his misgivings, by sticking a knife into his throat; two others relieve him of his uncomfortable bristles, and four more immediately scrape him to snow whiteness, or, at least, perfect smoothness; but lest anything should remain to mar the beauty of his appearance, even after all these attentions, six men devote themselves to shaving him, by this time, I fancy, getting little if any "cry" or "wool" either. Two men then hang him up, another man—taking exactly twenty seconds to perform the operation—disencumbers him of the whole of his inside, rightly conjecturing that he can have no further use for it. The pig being fastened open most artistically, is now played upon from a hose. After a while he is cut to pieces, his hams are trimmed, his shoulders are trimmed, everything about him, in fact, is trimmed; he is then salted, branded, and packed; his lard is carefully carried off; an obituary notice of him is entered in the books, and a procession then starts with him and a number of fellow pigs down to the levée, where a steamer is yelling out at the top of her whistle that she "won't wait one minute longer, and if those hogs are not down in precisely fifty-nine seconds, she'll start right away." It is while on his way to the wharf that the pig is said to become aware of his dissolution, and indeed one can hardly blame hog or anybody else for losing his presence of mind for a short time—under such exciting circumstances.

One long procession of pigs is walking into these establishments all day long, and all day long another procession is emerging in barrels. Some establishments kill at the almost incredible rate of forty thousand a month. It would be well if the same organization, or at least similar perfection of system, could be introduced into the municipal affairs of Cincinnati, for it rivals London in its number of independent corporations. It has no less than seven mayors and seven councils, over seven distinct districts. One of their own men has propounded the following:

"If one mayor and corporation in a city of a million and a half" (New York) "steal ten millions of dollars per annum, how much will seven mayors and seven corporations 'appropriate' in a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants?" A very nice little sum in "Compound Proportion" indeed.

CHAPTER XXI.

CINCINNATI TO MEMPHIS.—PIGS' VICISSITUDES.

THE Ohio river, conscious, no doubt, and delighted at the eulogies I had bestowed upon it on a previous occasion, leaped into something like magical beauty on the second day of January, magical, because the transition was so rapid and unexpected, as to be quite startling, almost bewildering. Like one who, after groping through dark, damp caverns, becomes confused and dazzled on suddenly emerging into the warmth and sunlight, so an inhabitant of dreary Cincinnati, having during the last fortnight of the year almost forgotten, amid the dull lugubriousness of the dark, smoky city, that such things as light and beauty existed, opens his or her eyes on a bright, sunny, May-like morning, to feel the warm wind kissing the light, stray tresses, instead of straightening them into damp locks around one's face, and gazes in perplexity on the so lately muddy waters of the Ohio, now reflecting in all their brightness the deep blue of the sky. The sombre hue of the leafless woods on the precipitous bluffs, the white delicate branches of the sycamore, and the willows on the river's brink, are frizzy and brown as a man's well-trimmed beard. The small white towns nestling in the rifts between the hills, are brilliantly gilded by the golden gleam of the morning sun. Such a day was the second of January, marvellous, beautiful, and surprising.

But what of the climate, where the thermometer ranges in forty-eight hours from zero to sixty-five or seventy degrees? where one day the river is covered with large masses of floating ice, and the next rippling in golden-capped wavelets, where we could sit on deck and breathe the sweet air, after being stifled by the clammy compound substance called atmosphere in Cincinnati! From the winding of the river the hills on either side continually form themselves into varied and picturesque outlines. The weather continued delicious, and one of the most magnificent sunsets I have ever seen out of Egypt met our delighted view as we put in for freight at the small town of Cayceville.

This town lies in a little flat nook, which seems to have once formed part of the river bed. Behind it, the rocks rise clear and precipitous, in small square blocks, resembling masonry, and forming a semicircle round the town, which has thus the appearance of a large dry-dock, into which houses instead of ships had found their way. I should fancy it is not so picturesque a spot when the river rises and floods it midway; but bathed only in the brilliant violet hues of sunset, it looked like fairy-land, hemmed in by the great hills. From the opposite side of the river, where the sun was setting, a brilliant group of gorgeous red and gold clouds, in the form of the Prince of Wales' plume, shot over the clear blue sky. The feathers, stretching across the river, with the tips bending over the purple-tinted town, resembled the halo floating round angels' wings, over a beloved Bethlehem. This effect lasted about twenty minutes, just as long as we stayed. In the dim distance, when the sun had sunk, Cayceville returned to a facsimile of a town in a dry-dock. So closed our first day on the Ohio.

It is from three to four days' sail, eight hundred miles from Cincinnati to Memphis, our destination. The beautiful weather lasted throughout. Even Cairo, in its muddy *misery*, looked up somewhat brightly as we remained for half an hour to take in freight. Our next place of detention was one of the hundred and one Columbuses that are sprinkled over the United States.

If Columbus had landed there as we did he would not have been much elated by his discovery. Columbus, Kentucky, is situated upon one of the muddy flats of the Mississippi. One long street runs parallel to the river, which would resemble a lake at this point, were it not for the long island covered with tall willows that occupies the centre and divides it into two narrow strips of water. The street consists of a miserable collection of wooden houses and shanties of every description. There were, of course, pigs in plenty. One good-humoured, social, unprejudiced pig was playing with a kitten. The gambols of this pair were very diverting, from the contrast between the ungainly, grotesque romping of the pig and the blithe, undulating frolics of the kitten.

The side-walk was of planks; but it was difficult to appreciate the beauties of Columbus, under the constant fear of getting our feet into holes in the planks and dislocating our ankles. Our attention was chiefly given to the pavement, or rather the want of it. From the main street several offshoots straggle back towards the hills, on which are fortifications thrown up by the Federals to command the river. These streets were interspersed with sundry houses and pigstyes; pools of stagnant water, whole avalanches of mud, in one of which stood the Colorado

Hotel, with its linen—principally coloured—drying outside on lines strung from the windows, in Colorado style. There was little else of note in the town, except the church with the inevitable wooden steeple. Upon the hill, round which a fine road had been cut by the military, floated the Union flag above the station still kept there.

During the war it had been a stronghold of the Rebels, and a hard-fought battle had taken place on the opposite side of the river. Columbus was then finally evacuated by the Confederates and occupied by the United States troops until the close of the war. So very uninteresting a place had been unworthy of notice, but its name Columbus in the land of Columbus ought to be treated with due respect. Above Columbus on this third day of January, was a sky of dazzly blue, and around the town flowed a river of what appeared dazzling blue also ; but it was only chameleon-like, borrowing its tints.

The Mississippi is a yellow, muddy river, like the Tiber, and its banks for the most part were like cakes of brown gingerbread. Over them waved mile upon mile of the green, grey, yellow, and brown willow. It might be said of the Mississippi as of the Bay of Naples—though in an opposite sense : See the Mississippi and die, for having seen it once, no one would wish to see it again. Nevertheless, it is a splendid broad river running for three thousand miles, and varying from a quarter to more than a mile in width. Sometimes the gingerbread cake produces a crop of sycamore, ash, or cotton-wood, which is the *bois blanc* of France, and used for fuel in both countries. Once where we stopped to take in coal, we discovered a grove of persimmon, a species of medlar plum, which is not eatable until it is semi-rotten, and then it is delicious.

But the great entertainment of the voyage was the taking on board of a cargo of pigs. They were in a wooden pen in the open fields on the Kentucky side. There was no landing-stage whatever, so we had just to run in as close as we could to the bank, which was on a level with the upper deck of the vessel. This was a most unfortunate piece of perplexity to the porcine tribe, for they had to descend the almost perpendicular bank, which crumbled under their weight and soon formed a gutter, getting deeper and deeper as the pigs were ruthlessly forced down it. Then commenced the funniest warfare ever witnessed, which, if it could be enacted on the stage, would convulse any audience with laughter as it did some of the spectators on the vessel.

But Americans generally have no sense of fun or of the ridiculous. It is difficult to make them laugh, save by a very coarse jest or questionable innuendo; then they will laugh and enjoy it. Now a pig is a naturally grotesque and comic animal; place him in any circumstance or position in life apart from snoring, and he is sure to cut a ridiculous figure. The negro is equally an absurd animal. If he is not asleep, he, too, is ridiculous; he cannot help flinging himself into attitudes, which, though never graceful nor imposing, are always amusing and comic. His situation among the pigs was indubitably so. Scrambling over the fence, he tumbled on a pig's slippery back, got up again, and another pig ran between his legs and threw him a somersault over a third. For some minutes the *mêlée* of pig and negro was so complete that it was difficult to tell which was which; the pigs seeming at first to get the best of the fray. The negro-scientific plan was to catch the pig by the hind-legs while another negro dragged him by the ears through the hole made in the fence; after which, twisting him into the form of a wheelbarrow, to propel him down the slope. The negro showed a great deal of *savoir faire* in managing the pig, and the pig was "right smart," to use the American phrase, in circumventing the negro, in throwing him over his back into the open, or headforemost down the gutter. How on earth do they get pigs on board in a civilized land? I have heard by pulling their tails, but these pigs must have been lineal descendants of the old woman's pig which would not go over the bridge. It required about fifty negroes to get on board double that number of pigs, when a dog or two, well trained, would have done the same thing without a struggle. We laughed over it more than we could over a farce, and, finally, had to turn our backs, from sheer weakness, unable to laugh any longer. The captain remarked, "Them hogs are *Secesh* to the backbone; it goes agin their principles to come aboard a Union vessel."

Below Randolph we passed Fort Pillow, rendered tragic by the atrocities said to have been perpetrated there on the negro troops and their white officers, when engaged in the defence. This was one of the most horrible episodes of the war. Occurring in 1863, the nineteenthcentury, speaks little for the progress of humanity, and denotes terribly that the old leaven of ferocity still underlies the most polished surface. It would appear, that in order to deter the negro from entering the service of the North, the Confederates had passed a law to the effect that all negroes and their officers should receive no quarter; but be shot—whether wounded or prisoners—without mercy. The Southerner could not regard the negro with arms in his hands as any other than a rebel and mutineer. Whether he came from the North or the South mattered little if he were black; the colour was the dividing line, not the individual nor his antecedents. Fort Pillow, garrisoned partly by black, partly by white troops, was attacked by General Forrest, who soon reduced it to submission. Various accounts are given of what took place after the surrender, but one thing is certain, many negroes were shot down and bayonetted, after their flag was lowered, and when they were, in all respects, entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war. It is even said that some were tortured and burnt alive, their charred remains being afterwards discovered nailed to the floors of wooden shanties which had been burnt over them.

CHAPTER XXII.

AMERICAN FORTUNES.

THE feasibility of making vast fortunes in America would seem to be a generally received idea in Europe. Nevertheless, very large fortunes are rarely made there, still more rarely are they taken out of the country, and they are hardly ever bequeathed. In spite of the knowledge that a dollar is in gold, only a fifth part of a pound, and in "greenbacks"—the *present currency*—only a seventh, yet people who would scarcely notice "*twenty* thousand pounds," are more or less carried away by the sound of a "*hundred* thousand" dollars. The hundred thousands of dollars, however, are neither frequent, nor to be made in a hurry—by Europeans especially. The large fortunes made in America cannot be compared, either in amount or rapidity of acquisition, with those of Europe. The great millionaire of New York has been a slave to money-making for thirty or forty years; others have made their fortunes *by accident*—from sudden rises in the value of land —and Mr. Peabody's was made in England.

A certain class of people, possessing no fortune in Europe, and no probability of ever making one—such as small farmers, labourers, artisans of every kind, small shopkeepers, hucksters, and all women who can turn their hands to manual labour—either as sewers, housemaids, cooks, and cleaners, also labourers' wives—may do well in America, and, by steadiness and industry, earn a competency, or even acquire a small fortune. A woman who can keep house, and can work herself at cooking, preserving, upholstering, etc., is the one most calculated to make money.

Men who have sufficient energy and strength to go out into the woods, build their own log-house, and live upon what chance throws in their way for a year or two, are certain, eventually, to do well, and make money. They will never become Rothschilds, or Thorntons, but they will be richer men than they would ever have been in the old country. Small shopkeepers, accustomed to chaffering, may, from a very small beginning on pins, buttons, rock candies, and reels of cotton, scrape together a very respectable competency. They can soon begin to wear broad-cloth and silk dresses, to board at the most frequented hotels, and be considered ladies and gentlemen—an elevation in the social scale they could never have even contemplated in Europe. They can send their children to school with the best, having very frequently not to pay for it; and if a man is dissatisfied with the station he occupies in the world, there is no place like America for changing it. This, however, cuts both ways. For if a man of refinement and high breeding should fancy that with these qualifications, as well as his education and intellect, he, too, may make a fortune, he will find himself grievously mistaken, and probably in the course of a few years he will have sunk to the level of one who, in Europe, would have been his footman or his ploughboy.

Manual, not mental labour, is at the highest premium in America. And where a man who is master of some useful handicraft could earn a handsome subsistence, one possessed only of intellectual acquirements would speedily be reduced to starvation. Though newspapers and periodicals are numerous, and probably the editorial staff of each very large, yet it can scarcely be said that the press offers a field for literary talent—that it needs is merely a capacity for gathering and putting together odds and ends of very mediocre quality—common jokes, directions for gardening, and recipes for cookery, with the sayings and doings of prominent persons, living or dead; some scraps of commercial intelligence, telegraphic news, two or three columns of arrivals and departures of steamers, with a full inventory of cargoes and consignees. Now and then fulsome eulogiums of the defunct, more frequently scurrilous vituperations of the living, murders, and atrocities of all kinds—described in language that would not be tolerated in the lowest English publication—and but very few leading articles of any literary merit. Whether it is that the people do not require it, or that proprietors will not make the outlay necessary for engaging men of talent, I do not know; but as they can sell papers written in this rough inferior style for ten cents each, and could not, in all probability, get twelve, even if replete with talent and learning, we can come to no other conclusion than that this low standard satisfies the public taste.

As many of the papers daily fill several columns with "blood-and-thunder" stories of a kind similar to those of the "London Journal," a great many penny-a-liners are employed, and no doubt still more could be engaged on such trashy literature, whilst for a really talented person of superior education and acquirements no occupation could be found. On the other hand, living in America is so very expensive, that although a man may there earn a dollar when he would earn but a shilling at home, yet he surely has to spend that dollar just as he would spend the shilling.

The average prices in America for anything above the commonest necessaries, are, I think, rather *more* than three times those prices in England. Take for instance the commonest fruit of the two countries—a boy in England can buy for a penny two or three good apples; in America he can get only one for twopence. If a lady buys a dress in England, she may give, as she thinks fit, from five shillings to five pounds, or twenty pounds; but, in America, she must commence her selection at twenty dollars. So with a man's dinner; he may get his chop, or steak—according to his means, or appetite—for a shilling or eighteenpence. If in Scotland, a pint of the very best soup, with a mutton-chop and bread, can be had at the first pastry-cook's in the city for a shilling; in New York I know not that anything worth eating can be had under a dollar. At this rate of living, therefore—even taking into account the extra gain—it is obvious that fortunes are not to be so readily made, and that they would look very small at an English banker's in *£ s. d.*

Americans are afflicted in the reverse way to poor Dora—they *add up with too much facility.*

Their hundreds soon creep into thousands, and when once they have got so far, they are not particular whether it be ten or twenty thousand; and though he "calculates" and "reckons" so much, the Yankee does not seem often right on that matter. Some nations are proverbially untruthful in figures. Asiatics have no distinct notion of numbers after they pass one hundred. Yet a crowd of boys assemble to see a bear dance, and they would assure you there were thousands of people there. If an army of a few thousand men marched out, they would be multiplied to millions. During the Russian war, the Turks persisted in enumerating their little army at about twenty times its actual strength, greatly to the bewilderment of the allied adjutant-generals. So, with American dollars, you more frequently hear in common conversation of a million dollars, than of a million francs in France. If a French woman has an income of *mille francs*, it is considered a nice little *dot* to marry upon, to enter a convent, or to set up in a fair way in business for herself. In America, a woman who had a thousand francs a year might make up her mind to starve or play at "beggar my neighbour." It may, however, be safely asserted that any man with good health, physical strength, and a little common sense, may certainly make for himself a position which he never could command at home.

Another erroneous idea is, that *artistes* can make a larger fortune in America than in Europe. It is true that sensationalism and humbug can be carried to a much greater extent there than in England. Excitement has been lashed up in that country to a higher point than elsewhere for obtaining money. But that is the work of the operator, not of the *artiste.* In the case of Jenny Lind, the success was more attributable to Barnum, the great operator, than to the witching notes of the "Swedish Nightingale." From overlooking this fact, the fair songstress—essaying to give concerts on her own account, and without the aid of her former manager—lost in the attempt very much of what she had already gained. So also with Ristori, who, in spite of speaking a language which was an almost unknown tongue in America, was yet able to create a *furore* and a fortune in one season. But she as surely lost it in the next, when she dispensed with the services of her clever theatrical manager—thus clearly demonstrating that it was the excitement people loved, and for which they were willing to pay, not her marvellous talent. Patti, although she made her *début* in America, made no fortune there, and has never returned to try the experiment, judiciously reasoning that sufficient excitement could not be got up, and that in Europe she can make a fortune without it. Adventurous mercantile men may occasionally make sudden fortunes by speculation; but this is mere Stock Exchange gambling, not to be put forward as an inducement to emigrants, or as a model mode of life. Indeed, American fortunes of this nature are made and lost so rapidly, that it is difficult to say who is really the rich man. Just as a few men, constantly passing and re-passing on the stage, are made to convey the idea of a numerous army, so a few fortunes, passing rapidly from hand to hand, give the idea of a great number of rich men. Two-thirds of the people you meet in America tell you of their former wealth and affluence, whilst the other third will expatiate on their rapid accession to fortune and their former poverty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

MEMPHIS, Tennessee, is built or stuck in the mud which the rapid current of the Mississippi casts hither and thither on its headlong gallop to the Gulf; sometimes forming large islands, sometimes swelling and sweeping forty or fifty miles across the country, covering crops and villages, and sometimes throwing up high mounds, like those on which Memphis is built. But whether hill or hollow, it is nevertheless mud, if it has the remotest connection with this lower portion of the Mississippi. It is mud, hard and dry, formed into strata much resembling cliffs; it is mud, soft, like oatmeal porridge cooked in a dirty pan; or it is mud, liquid, rolling in huge masses round the suburbs of the city of Memphis.

For miles and miles in every direction the roads and waste lands are impassable, from oceans of liquid mud. In most of the streets it concentrates into porridge again, and only within the last year or two—owing to the "Nicholson pavement" having been laid down—have the main thoroughfares become practicable. Previous to that epoch, it used to be a regular business to extricate hogs, buggies, horses, and waggons from the "mud-holes" in Main Street, into which they were constantly falling. And in other streets, where the mud was yet more liquid, they could only tell when an oxen team was coming up the streets by the bubbles on the surface! It is said that a great joke of the boys used to be to place a hat, or a pair of boots, soles uppermost, in the mud, and then to raise an alarm, when the passers-by would come to the conclusion that some unfortunate had sunk in the mud, leaving nothing but his hat or his boots to tell the tale.

Many of the side-walks are of planks, raised high above the mud, on trestle-work, and the crossings are a series of wooden bridges, over which vehicles have to bound in a manner too much like steeple-chasing to be comfortable. No stone is to be seen anywhere in this part of the country. Mud—thick mud, thin mud, and mud in every variety of form and colour—seemed to be the only natural formation of the country; and in this formation, as before mentioned, is the city of Memphis stuck. Nevertheless, it is a very thriving city; its position on the river being central, and in one way at the head of the navigation—on account of the ice, which frequently renders traffic by water impossible higher up than Cairo. Thus, for a thousand miles above New Orleans, Memphis is made the depôt for the lower portion of the Mississippi. One great feat the Memphians have accomplished is the cutting away of the mud bluffs, and the paving of the wharf, or *levée* as it is called, with stone. The stone must have been brought from a considerable distance, probably from Nashville, the rocky district—as Memphis is the muddy one—of Tennessee.

This landing was the finest I had seen on the Mississippi. One long street of stores faces the *levée*, which, in the season, was piled with bales of cotton, looking like fortifications, on the top of the high bluffs, about fifty feet above the level of the water. Some score of freight or passage steamers are usually lying in the river, discharging or taking in their cargoes. Not unfrequently there was a mighty rampart of bacon piled up ready for shipment; for pig, dead and alive, abounds in Memphis, as elsewhere in America.

The hogs of Memphis are like the inhabitants

—inclined to be riotous. Hearing a curious uproar one day, I looked out, and perceived that it was caused by a brown pig, which was using seditious language, and holding forth to a number of other pigs. He stood with his snout turned up in true stump oratory attitude, and descanted on the abuses incident to Memphis—his theme, of course, being mud.

"What a place," he said, "for Christians to live in—let alone pigs! Half a yard deep in solid mud everywhere, and deeper holes promiscuously scattered, where a whole hog might disappear, nothing but his tail being left visible."

The other pigs shook their heads wofully, and uttered groans of sympathy.

"What's that I see?" inquired the orator, perceiving something very like a pig's tail sticking up in the dense mud. Several pigs magnanimously waded up to their arm-pits, only, however, to find that it was the remains of a cowhide.

"Dog-gone it!" he went on. "How is a pig to live? Mud to the right, mud to the left, mud up the street, mud down the street"—indicating the directions by a graceful wave of his snout. "If a chicken-bone or potato is thrown out, it is immediately buried in mud. How is a pig to find it? I say we must have 'Reconstruction.' 'Freedmen's Bureau, indeed!

Shucks! all humbug! Let every hog rouse himself to action!"

The audience having thus had their duty made clear to them, gradually slunk off, leaving the brown pig pacing indignantly the narrow planking of the pathway. As he passed my window I threw him some apple-peeling.

"Humph!" he said, as he crunched it up, "I reckon you're from the old country. Memphis, I tell you, is no place for hog or man, and I am going farther west directly I hear of a good location."

Memphis is not, like Baltimore, celebrated for the beauty of its ladies; but surely it ought to be; and I take pleasure in being the first to announce the fact, that I saw more pretty girls in Memphis than in any city of America I had visited—always, of course, leaving Baltimore to bear the bell. The fine complexion of the Baltimore women is one of those startling peculiarities, before noticed, which make it so difficult to generalize America and its people. Though I think American women have, as a rule, better features than the English, they lack the healthy colouring of the latter, and the charm of high breeding.

There is also in Memphis a great taste for music, and, whether from meeting with cultivated Americans, not of the bowie-knife order, or whether it was the coming in contact with a number of Germans, we certainly heard there more good music, in private concerts, than in any other city. Concerts, too, were more frequent than elsewhere. I cannot, however, say much for their theatrical exhibitions, for the performances at the theatre were generally of the lowest order. They seemed to emulate the "Black Crook" style, in which the ballet-girls were said, by a New York paper, to be "barefooted up to the neck"—performances which, I think, would be hissed off the stage in England, and carried off by the police in France. Second-rate American companies indulge in them everywhere, and believe they are doing *Parisienne*, which appears to me to be the grand mistake that Americans make in all things. That insane copying of other nations, instead of striking out with some originality of their own.

You see respectable American gentlemen, "in the first society," imitating the style of dancing in vogue at the *Jardin des Fleurs;* fashionable people crowding theatres to witness exhibitions that would not be tolerated for an instant by good society in France—the Americans all the while fondly imagining that they are copying the manners of the *beau monde* of Paris. So, in costume, they adopt] *modes* which, however pretty they may be, a French milliner would not allow *a lady* to buy; simply because they were "*portées par le demi-monde.*"

Memphis has the character of being rather a turbulent city. Men settle their differences mostly at the mouth of the Colt or Derringer——the pistol which, in America, is a power, evident, overwhelming and active. By it the decrees of the men of the Southern and Western States are, *de facto*, issued in fire, and sealed in blood. Its dark, wide-opened eye, peering over each lady's shoulder, preserves her from insult; its brightly burnished, thin iron arm makes men polite where they would be insolent; honest, where they would be thieves; well-conducted, where else they would browbeat all comers; and so far it has its uses, legitimate and necessary enough.

Any means whereby evil may certainly be prevented and good promoted, is to be approved, and if the pistol invariably promulgated such doctrine, we should have cause for satisfaction and pleasure at the extension of its dominion, instead of, as now, dismay and horror, for the rule of the pistol prevails throughout, and practically governs, the Southern and Western States. Whoever can first draw a pistol, or, if he thinks that would take too long, fires it through the lining of his pocket, virtually tries his own case, and executes sentence. It may cost him something to engage counsel for his legal defence, to procure bail, and to distribute in other quarters, but what hot-blooded man, with pistol in hand, ever calculates how much *money* it will cost him to fire it ?

The Memphis newspapers of January 1st, 1869, published a list of local events during the past year. The list included thirty-three homicides, for none of which had a man been hanged. What with bribery, political influence, personal friendships, and a fellow feeling on the part of the judge and jury—who, no doubt, are all armed with pistols themselves at the very time of the trial—a man is sure to escape punishment. The very apathy evinced by the inhabitants of these lawless States on hearing of a cold-blooded murder, or a series of them, is a sure index of their frequency.

The newspapers always affect horror at first, for they must keep up their dignity, and the fiction of censorship ; but they gradually veer round, first by investigating " the other side of the question," (as if any " other side " could be justification for murder in cold blood), then by sympathising with the "unfortunate" man's (murderer's) friends ; then the hope there may be no recurrence of such deeds, and, finally, expressing a wish that " bygones may be bygones," they drop the subject and wash their hands, ready for the next plash of blood, which is sure to spurt across them ere long.

In some states (Kentucky, I believe, is one) the "code of honour" demands that the aggrieved person should, before firing, ask the aggressor if he is armed. An affirmative is the signal for shooting; a negative brings a stern request to procure arms. Generally, however, the rule is that the one who can fire first shall have the first shot. Often without a word to indicate any deadly intention, and even a long time after the (perhaps quite unintentional) affront has been forgotten by one of them, the other will suddenly appear and send the unsuspecting man into eternity to learn there the reason *why*.

One of the most dastardly deeds of which it has ever been my fate to hear, was committed on board a river steamboat a few months before my visit to Memphis. Two friends—who were old friends, too—were pacing the deck together, when a slight quarrel arose; some high words passed; one of them drew his pistol, and was about to fire, but his friend exclaimed, "Oh! surely you won't shoot an old friend, one who has known you so long; surely you won't shoot *me*, old fellow!" His assailant immediately relented, and returned the pistol to his pocket; but at that instant received a ball through the brain from the hand of the man whose life he had spared. Nothing was done to him—"provocation," you know. Instances of a similar character could be multiplied *ad infinitum;* but the above is surely horrid enough, and may well satisfy any one.

The courts of justice are powerless in such matters. A case had been recently called in court; the parties to the suit appeared, and made a statement to the effect that they had "agreed to settle the matter outside," which they did with their pistols, in spite of judge, jury, and police. This was not considered by any means *outré,* for in another case a man was committed for "contempt of court," and subsequently was fined ten dollars for firing at his "Lordship" on the bench, the ball lodging in the partition, within three inches of his Lordship's ear.

A few days afterwards, two opposing counsel, who had waxed wrath in the course of their argument, rushed out into the small square—the public park of Memphis—and terminated their dispute by taking flying shots at one another from behind trees—an "Alabama" duel—much to the dismay of the nursery-maids and the squirrels, who seem to be the natural inhabitants of this patch of ground. These squirrels, it may be noticed, *en passant,* hold possession by charter, like the pigeons of San Maria, and are fed and lodged by the city. Had either of the lawyers shot one of the squirrels, he would have found it a far more serious business than if he had shot his brother lawyer. A man may do almost anything in Memphis but molest the squirrel.

Our sensations on first arriving were those of awe and trepidation; for while at table we heard described in a most nonchalent and matter-of-course way what appeared to us—though so jauntily related—a most atrocious murder of a gentleman in his own room and by his own friend. From the unconcerned manner of the whole party it was obvious that the subject was too familiar a one to excite any emotion whatever. We British law-abiding people moralized mentally on the callousness displayed; yet, I regret to say, that ere we had lived in Memphis very long we had become so accustomed to, I may even say, *blasés* with daily murders and atrocities, that when a friend brought me in a newspaper, containing fifteen tragedies, and wished to read them to me, I replied, "Oh pray excuse me now, I am busy packing." Having detected, notwithstanding his disguise, one of my old persecutors, who had come over four thousand miles to torment me, I must also plead to a guilty knowledge that there were several champions "out on the war-path" with murderous weapons, and "with *malice prepense,* to do him grievous bodily harm;" and though conscious that, at any moment, one or more of them might be brought home on a shutter, I felt no more disturbed by any tremors than did the party dining, when the murder took place on the day of my arrival. Any remorse of conscience which I might have felt, was, however, spared me by the retreat of my enemy and the failure of all attempts to "strike his trail." With change of air and scene, however, the keenness of my moral susceptibilities returned.

During the Crimean War, so accustomed had I grown to seeing dead men sewn up in sailcloth, prior to their consignment to a watery grave, that, driven by sheer exhaustion to rest myself, and the hold of the vessel being choked with cholera patients, I actually sat down on a pile of corpses awaiting their burial. Yet, at this moment, I should shrink as much as any one from the touch of a dead hand.

Memphis contains about fifty thousand of a very mixed kind of population—Southerners, Northerners, negroes, and nondescripts, the latter consisting of refugees from Arkansas—pronounced Ark-en-saw—deserters from the British army; bankrupts, from the east; devil-may-care swindlers and gamblers, from the four quarters of the globe; "carpet-baggers," and "scalawags." The gamblers came to a disastrous end during our stay in the city; the new chief of police, who was a parson, made one evening a raid on the gaming-houses; surrounded and took prisoners all within their precincts, and marched them off to the calaboose —to the number of a hundred. As they were not released next morning until they had each paid a fine of twelve dollars, the police netted a very good sum by the raid—to say nothing of what they got from those they "failed to capture" or who "escaped from custody."

Memphis, having quietly surrendered, was occupied by the Federal troops almost from the commencement of the war. There is a large fort, called Fort Pickering, some two miles distant from the city; but it was quite useless for the purpose of defence. It was built during the war of 1812, in order to oppose the passage of the British up the river; but the battle of New Orleans prevented them from making the attempt, and the fort remained in ruins until restored and enlarged by the Confederates in 1861. Fort Pickering is a striking comment on the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the vacillation of human desires. Originally built to establish the Union, it was rebuilt to destroy it.

When the Confederates evacuated the city they retired to Grenada, and Memphis was left in peace—save an occasional raid by General Forrest, celebrated for this description of fighting. He rode into Memphis early one morning with the object of drawing back a Federal force, which had started some hours previously to reinforce the main army, and he also hoped to surprise and capture the officers remaining in the city, and to obtain what provisions and mules he could. It is related that the garrison were roused from their beds—mostly in the hotels—by the entry of Forrest and his men, who did not give them time to don their accoutrements or even decent covering. The General in command had to beat a retreat, or rather to make, in the cool morning air, a desperate run for the Fort—his movements being impeded only by the single garment he wore.

A strange scene presented itself in the town during the two hours that this visitation lasted—the Southern inhabitants welcoming their friends with feasting and rejoicing. An occasional deserter was caught up and hanged to the nearest tree, whilst the Federal soldiers having no idea of the *ruse*, but believing the town surprised and taken, fled towards the cover of Fort Pickering. Strange wild stories are told of the feats of General Forrest, who seems to have had a thorough military genius, without any military education or knowledge. His stratagems and *ruses de guerre* were among the most successful feats of the war. On one occasion, when a Federal force of eighteen hundred men made a dash on Rome in Georgia, Forrest, with his cavalry, was sent to intercept them. Finding that the Yankees had had too good a start to give him hope of overtaking them with the whole of his force, he selected from the best mounted two hundred and fifty men and hurried on to Rome, which he reached while the enemy was yet some miles away.

Hastily arming some two or three hundred old men, whom he found in the place, and getting two guns into position, he sent forward an aide-de-camp to summon the approaching General to surrender. The Yankee, at first, laughed at the demand, but the cool indifference of the aide-de-camp who rode away directly he received his negative answer, so shook his resolution that he requested and obtained an interview with Forrest. Forrest had given directions to his men to move in squads, from one position to another, through the surrounding broken country, and to shift, from time to time, the position of the guns. When the Yankee asked him how many men he had, Forrest said he did not exactly know.

"But," said he, "there, is *one* brigade, and there, you see, is *another*—there is one battery just moving off, and there is another, I believe, coming into position," and so on. The Northerner was completely duped, and surrendered his 1800 men to Forrest's 250.

Forrest's mode of expressing himself, when directing movements, was somewhat peculiar. "Total that ere artillery, and sot it down *thar*," for instance—was shouted from the top of a tree, into which this dashing cavalry officer had climbed for a better view of the scene of action. We were told, that Forrest, on one occasion, with two thousand men, inflicted so severe a *repulse* upon twenty-eight thousand Yankees as to completely disorganize the whole army—its two distinguished Generals reaching Memphis with only one mule which both were riding at the same time.

The population of Memphis is a very mixed one, as regards political feeling but from the large number of negroes, the Radicals are the dominant party.

The Dominicans have a handsome church at Memphis—the handsomest one in the city; also two convents—the finest buildings in the place. One of them is for a poor school, the other is a seminary for young ladies. The lion of the city was, as usual, the cemetery. It was a pretty enough spot, when reached; but in muddy weather, it was almost inaccessible. It would appear that the defunct of Memphis resembled the living, in running long accounts; for it was placarded, at the gates of this abode of death—"Positively, no credit."

I must here chronicle, that the one solitary good dinner I had had for twelve months, outside of a private house, was at a French *restaurant* in Memphis. It was kept by Gaston, who furnished us with as good a dinner as could be got in Paris—for the simple reason, that the *restaurant* was conducted on the French principle, and the food cooked by a French cook. As regards fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, and fruits, as good a supply can no doubt be had in America as in any country in the world; but there little attention is paid either to the producing, or cooking of them. Poultry and cattle are generally but half fed; vegetables and fruits are neither well grown, nor well cooked. Peaches and grapes have not the flavour or perfume that they have in France. The system of canning unripe fruit renders it almost impossible ever to obtain it ripe for eating. It is all gathered before it comes to maturity; is canned and sent off elsewhere. Ripe fruit, in a country where fruit-trees abound, is the rarest thing to be met with, and most people make themselves ill by eating it unripe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

PERHAPS, "the least said the soonest mended," might be thought to apply here; but I believe that in this, as in many other things, the more said the more mended. Therefore, at the risk of giving some pain to the few who possess good manners, I must say that the want of good manners in all classes of Americans is unpleasantly prominent, as the experience of every one who has travelled in the United States will confirm. Only by a continual course of diplomacy, and a persevering exercise of tact and forbearance can you obtain decent respect and civility. You are obliged to be constantly on your guard against impertinence and intrusion. You are for ever obliged to parade your self-respect and dignity, or some one will put his hands or his feet in your lap.

A lady stranger, with whom you have barely exchanged five words, will march into your bedroom, at all hours and seasons, and coolly amuse herself with staring at your déshabille and toilet operations. She has not the slightest delicacy as to dressing or undressing herself in the presence of a stranger, and cannot, therefore, see why *you* should have any. She desires to satisfy her curiosity as to how you "fix" your hair; whether it is real, or false, like her own—which she at once pulls off to show you—whether your teeth are human or not; whether, in fine, the charms of the person, whom she has seen in public, "are hers as nature placed them," or whether, like herself, she is made up of "fixens." To thrust one's self unasked into the privacy of a bed-chamber would be considered rudeness all over the world. But American ladies will visit you in your chamber, in spite of the message that you are in bed and indisposed.

Perhaps it may be answered, "They are not ladies." Then I would ask who *are* ladies in America? The wife of a grocer, a tailor, or a chandler keeps, probably, the handsomest equipage in the city, lives in the most expensive house, and dresses in the most costly style; she is, therefore, considered the highest and most important leader of *ton*. "One of our wealthiest citizens," is as an introduction, or when used in a newspaper, always equivalent to "One of our most *respected* citizens;" the latter term is, however, rarely, if ever used. I have met and known intimately American ladies whose native refinement, delicacy of feeling and grace of manner are unsurpassed by the highest-bred European lady; but they are the exceptions—few and far between.

An American woman is deficient both in external as well as internal delicacy. Her bosom knows no sacred privacy. She will start and tell you her whole family history and affairs before you have known her half an hour. A lady—*of fashion*, at all events—after an introduction on a steamer, told me the whole history of her life; the disagreeable character of her two husbands, the latter of whom had recklessly squandered the handsome property the first had left her, and of which she ought to have had the full enjoyment, as she certainly married him for it, and he died two years after, being much older than her own father. We suggested that it would probably have been as well to have remained a widow. She appeared to take a retrospective glance, then replied, she "felt lonesome," she "felt like marrying again."

One lady told me on making her return-call, of a piece of scandal that had been afloat concerning herself some years before, and which most women would have preferred to have kept to themselves. A second, on her first visit, entertained me with the details of a horrible surgical operation she had gone through. Another with the cruelty and infidelity of her husband. This lady, commenting on the interview to another, a mutual friend, exclaimed, "What a provoking creature that Mrs. —— is, she never said a word about herself."

The middle classes are rough, and always ready to be impertinent. Servants are particularly wanting in due deference and respect. They acknowledge neither master nor mistress, but are their masters in fact, for upon the slightest cause of offence they immediately, and without a moment's warning, leave you to cook your own dinner, wait upon yourself, and do otherwise as *bon vous semble.* If you chance to give an order that does not please your servant, you must make up your mind to execute it yourself; and the most curious part of the history is, that these, male and female, are all Irish servants. No people in the world are at home more obsequious to their masters than the poor Irish dependants and servants, and no class of people more arrogant and self-asserting when they become Americanized. Such is the inevitable rebound from servility to tyranny. The Irish peasant cannot tyrannize in America because he is controlled and balanced by German and American predominance, but the disposition is purely in them to do it.

Whether American Irish servants are actually raised in the scale of humanity by their silk gowns, velvet head-dresses, and chignons, above the warm-hearted, ever-willing, bare-footed, dishevelled handmaids of old Ireland, is a knotty problem not here to be fathomed. But if one chance to be lying sick and alone, it is pleasanter to hear, "Ah! sure, what's this I can do for ye?" than to be told, after twenty hours of deserted sickness, on asking the chambermaid to wet your fevered lips with a little water, "If you want water ye must ring the bell for the boy, who will tell the waiter to come. It's not my work to be handing water." After which speech, she sails out of the room, leaving me to rise and ring for the boy who is to tell the waiter, who is to take my orders for a glass of water or a cup of tea.

The Irish girls seem to drop their national idiom with their national character, and pick up the American, in which I fail to see improvement. In one of the provincial hotels I was aroused from a rather heavy morning nap by the girl—the "help," or "assistant," as servants are termed here. "I want to get *through*," she said in a defiant manner, regarding my winking eyes with anything but complacency.

"You may go through," I said; "but have the goodness not to return this way; you disturb me."

"I want to get through *the bed,*" she replied.

"*Get through the bed!*" I exclaimed. "My good woman, what do you mean?"

"I am going out," said she, indignantly, "and I want to get through my work."

"Oh! I perceive. You want to make my bed. But you can't do that while I am in it, you know." She quitted me, banging the door, but not shutting it, and never returned to "get through" my bed that day; and I had to make it myself that night.

Servants, who are actually designated "young ladies and addressed as Miss and Madam," are the plague of American life. Servant-women will scarcely do anything rough or menial, and boys have to be hired to do it by the job. A raw Irish girl, who had scarcely ever worn a pair of shoes in her life before those she got when she went to America, would feel her dignity irreparably wounded if she were asked to brush the shoes even of a lady; a lady must brush her own dress or hire a boy to do it. With the quick wit of their country, they have always a pert, saucy answer ready. A lady assured me, that having disagreed with her cook as to the manner of cooking a certain dish, that individual walked upstairs, packed her things, and left the dinner to roast, and boil, and take care of itself, though she waited for the coach to pass for a town some eight miles away. The mistress, expressing her indignation at such conduct, in the presence of the chambermaid—or housemaid as we should call her—was warned not to say much on that subject, or she would have to go home, too. This spark, rather adding fuel to the fire, resulted in both servants going off by the coach together, leaving their mistress completely at her wits' end.

Considering the respect and deference with which the Irish treat their superiors in the old country, this attempt at equality does appear most unaccountable. Having myself met with an old acquaintance, one of my old worshippers in Ireland, I made this remark, "How is it, Biddy, that you don't treat your mistresses as ladies ought to be treated?"

"God bless you, ma'am! it's because there *is no ladies* to thrate, sure. There be no *rale* gintry in this country; and why would we be saying, 'your honour' like in the old country?"

"But surely, Biddy, there must be some ladies?"

"Yes, ma'am; just the same ladies as I'll be myself, when I git on my new silk suit, and go to housekeeping, and keep a girl. Sure, ma'am, would you expect she'd thrate me like *rale* gintry?"

This speech gave me a true key to the enigma of society in the United States.

The country is being populated by the flooding in of Irish emigrants, who all, as a rule—no matter what their antecedents—rise to an equality with the best. I was just as likely as not to have met my Biddy in society in her silk suit, as head chambermaid at a fashionable hotel, and no doubt her daughter will some day sweep Broadway with her velvets and satins. Biddy, with her ten years chamber-maiding, her husband bar-keeping, soon realizes an independence. They set up a liquor store, make a rapid fortune, and board at a fashionable hotel. Biddy wears diamonds every day, and all day long. Her husband becomes sheriff, or mayor, or even governor—anything but president, for he must be a native American.

All these offices are often filled by men who have left Ireland as common labourers. For Irishmen are ambitious and clever, and in no way daunted by the peasant origin, as they are sure to believe that they came of "dacent people," and are fifth cousins to some very high family at home. With wonderful tact they pick up a general idea of what a gentleman ought to be. But as their models are not very perfect ones, it is not surprising that this large class of enriched peasantry, though truly praiseworthy and respectable in every sense, should, nevertheless, fail to become ladies and gentlemen.

Yet even this rule has its exceptions. I was introduced to an old lady whom I really thought aristocratic in style, manner, and conversation. She was a very handsome old lady, with refined intelligent features; she spoke easily and fluently on all subjects, with the soupçon of an Irish accent. She was seated at an open escritoire covered with papers and books, and appeared to have dropped her writing as I entered. The apartment, in fact, had quite a literary air. But I was afterwards assured that she could neither read nor write, though she had long ruled the *beau monde* in those parts. In truth, her toilette was that of a lady. She had a niece, to whom she would constantly say, "Now, Patty, darling, write me out this, or read me so-and-so." I could not help suspecting that the old lady's father or mother had been nearer than fifth cousin to "the gentry."

CHAPTER XXV.

LOUISVILLE.—THE HOLY BROTHERS.

LOUISVILLE sets itself up for the most beautiful city of the United States, but few save Louisvillians would perceive it. It is a well-built town, of some one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is finely situated for commercial purposes. It communicates, by the Ohio, with the Mississippi, and with the South and West; yet it does not command as large an amount of trade as Cincinnati, which is one hundred and fifty miles farther up the river. There is really nothing whatever of beauty about Louisville; its site is a dead level, and the country is flat for miles around. The trees in the suburbs are small, and pitiful-looking in winter; and it is difficult to say where the beauty could be found even in summer.

Louisville is a sort of debatable land between the West and South. The Kentuckians, who are not purely Southerners, are square-built, sturdy, rough, energetic, and rude. They do not attempt any very high degree of refinement. The principal merchants dwell in stores and offices, which are rough and dirty, are on a level with the street, and resemble chandlers' establishments in Portsmouth or Southampton. Whatever their wealth may be, they cannot certainly be called merchant *princes*—they and their surroundings being the reverse of princely.

When Mr. Dickens was in Louisville, he complained, I am told, that he could not get water enough. My complaint, if I made one, would be that there were not chairs enough, not having been asked to take a seat when making calls on the merchant princes. Frequently I had to go through the American catechism standing. One wealthy merchant, in particular, to whom I brought a letter of introduction from a general officer, put me through a catechism respecting my movements standing. "How long have you been in this country?" "How soon will you go back?" "Where have you come from last?" "Where are you going next?" "How do you like this country?" "Have you made any money?" "Is this your first visit?" "Shall you ever come again?" "What do you think of the books you English have written about us?" "They have not done us justice. This is a great country. They don't understand us. I hope *you* will." I, however, understand chiefly by this time that I am tired of standing, and break off the catechism by saying "Good morning," to which he replies "Good *evening*"—for an American evening commences immediately after midday. Such is a specimen of manners in Louisville—not that the Louisvillians are to be considered as specimens of Americans generally.

Most persons, on receiving a letter of introduction, will ask you to take a seat before putting you through the catechism. Some will offer to be of service to you, *offer* to show you the sights of the place—consisting generally of the cemetery—but rarely fulfil their offers. They will hope to see you *some* day, but never fix upon any. They intend to do themselves the pleasure of calling upon you at your hotel, which they *always* do, and by that time have probably remembered a good many more questions to ask. If they have learned that you are a musician, they are anxious to put you through an examination there and then as to your proficiency in vocal and instrumental music. Sentiments of delicacy, or feeling, are perfectly ignored in these matters.

If the gentlemen of Louisville do not affect any style, and stand, with their hands in their pockets, propping up the jambs of the street doors, the ladies are by no means behindhand in attempts at style and *tournure.* Perhaps if they did not aim at so much fashion and *haut ton,* they would be more agreeable people. If they did not attempt to be princesses, or, rather, to make you believe them to be, they would doubtless be far more pleasant acquaintances. If a lady in Louisville can only get a train long enough, her figure twisted enough, and her whole person to resemble a scared gander, she believes she has reached the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection. Where the fearful contortion called the Grecian bend originated, history telleth not; I saw it for the first time in Louisville, and it struck me as the usual American burlesque on French *tournure,* on the drill-master's constant order (and all girls are drilled in France) "mademoiselle, *hanche en arrière;*" but it never occurred to him, or any other human being, that demoiselles should therefore poke their heads and shoulders *en avant.*

The hat and tuft of feathers projecting over the nose, and supported by it, with a hump of stiffening raised on the back, transform the "human form divine" into the very silliest looking of bipeds. The feet of the ladies, though small, are broad and flat, and as they had not been accustomed to walk with heels until very recently, when equipped in their full toilette they waddled or hopped along, like farm-yard creatures, or "cats on cockles." So, what with the men standing at the open shop-doors, and chewing and spitting into the street, and the women sweeping it up with their trains, and vying with each other in attaining the highest pitch of grotesque frivolity, it is no wonder that there is so little intellectuality in Louisville.

The gathering which greeted Mrs. Fanny Kemble at her readings in the large hall, surpassed anything *Punch* or Leech ever imagined. Well for Mrs. Kemble that the *ensemble* would only present to her view a many-coloured parterre, or she never could, with becoming gravity, have gone through the solemn part of Henry VIII. Such an assemblage of vague, bewildered faces, was surely never before collected under such a mass of peacock feathers, bows, and flowers.

Mrs. Kemble's agent was a shrewd man, and knew how to draw a Louisvilliian audience, at any rate for once. He peremptorily insisted, in his advertisements, that it was the height of fashion to hear Mrs. Kemble, and that not to have heard her was to be nobody. He advertised her dress, her diamond pin, her candlesticks, her screen, and even the brass-headed nails on her table—by courtesy called "gold." All this was very interesting and intelligible to the Louisville public; but the queen of Shakspearian readings was a dead letter, a sealed book to their torpid souls. Having seen the diamond pin and gold nails, they were satisfied.

It would be impossible to find a people more easily humbugged; but then it must be humbug *pur et simple*—any reality intermixed is almost sure to destroy the whole effect. If that same shrewd agent could have got any good-looking woman to personate Mrs. Kemble, she would have succeeded infinitely better than Mrs. Kemble herself, because it would have been all humbug together.

Having elsewhere made allusion to the decadence of the Christian faith in America, it is only fair to remark that at Louisville there is a brotherhood or association of *Christian* young men, who carry their *Christianity* to the very strictest limits, even surpassing the austerity of the Trappists, or the monks of Chartreuse, if the following curious observance of the rules which came to my knowledge can be relied upon.

It having been suggested to me that this society of Christians had a lecture-room, an introduction to the president or abbot was obtained. He received the lady in anything but a monastic establishment, it being a plough factory. He conveyed to her, with some circumlocution, that the society of which he had the honour to be president was purely a *Christian* association, devoted to Christian objects and purposes, and extremely opposed to anything of an opposite tendency; that he felt proud as an *individual* to have made the acquaintance, but that the society could not, under any circumstances, enter into any arrangement with, or be associated in any way with a lady!

Anxious to ascertain clearly the principles of this society, she inquired if they approximated to those of the Mahommedans, which exclude women from the elysium of the Koran, and replace them by houris? or had they an affinity with those monks of Chartreuse, who exclude the foot of woman from their earthly abode, or their sight? He replied that he knew nothing of the doctrines of either. What, then, was her surprise to see an advertisement from these sacred brethren a little while after, imploring the ladies in the strongest terms to get up a bazaar for their benefit. These associated Christians of Louisville were not too religious to accept a service from a woman, but dreaded with holy horror the contamination of rendering one,

> "Compounding for sins they were inclined to,
> By damning those they had no mind to."

In speaking of these Christian brothers, I allude solely and entirely to the so-called Young Men's Christian Association of Louisville. Let them not for one moment be confounded with that noble and devoted fraternity denominated "*Frères Chrétiens,*" who educate gratis half the youth of France, and who are following out their praiseworthy avocation in America, as already mentioned. Many of these men shed a lustre not only on their sex, but on humanity. Far from them the Pharisaic hypocrisy of saintdom which says, "We, being justified by grace, cannot look on yonder publican without defiling our sight. We may not listen to anything so frivolous as a woman lisping in soft music poetic thoughts, lest she seduce us to mundane imaginings. We must cast the evil thing far from us. Poetry on a woman's lips! What can be more dangerous?" The Young Men's pure Christian Association felt like St. Anthony, "They knew the thing, the lovely guise; they did not *dare* to look."

I consider this the greatest discovery made in America, and I feel the more gratified because Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who found out all sorts of curiosities in sects, never stumbled on this one. Perhaps because he is a man; but he certainly ought to have had my associated Christians in the foreground of his group of Mormons, Free Lovers, Spiritualists, Quakers, Shakers, etc. They are possibly indigenous to Louisville. The Ladies' Fair is rather a staggerer to one's complete faith, yet this much is certain, that like good St. Kevin, "From Kathleen's eyes they flew; eyes of most unholy blue." And so far I am entitled to merit, although they may not as yet deserve full canonization.

The coal which is found near Louisville, and the iron that is smelted there, make it one of the dirtiest cities in the States, with the exception of Pittsburgh. The streets are well paved; many of the buildings are stone or iron fronted. and the residences in the suburbs of the town are in the Peckham villa style. Having arrived at this Surrey side, aristocratic elevation, the Louisvillians consider that art and nature have exhausted their resources in their formation, and that nothing better can or will ever be produced to the end of the world.

There is a large and commodious hotel, as comfortable and well kept as any hotel in America; but then the steward is an Englishman. It is called "The Louisville," and makes up about three hundred beds. A new hotel, about twice the size, was about to be opened, everything in it being got up for show and display. It seemed likely to be as uncomfortable as most other hotels in the United States.

In these magnificent hotels ladies are strictly prohibited from doing their own washing, and are requested to apply to the clerk—usually a young, foppish individual—for a washing list, and to report to him, noting your articles, and the price to be paid for them, no article, however small, being under fivepence halfpenny.

The chambermaid is purely a chambermaid, or rather "bed-maker," as at Oxford or Cambridge, and she refuses to lend you any assistance whatever, so that if any articles are lost at the laundry, as they not unfrequently are, she is fain to let them go rather than examine the list with the clerk.

Louisville is Democratic in its politics; having been a slave state during the war, it was somewhat Southern in its feeling and tone, though by its admixture with the west, this element assumes a different style and character. Although Kentucky was neutral during the war, and occupied by Federal troops, most Kentuckians are democrat, and in favour of slavery, though not of secession. They had no interest, like the large planters of Louisiana and S. Carolina, in extending themselves into new territories. Their slaves were labourers, artisans, workmen, employed in all sorts of work at home, and to be hired out. Hence the Kentuckians were more satisfied with their position, and would not join in the secession, hoping to keep up domestic slavery at home, as it then stood. They were therefore very indignant with the Southern planters, who forced on, by their persistent efforts at secession, the emancipation of the slaves.

Few Northern, and still fewer Western, people were any more averse to slavery, as it then existed, than the South; but both strongly objected to the South aggrandizing herself by extending slavery into those immense new territories—Kansas, Texas, and the rest, united, or to be united, to the States. But when the South declared, in its haughty contempt, that it would break up the Union, would destroy the glory of the American nation, that it would annihilate its prestige and power, efface the boasted Republic of the *United* States from the history of the world, and would destroy "this great country," leaving it maimed and disabled to do as it best could with its disjointed limbs—then the Yankee was cut to the quick, and turned on his sister Carolina with all the vindictive hate that a man feels towards a supercilious woman. Not to be able to boast of the United States as the greatest nation in the world, not to be able to vaunt his Republican principles as the greatest system of government on earth, no longer to be able to extol the American people as the finest in creation, was to him worse than death. To lose that prestige, was to him worse than any loss, and to save it, no sacrifice of blood or money was too great—and this alone brought about this war *à outrance*.

Not for humanity, not to free the suffering slaves—for humanity and philanthropy are not his shining virtues—but to avoid that worst and most galling of positions, the bursting of his vaunted bubble over his own head.

The Northerners, rather than accept that position, took up another of *quasi*-monarchial government. They stigmatized the Southerners as "Rebels," subdued them by force of arms, and then ruled them as absolutely as any imperial autocrat. They were glad enough to receive them back on any terms at that time, although, having once got them under their sway, they have not kept their promises. Republican self-government in the United States had had a dangerous sickness, and time alone will show whether it will ever thoroughly recover.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM LOUISVILLE TO CAVE CITY.—HOME AND FOREIGN DWARFS.

EN route from Louisville to Cave City, we passed through a most picturesque chain of hills, which rose abruptly, and terminated in oddly sharp points—their peaks so clearly defined against the sky as to resemble a chain of mountains cut in paper by a child. The railway skirted them, running through a ravine for about twenty miles, now crossing it by a suspension-bridge, now running along the edge of a rock, but never on a wider space than would barely carry the train, sometimes not half a yard intervening between it and the brink of the precipice.

American railroads are made easily enough for temporary use. Half a dozen trees are felled on either side, and thrown down somewhat at random. Half a dozen feet of earth shovelled over them levels them; iron gathered on the mountains, where it lies as thick as blackberries, is then passed through the foundry, laid pretty straight along the ground, and you have an American railway. Of course there are a good many accidents, but the cars are cheaply and slightly built; and, besides, the travelling is not so rapid as in England, so that should a piece of rail have gone astray, the driver generally perceives it. The train is then stopped, all are set to work to replace it, and again you pass on. Sometimes the passengers are requested to lend a helping hand, which they readily do, as a matter of course.

How would a trainful of English passengers receive a proposition that they should descend from their comfortably-padded seats, leave their warm foot-pans, morning *Times*, etc., and do an hour's shovelling and pick-axing, in order to "fix the track?" In America you must just do it, and make the best of it. Perhaps having no comfortably-padded seats to descend from may make a difference. Yet by no argument or proof can you convince an American that everything is not as complete and perfect as it is in Europe.

Everywhere along our route the earth was strewn with a warm brown carpet of crisp leaves, and those trees which still retained their summer garb had adopted their winter hue. In the train we travelled by was the smallest atom of a man I ever saw—twenty-eight inches comprised the whole of him. He was very stylishly arrayed—a velvet waistcoat, gold guard-chain, gold-headed cane, and square-toed tiny boots. He had written the story of his life, and was offering the book for sale, together with a photograph of himself. He was perfectly formed, and had a pleasant, intelligent face. He was born, I am told, in Memphis, where he had lived, and had been generally seen and known in the city. Strange to say, during our stay in Memphis Tom Thumb chanced to arrive, and gave a reception. The Memphians rushed into the wildest excitement over this small natural phenomenon; the room was so crowded, that ladies fainted, and children screamed. Had the Queen of Sheba herself come down in all her glory, she could not have caused more sensation in Memphis than did the advent of Tom Thumb.

By a curious coincidence, there was also on the same train with us a man eight feet high, and broad in proportion, called the Kentucky giant. He was said to weigh over three hundred pounds. He had been a soldier in the Confederate army, and under arms during the whole four years. Although foremost in a score of engagements, he had never been wounded or taken prisoner. I thought it a proof of very poor shooting on the part of the Yankees. The Kentuckians, as a race, are tall, heavy men, lacking the ease and grace of those of the more Southern States. Kentucky, during the war, was a neutral State, and occupied a most anomalous and uncomfortable position. The legislature decided, after a fierce and stormy debate, in which pistols proved as forcible as eloquence, that the State should remain neutral. Upon this resolution being passed, one third, at least, of the fiercest Kentuckians seceded from their State and joined the rebel army, while the rest soon fell under the dominion of Northern troops, who are said to have pillaged alike both the loyal and disloyal—but *of course* under mistaken impressions. Yet where there was good wine, plate, and valuables, this mistake was common enough.

Had Kentucky gone heartily with the other slave States, it might have brought about a very different condition of affairs, for they are a strong, powerful race, physically and mentally, and their weight thrown into the scale might have turned the balance in favour of the South, besides, geographically speaking, advancing the borders of the Confederacy into the heart of the enemy's dominions. More than once the Southern forces marched into Kentucky and endeavoured to hold it as a base of operations, but the neutral Kentuckians had to inform them that unless they withdrew from the State they would have to declare against them. Kentucky belonged to that third party in the United States who were slave-owners, and at the same time Union-upholders. The terrific civil war and unspeakable sufferings consequent thereon had given a sort of *quietus* to the country, similar to the reaction of lassitude after a fever; but, so far as it was possible to judge, the whole land was in a state of disunion and dissatisfaction as strong, if not stronger, than before the war, and much more bitter than any feeling existing between England and Ireland within the last half century.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.—MARRIAGE UNDER GROUND.

WE arrived at the Mammoth Cave on one of those heavenly days which earthly words fail to depict. It was the second week in November, the "Indian summer," the most charming season in America. If anything were necessary to convince me that a future beatitude is no fiction, it would be this foretaste of bliss in such days as these, when the whole being—mind and body—seems lapped in a state of peace and beatitude combined. Anxieties and worldly cares seem to float away into the dim distance; our love is free from feverish excitement, and hate has lost its gall and sting. The golden light which floats around mellows our soul to repose. There is that exhilarating, yet balmy nourishment in the atmosphere which lifts the weary spirit from its damp and earthly coil, and makes it glad, and light, and gleesome. The heavy "heart bowed down by weight of woe," suddenly imbibes some of the joyous elasticity which fills the insect tribe—the bees and grasshoppers, the golden fly, glittering and humming in pure ecstacies, and the merry little beetles revelling in one continuous contre-dance. Rarely, indeed, can we overcharged human beings feel as blithesome as the insect world; we seek to taste the apples of delight which turn to ashes in our mouth, and neglect to sip with them the nectar in the breeze. What can we do ? these breezes come so seldom. The insect sparkles to-day in the sunshine and to-morrow it dies. We of the superior race have to live and labour through sunshine and shade, and can only catch these rosy minutes as they fly.

Some of these halcyon moments we enjoyed on that fortunate day we arrived at the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. The earth was covered with its autumn carpet of dry, dark leaves—brown and glossy on one side, deep violet on the other—and crinkling and crushing beneath our tread; they kept up a staccato treble to the dulcet sighing of the wind through the yellow leaves still lingering on the trees. A delicious concert of sweet sounds, and one that Mozart and Mendelssohn must have studied well and carefully.

The atmosphere was bright and clear as under a summer sun, but without the heat; the air as fine and bracing as winter, but without the cold. We lost sight entirely of the two great tormentors, heat and cold, and for the few days of our stay, forgot their very existence.

I have heard of persons feeling, under the effect of laughter, as light and buoyant as if floating in ambient air. The atmosphere during their "Indian summer" must, doubtless, be strongly impregnated with oxygen, for we experienced a similar sensation; which was probably deepened by the fact of our having come from Louisville, where those hotel stairs had seemed a perfect toil to us.

The country around the caves, for eight or ten miles, was a series of deep ravines, studded with projecting cliffs and rocks, and covered with oak—principally the English oak—and another gigantic species, with leaves from a quarter to half a yard long, but of the same form as the ordinary oak leaf. Up and down the ravines we scrambled and roamed, as happy as goats or wild chamois. These ravines, or glens, have no doubt been the beds of some ancient river, now, perhaps, flowing through the bowels of the earth—for this part of the country is intersected by underground rivers—a stream often suddenly appearing, which, after flowing on for a few miles, plunges rapidly into the earth and is lost to sight.

An anecdote is told of two millers who had their mills on two different rivers, thirty miles apart. There had been a long drought, and neither mill had been working; but one day miller No. 1 heard his wheel going round at a tremendous pace, and going to examine it, perceived a quantity of water, although there had not been a drop of rain for some time. He went over to communicate his good luck to his neighbour.

"Oh!" exclaimed miller No. 2, "you've gotten my water unbeknownst, for a cloud burst over us the other night and nearly drowned us all."

It was evident the millers were working the same stream, which ran for thirty miles under ground, similar to the lakes in Florida, called sinks (for Americans call everything by gross-sounding names), which suddenly disappear, leaving all the fish stranded. Sometimes the water returns, sometimes not.

The Green River, a tributary of the Ohio, has characteristics purely its own. As signified by its name, its waters are of a most beautiful green, and it is supposed to form part of the same river which runs for more than a mile in the Mammoth Cave; the two waters showing the same tidal fluctuations, thus proving that they communicate; but how or where explorers have as yet failed to discover. After a walk of a mile over one continuous bed of variegated leaves, so exquisitely coloured as to make Lady Teazle's wish that roses grew under our feet seem quite a moderate desire, we first beheld this green river—or rather that portion of it which flowed upon the surface of the earth—as we rounded the point in the woods. Suddenly coming upon it, it looked like a fairyland river, its waters being of the brightest apple green. The precipitous banks rose in white shelving rocks, sometimes jutting over, sometimes receding, and wherever there was any resting-place, covered with the rich carpet of Bismarck brown leaves. Thick up the rocky steeps lay the partly crimson, partly golden foliage, and here and there a leafless sycamore displayed its frosted silver trunk and branches.

There was not a ripple on the water or a stir among the leaves. A dead stillness prevailed; and the scene was altogether so magical that we almost expected to hear the click of the machinery changing the panoramic view. We stood gazing in breathless silence, on all this beauty, when, suddenly, a bird across the river struck up the most tuneful and thrilling warble

—it was a mocking-bird, I think—and then only were we satisfied that it was not a magic-lantern view, but a real living scene in Kentucky.

When next I saw this magic river (assuming, of course, that it is the same), under what a different aspect it appeared! Stygian darkness overhung it, except when dispersed by a few rays of light from the torches carried by our guides. Instead of the pleasant mile's ramble we had had eight or nine miles of as rough walking through the bowels of the earth as can well be imagined; climbing, crawling, diving, groping, until we found ourselves on the brink of this river. Verily a Styx in all its supernatural horror!

There, too, was the boat waiting with an old Charon to row us over; but whom we had to fee heavily, lest, as a gentleman inopportunely suggested, he might row us as far as * * * * Nevertheless, we embarked on the most supernatural and weird-like voyage I have ever made. Our guides, casting a gleam of their torches over the water, succeeded in catching some fish—small silver morsels like sprats, but without eyes—a curious study for a naturalist.

Independent of the caves, the scenery around, to a lover of nature, is well worthy of a visit, and for a summer resort is unsurpassed. Shady, romantic walks through the woods; a delicious air breathed from the gigantic mouth of the cavern, whence, in the hot months, it blows cool and refreshing; in the cold ones soft and warm; the actual temperature of the cave never varying. The sensation of heat and cold are produced by comparison with the outer air.

It occurred to a medical man, some years ago, that the *uniform atmosphere* of this cave might be a specific for consumption.

Possessed with this theory the doctor had a dozen small houses constructed in the cavern about a mile or two from its mouth, and to these he conveyed his patients. From the appearance of these places of abode, the only wonder is that the poor invalids did not expire after twenty-four hours of residence in them. They however contrived to exist there about three months—most of them being carried out *in extremis.* The houses consisted of a single room, built of the rough stone of the cavern—which, in this part, bears all the appearance of a stone quarry—and without one particle of comfort beyond a boarded floor — the small dwelling being constructed entirely on the model of a lock-up, or "stone-jug." The cells of a modern prison are quite palatial in comparison with them. The darkness is such as might be felt; and it is impossible to realise what darkness actually is, until experienced in some place where a ray of sunlight has never penetrated.

From the mouth of the cavern to that part where the doctor's houses were built, was a continual, though gradual descent, and at that spot there was a solid roof of a hundred and fifty feet of earth. The houses, or rather detached stone boxes, were so small that without vitiating the air, only one person could remain in them at one time; so that, besides the darkness—in case of any accident to their lamps—these poor creatures must have endured utter solitude. Their food was brought from the hotel—two or three miles away, on the hill—and consequently must have been cold and comfortless. They were kept prisoners within their narrow cells, for the rough rocks and stones everywhere abounding rendered a promenade for invalids quite impracticable. The deprivation of sunlight, fresh air, and all the beauties of the earth must have been the direst punishment imaginable. No wonder these poor creatures were carried out one by one to die.

The last one having become so weak that it was deemed unsafe to move him, his friends resolved to stay with him in the cavern to the last. What transpired is now beyond investigation. Whether some effect of light, which in this cavern has a most mysterious and awful appearance, or whether the death-bed was one of terrors, owing to some imp of mischief having laid a plan to "scare" them, as they say in this country, is not known, but they rushed terror-stricken from the cave, and, on reaching the hotel, fell down insensible. Subsequently, they declared they had seen spirits carrying away their friend. Mustering a strong force, the people from *terra firma*, with the guides and plenty of torches, sallied down to the lower and supposed infernal regions. The spirits, however, had fled, leaving nothing but the stiffening corpse of the poor consumptive. This ended all hope of the cavern as a cure for consumption.

The Mammoth Cave is perhaps the most extensively explored cavern known. It extends for nine continuous miles; so that it would be possible to walk fifty miles in and out by different roads. The cavern consists of various large chambers and lofty domes, averaging from twenty to one hundred feet in height. Some of the chambers exactly resemble the tombs of the kings of Egypt, and the narrow, tortuous defiles, through the rocks are also very like the roads into the Pyramids. Most of these chambers are merely natural excavations in the solid rock. One of the white doomed ceilings is covered with a thick scroll pattern traced in black, and consists entirely of bats, which take up their winter quarters in these caverns and fare better in them apparently than the consumptives. It is curious how these sightless creatures, from various parts of the country, find out the caves, so impervious to light and cold, and where, from the noise they make, they seem to have a merry time of it. Not so, however, the visitors passing through this part of the cave, for the bats are apt to fly right in one's face, or stick against one's clothes, and bite furiously at any attempt to dislodge them.

Still, farther on, there is a vast vault, upwards of eighty feet high, formed of gypsum with some sort of crystals embedded in it. When you sit and gaze on it for some time, by the dim light of the lamps, the vault seems to recede into azure space. A bright sparkling veil hangs over it like the milky way, seen dimly between the shelving rocks, which bulge out in round soft layers, of a whitish grey cast, and look exactly like petrified clouds. By a judicious movement of the light of the lamps, a most beautiful phenomenon of cloud scenery is effected, and by their gradual extinction a Stygian darkness seems to wrap all in perfect horror. This, the "Star Chamber," is one of the finest effects in the Mammoth Cave, and it might be enhanced to the wildest magnificence by an artistic arrangement of variously coloured lights. The cave would be a fine place in which to read Dante's Inferno.

Here and there through the cave there are immense pits or chasms, only some few yards in circumference, but from two to three hundred feet in depth. A piece of paper, saturated in oil, is thrown down and displays the fearful gulf, the bottom of which appears to have the same formation of clay and rock as the top. Sometimes, we ascended ten or twenty feet by ladders and occasionally descended. We traversed about a mile of passage where the ceiling, six feet high, was as smooth and white as plaster could have made it. It was literally covered with the names of former visitors. In some places, there were hundreds of cards on the floor, left by guests—so it is not only English people who have a mania for inscribing their names. Indeed, as to that, it is common to most nations, for I had a secretary named Van Kenkle, who wrote his name upon every article belonging to me.

For eight or nine miles, we continued to traverse passages and chambers, sometimes over rough pieces of rock; sometimes through the thick dust of ages; sometimes through the tortuous gorges—mere slits between the rocks through which we had to creep—sometimes coming upon a well or spring of sweet water. At about three or four miles from the mouth we came to the chamber called "The Church," from its resemblance to the ancient cathedral vault, frequently to be seen on the European continent under churches or monasteries, and called the crypt.

This church of the Mammoth Cave is a singular phenomenon. The roof, which is not lofty, is supported by a number of pillars, in many places forming Gothic arches, and running at somewhat regular distances, dividing the church into aisles. These columns are actually enormous stalactites, and the fresco of petrified water upon them has all the appearance of the most rich and elaborate carving. In some places, the pillars of stone have not quite reached the ground, and remain suspended from the roof. Other, and smaller condensed stalactites resembled the drooping rosettes which unite the spring of Gothic arches. In one portion of the church is an enormous stone, carved out exactly like the bishop's chair, or throne, usually seen on the high altar. The altar itself is very like those primitive stone edifices sculptured by the early Christians, when driven to celebrate their worship in the catacombs of Rome. This chamber is a marvellous freak of nature imitating art, for the hand of man has never touched it or worked it into shape; yet if any one were transported here unconsciously, he would, on looking round, imagine himself in the chancel crypt of some old cathedral of the ninth or tenth century. Some romantic lovers, evidently influenced by this idea, had actually, a few weeks before our visit, arrived at the cave, accompanied by their friends and the clergyman, and caused the marriage ceremony to be performed in that very church. It was a whimsical idea, and must have been a cold, comfortless, clammy affair; but the feeling and sentiment about weddings totally differ in America from our European notions on the subject—rarely is it a joyous merry-making—rather the reverse, as I have mentioned in a former chapter.

A few miles farther on, we came to the great natural marvel—the subterranean river, with its buried waters and eyeless fish, its beautiful parterres of stone flowers and shrubs, like a garden covered with morning hoar frost. On this dismal river we were launched in a little skiff—not the most seaworthy in the world—and I must confess to having experienced a feeling of dread of being upset on that mysterious stream, whose outlet might be, for all we know, in a region we did not care to visit, or even to contemplate the possibility of visiting. The echo had a thrill of awe that made one's flesh creep and hair stand on end. If one called spirits there from the vasty deep, and they did not come, yet they certainly answered from the dark shadows of the rocks falling around the lurid glare of the torches—the only light on the river of Erebus. It was quite easy to believe there were myriads of spirits flitting around, and stretching out their weird arms to carry us down to bottomless Hades.

There is another very interesting cave, which is not so frequently visited by travellers, who, when they have seen *the big thing*, are only anxious to rush away again. It is not so extensive as the Mammoth, but infinitely more beautiful and more inaccessible, the descent having to be accomplished by ladders; but once down it is a fairy land, a continuous scene of rapturous enchantment. The stalactites simulate the most exquisite parterre of flowers, the most magnificent forest of crystalized trees, the most wondrous marble carving, even to that perfection of art which shrouds the figure in transparent drapery, like "the statue of the Dead Christ" at Naples; nor was Apollo's charm unknown there. Our guide tapped upon these magic crystals, and produced the sweetest harmony ear ever heard, or, at least, it sounded so.

The walls of the chambers and passages were encrusted with the stalactite flowers. They could be broken off their stems, and as so few visitors ventured down, the guide allowed me to take one. One chamber was absolutely curtained with this marvellous formation of petrified water, and when the guide held the light behind the scene, it produced the effect of being draped in purest amber. These drooping curtains, some fifty feet in height, emitted the most musical tones when struck. If the physician had brought his patients to these fairy bowers, he might, I think, have succeeded in sending them home quite cured, but I believe the cave had not been discovered then.

With a brilliant light the spot was perfectly lovely, and the atmosphere was of that constant, unchanged temperature, which puts the human lungs in a state of beatitude. I should not in the least object to live in that paradise of crystal flowers and adamantine forms, the most beautiful that the imagination of man has ever conceived, to be curtained in living amber, and pillowed—well, I must admit that—in dust; but it was such *clean* dust.

I said to the guide, "Let us pitch our tents here, and sleep for the night."

"Wall, madam, that might be very pleasant for you, but I likes to sleep at home of nights myself!"

Before we had "got through" I changed my mind, for many of the chambers contained such frightfully deep wells, that I was quite appalled. A lighted torch was thrown down. Bending over, we watched it and watched it, until one's heart's blood seemed to chill and stagnate, and yet down, down it went, and the thought arose, "Where can it be going to?"

"I guess hell's not located thereabouts, or it would have reached it afore now," said my guide, responsive to my thoughts.

I burst out laughing; I was just thinking that suppose a hole could be found through the earth, like a decayed apple or walnut, how the Americans would make a railroad in twelve months through it, and come out at the other side.

The texture of these stalactites, when examined by daylight, resembles alabaster, thus the leaves, flowers, sprigs, are perfectly beautiful. Nor are these caves without their incidents of life's drama. The grave and the gay have been enacted here as elsewhere. The episode of the physician and his patients was sad enough, but a more terrible tragedy resulted from a wager.

The guides are particular, on entering the caves with a large party, to beg them to keep together, as it would be impossible for a person to find his own way out of the labyrinth of passages, chambers, etc. Two gentlemen of a party made a bet that they would accomplish the feat, and taking their opportunity, slipped away from their party, without the guides being aware of their absence, and it was not until late in the evening that the other party to the wager remarked that those two foolhardy fellows had not found their way out of the cavern. This coming to the ears of the guide, he exclaimed, "Then they are dead men!" Nevertheless, they went in full force to do everything that was possible to find them, but spent the night in vain searches. Sometimes they came upon their track in the soft dust, then lost it again.

On the following day the search was renewed by the guide who had escorted the party, and his description of the finding of one of the gentlemen was truly horrible: "It was the most tarnation cutting up job I ever had in my life," said the guide. "We are not much of cowards, we guides—we get accustomed to awfulness down in the bowels of the earth; but when that *critter's* shrieks first came on my ear, I just shivered all over, and myfeet rooted to the ground—not that I did not wish to save him, the poor devil, but

I got an idea that that shriek came right straight from hell, and no mistake, and I had no fancy to go there before I was sent for! Wall, when I had wiped my brow and taken a drink, I went on in the direction of the sound, for it came every now and again, the echoes making like fifty devils instead of one. I found him sooner than I expected; he was a sight to behold; he flew at me like a tiger; he clutched me, and pulled me, and wrestled with me, yelling and howling like a wild beast. I thought he would have torn me to pieces. I should not have known him again for the same gentleman. His eyes glared, his mouth was foaming, and his hair on end, his clothes all torn and covered with dust. He was a real raving maniac, and so he remained, as far as I know. The work I had to get him out of that cave! He would stand stock still, and shake all over, then suddenly clutch at me again. I was the stronger man of the two, and he was weak from long fasting, or I never should have got him out. The doctor said he was fright stricken."

And this was the case, as they thought, with the other poor fellow, who was not found for weeks, it having been conjectured that he had fallen down a hole. One of the guides, making some new exploration, discovered him sitting down, no sign of decomposition having taken place, and no sign of his having died of starvation, for a piece of biscuit was found in his pocket. He was supposed to have died of terror, the terrible darkness working upon the nervous system, and the hopelessness of penetrating it making the minutes appear hours. A guide, who had once been lost there himself for some twenty hours, said he never could believe that he had not been there for several days.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION."

ONE of the principal fallacies of which a stranger has to disabuse his mind is that "superior accommodation," under any circumstances, is obtainable in America; though it be promised to him, in every shape and form, by public advertisement and private information. It is one favourite practice of the Americans to recommend a stranger to "the best hotel in the place, where you will get superior accommodation." They consider, then, that they have conferred an obligation which you would find it difficult to repay on the other side of the Atlantic. All the hotels advertise "superior accommodation," and the railways assert that you will find it in their cars; even the stages have the audacity to put "superior accommodation" on their way-bills, and invite you to travel forty miles, in a broiling sun or deluging rain, upon a tea-tray on wheels (but not japanned), with a rail across it for a seat. This is their idea of "accommodation."

"We shall be burnt to cinders," I remarked to the "coloured gentleman" in charge of the vehicle, termed by courtesy "a stage." The thermometer marked 110°.

"I'll accommodate you with an umbrella," he replied.

"And pray who is to hold it for forty miles?" I asked. He shook his head.

"It is the only accommodation we can offer you."

Needless to say, we declined, in this instance, the "superior accommodation," and were able, subsequently, to find water-transit, always a far more agreeable mode of travelling in America than by stage. For anywhere except on board the steamer, "accommodation" is a word less understood than any other in "Johnson."

In the hotels you are sometimes accommodated with a bell in your room; sometimes the chambermaid accommodates you with towels, water, or a drinking-glass, and sometimes she does not. Then you have to accommodate yourself to circumstances, by going in search of them through a quarter of a mile of passages. Sometimes the cockroaches accommodate themselves by running over your bed and investigating whatever you may have, in cup or glass, on the table, and sometimes a thousand ants will carry off bodily a lump of sugar. In hot climates you are accommodated with a musquito-net, to shield you from the voracity of the musquitoes; but it is usually so full of rents and tears that, if nature has accommodated you with a thin skin, a bed of nettles would be "superior accommodation" to half a dozen musquitoes inside the net. If, by perseverance and labour, you can get all the holes sewn up, you may contrive to sleep if you are not fastidious.

The mattress is usually made of corn-shucks, bearing a close affinity to straw; and an ear sometimes left in the mattress, has all the effect of the thick end of a poker. If you chance to arrive after supper, having probably travelled all day, you are accommodated by having your name registered on the books of the hotel, paying for your supper, and going to bed without it, which—so doctors say—is good for the digestion. On the other hand, if after travelling all night you arrive at five o'clock in the morning—a very frequent case—and throwing yourself on the bed, sleep heavily till nine or ten, the chambermaid accommodates you with the information that breakfast is over, and you can't be accommodated with anything to eat until dinner-time, although you see by one of the rules behind your door, that "visitors must pay for their meals whether they take them or not.

The hotel-keeper is generally the most unaccommodating of individuals. American men usually are civil and obliging, but in the capacity of hotel-keeper, and apart from his private character—which, no doubt, is amiable—he casts off all courtesy, all responsibility for the safety of visitors' property. One of the accommodations, therefore, which naturally follow is the being relieved of any stray property—as knives, pencil-cases, gloves, boots and umbrellas. A lamentable case occurred at an hotel where we stopped, of a gentleman being reduced to one suit of clothes, and even that finally disappeared in the night; so that the next morning he could neither come out of his room nor let anybody in. The dilemma was a serious one, for he was very stout and the few other gentlemen in the house were very thin. Every effort was therefore made to recover the missing garments, which were discovered the following day hanging on a tree; but his watch and chain were not hanging with them.

On another occasion my friend, the Marquise de T., lost the watch she had left under her pillow a quarter of an hour before. It had a magnificent antique seal attached, which had belonged to the great Talleyrand. It was perfectly clear that the chambermaid, to whom the Marquise had given the key of her room, had taken it. But she had had time to hide it; so it was never recovered, and no one was in any way responsible for the loss. The hotel proprietor has no anxiety about the honesty of his servants. If they do his work, visitors must look out for themselves.

If a gentleman is incautious, and sanguine enough to imagine that by putting his boots outside he will get them blacked, he will have to mourn his credulity on finding that he has lost them. One of the great accommodations of America is the so-called accommodation-train, which moves at the rate of about twelve miles an hour and carries a most rough-looking set of passengers; so much so that it ought to be called "accommodation for disagreeables." They are people who chew and spit, pick their teeth with a clasp-knife, eat with their fingers—for sandwiches are not an American institution—and in the accommodation train, as elsewhere, they, of course, must eat "chicken." All drink water from the same can, over which they slobber like cattle.

These "accommodation trains" will sometimes stop to hang a pick-pocket or rob a peach-orchard, and it is not always certain that a man who has many enemies will reach his destination when he travels by these accommodation trains. Several obnoxious citizens have disappeared therefrom, and have never been heard of again. If you travel by night on one of the accommodation trains you had better, once for all, resign all expectation of making yourself comfortable, and try to console or amuse yourself with your neighbour's grotesque endeavours after comfort. If a gentleman and lady are travelling together, the latter usually reposes in the arms of the former, and thus presents a very interesting spectacle. Gentlemen who have no ladies to make cushions of them, dispose themselves in various attitudes for sleep.

An Englishman travelling by night stiffens himself in his seat, put his feet straight before him, crosses his hands, closes his eyes; all with the most scrupulous regard to propriety and decency. But an American sleeps in republican fashion, just as the fancy takes him. In the car we travelled in there was one man, who stretched on his back, hung his feet up in the place provided for the hats and umbrellas. Another condensed himself like a telescope, and crammed the whole of his body into a seat a yard and a quarter long. A third lay with his back and head on one seat, and his legs, stiff up at an angle of forty-five degrees, pointing like two telescopes to the skies.

We were also entertained during the night by a violent quarrel between the engines (or, as as they call them here, "en-gynes") of different trains. The rain came down in torrents and finally washed away part of the railroad, near the junction. As on most of the long routes, there was but a single line of rails—the up or down trains having to wait in a siding for the other to pass—we had therefore to announce to the other train our inability to come forward. The conversation which ensued was carried on by various shrieks and yells from the two engines, and if it had been a riot in Pandemonium—demons howling defiance at one another—the noise could not have been more terrific. In the middle of the night, with gusts of rain and wind, thunder and lightning intermingling, it required no little nerve not to believe that these hideous sounds were the harbingers of some unutterable woe about to befall us, and that we were swiftly to be hurled into some Stygian pool. Our "en-gyne" kept up an excruciating wail, "We can't come across! We are going back!" The opposite "en-gyne" went off into shrieks of fierce derision, "Come on! What are you afraid of?" and seemed to one to use very bad language. "What do you mean by keeping us here all night?" Then a luggage-train came up, the "en-gyne" of which was a down-right low fellow, and howled out rude taunts in blasphemous language, impossible to translate here. Finally, we got our difficulty settled. But a conversation between American "en-gynes" is the most fiendish "hullabalco" ever heard on the surface of the earth. The accommodation of sleep is, therefore, not to be thought of under these circumstances. There are, to be sure, what are called "sleeping-cars;" but although there is the "accommodation" of paying a few more dollars, I never found them productive of any more comfort.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI FROM MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG.

THIS part of the Mississippi, never very beautiful, even at the best, is one of the dreariest and most monotonous on a sunless day in March, with an east wind blowing across its muddy expanse of waters and dismal waste of willows, and with dirty *debris* floating upon it, mingled with a sort of foam like soapsuds. Altogether, it looks as though it had been giving a good scrubbing and cleaning down to the American continent, and had used those few hundred miles of willows as scrubbing-brushes. The river is particularly dreary from Memphis to Vicksburg. There are endless flats of willow swamps, endless spongy banks of brown gingerbread, endless tracks of desolate land, often interspersed with trunks of trees, black and charred from having been burned to induce them to fall and clear the land, but which they sometimes refuse to do for years.

The background is one unbroken forest, which would still be some relief to the eye if the trees were in foliage, but in March the forest presents only one long, low, and dusky outline. The islands along the Mississippi are a curious feature of this river. They number about one hundred and fifty—appearing and disappearing as the river rises or falls, or alters its course. Sometimes it sweeps away a whole plantation, at another time half of a town, and occasionally, when taking a short road to some tributary stream, it forms a clean-cut triangular island, which may last for years, and be only gradually washed away—dwindling down into a sand-bar, and at last disappearing altogether.

The towns on this portion of the Mississippi are few and far between. Austin was the first we touched at, and it presented the pleasing variety of a few hills—at the foot of which were half a dozen brick houses, a few others in wood, four churches, and a dilapidated court house. Numerous sheds and shanties were scattered promiscuously about in the mud—all of them slightly out of the perpendicular, but whether from the same cause as the leaning tower of Pisa I cannot say.

The next place was Helena, on the Arkansas side of the river. The main street fronted the river, and no two houses, or, rather, dwelling-places, in it, had the remotest likeness to each other. One faced gable-end, another had a round front, and one no front at all. It seemed to consist of one enormous sign-board, inscribed with the words "Eating Saloon," in letters which must have been visible for miles down the river.

Helena looked very dreary when we saw it, for the day was heavy with clouds, the river was dull—more muddy than ever—and its surface, and that of the gigantic puddles ashore, was ruffled by a cold and gusty north-easter. It was Sunday, too, and the Helenians had nothing to do, being, apparently, not of the class who can make themselves "merry" with "singing psalms," and so they had sauntered wearily down, and picked out a moderately wet spot on the landing-place, to see what excitement could be got out of the arrival of the steamer. As we swept out into the stream again we could not help casting glances of pity on those listless gazers, upon whom the twilight of that dreary Sunday afternoon was coldly settling down.

But Helena was well-to-do and cheerful compared with our next halting place—Napoleon. There most of the houses, public buildings, and churches, had no bottom at all, and absolutely stood upon pegs. We thought at first that it was some novel and scientific mode of ventilation, on the principle of keeping the feet cool—the men of Arkansas being proverbially hot-headed. But it turned out that the Yankee soldiers had helped themselves to the lower portions of the buildings for fuel, or other purposes. Anything so utterly woe-begone and desolate as Napoleon, could never be described by any pen. Somebody on board the steamer said it looked "God-forsaken." Perhaps it did. What remained of it was almost an island—the great river having a few years before taken a short cut to the little river, and washed Napoleon away, regardless of the interests of a widow-lady, who owned the greater part of the city, and who, between the depredations of the Yankees, and the ravages of the waters, found her income reduced from a hundred thousand dollars a year, to a hundred dollars a month.

The *Code Napoleon* in practice there was to shoot any and every man that offended you. I was told on very good authority, viz., clerical, that there were only three men in Napoleon who had not conformed to the code by shooting, or otherwise destroying, some one who had offended them. It was not to be supposed that those three men would survive long, as, in default of conforming, they were pretty sure to be shot themselves. However, there yet was hope for them, for they had lately been petitioning the bishop for a priest to be sent there. But Napoleon was fast falling a victim to the caprices of the Mississippi, one of which was to transfer the property from one individual to another, or to remove a whole estate from one State or county to another. An immense estate, belonging to the brother of the ex-President of the Confederate States, was transferred from the State of Mississippi to that of Louisiana.

We had not the pleasure of seeing President Davis, but if he is of the same stamp and intellectual calibre as his brother must have been in his younger days, the President is a man well worth knowing, and one whom any nation might be proud to call her son. Indeed, Col. Joe Davis, although upwards of eighty years of age, had retained all his clearness of intellect and brilliancy of conversation.

CHAPTER XXX.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG is the city of America most calculated to live in history, not so much from its memorable siege, as from its being more likely, owing to its situation among the fifty and one hills, to survive the vicissitudes which overtake other towns on the Mississippi. From the "caving in" of the ground, from the overflowing of the river, and from the capricious route it often takes, there is no telling where the largest towns on the Mississippi may be fifty, or even ten, years hence, for in Napoleon we sailed over the main street, having fifty feet of water under our keel, where only six years before we might have walked high and dry.

But the river would never attempt the assault of Vicksburg, the capitol of which stands perhaps one hundred and fifty feet above the highest tides. The worst that could befall it, would be to be the cutting it off from the rest of the land, like another St. Helena. Indeed, this serpent-like river, as if to reconnoitre, and with some sinister design, seems to have taken a run up to Vicksburg, which is actually situated about three miles from its main course. It thus—having returned to the spot whence it started—forms one of those loops peculiar to the Mississippi.

The city, built on a series of green hills, is as beautifully situated as can well be imagined. Seen from the river, it presents a perfect panorama. The capitol is a square building, surrounded by Ionic columns, the centre being surmounted by a square tower, not purely classical; but the American architect seems unable to complete a structure without placing a pepper-box on the top. It commanded a splendid view of the river and surrounding country, and occupied, alone, the summit of one of the rounded hills, among which Vicksburg is built. Another beautiful but melancholy object was the hill cemetery of the Northern troops who fell during the siege. It rose like a pyramid of green terraced sward, and was neatly kept, with firm gravel walks round each terrace. These were the only roads in Vicksburg on which there was not imminent risk of breaking one's neck when driving.

Upon each terrace were some hundreds of small white pieces of wood, marking the soldiers' graves, often nameless, and indicating only the number of his regiment. Round upon round, mounting higher and higher, these graves continued, like a parterre of asparagus, until you could count twenty thousand of them. There were few monuments there, as the officers who fell were generally carried to their respective homes in the North, for there is nothing Americans are so particular about, as having a relative properly interred. Death they think little of, but burial they regard as a most important event.

Thousands of soldiers buried hastily near the battle-field, or in the swamps, where they perished in such numbers, were being dug up by their friends, to be reinterred in what they considered a more suitable place, though in this they do not follow the European idea of burying in consecrated ground, nor am I aware that any Americans, except they are Catholics, follow this custom.

The resurrectionizing mania had given birth to quite a new branch of speculation, contractors going all over the country collecting whatever bones they could find, and it was asserted that they were not too particular about their being human bones, provided the coffins were filled.

The country round Vicksburg is picturesque and rich, though much broken up and "*accidenté.*" The rounded slopes of the hills would be splendid for grape-growing or sheep-farming, for where they were not ploughed for cotton, they were covered with short grass and clover, only to be surpassed by that on our Welsh mountains. The roads traversing the country were absolutely terrific, really as dangerous as some of the Alpine passes. Sometimes you were plunged, without any circumlocution, into deep gullies, when the horse and vehicle formed almost a perpendicular line; then, rising on the other side, you found yourself in a precipice, with the road so crumbled away, that a few staves of wood thrust into the edge of it, was all the outside wheel of the carriage had to rest upon. Often a deep ravine had to be crossed by the aid of a few planks, so rotten that one would be tempted to say an Ave Maria before going over these devil's bridges, for I notice that all dangerous bridges are assigned that ownership.

Little or no attention was paid to making or keeping the roads in repair. If a tree fell across it, there it lay, and the next comer drove round it. If the road fell away, and became too narrow for a vehicle to pass, then the first comer after the event had to strike out a new road for himself a little higher up the mountain.

These narrow gorges and passes were well adapted for the defence of the city, they were so easily entrenched. We passed through the earthworks or lines from behind which Vicksburg was defended. From the great strength of the position, and the imposing way in which those hills command the country for miles around, it seemed strange that Vicksburg ever fell. On the other hand, it is open to question why Grant, with an army of a hundred and fifty thousand strong, should have spent four months in the siege, and have lost at least seventy thousand men.

The roads were cut through deep passes, and were excavated for the protection of the troops, and of the many families who took refuge there from the shot and shell thrown into the city by the besiegers who lay on the low, swampy ground, on the other side of the tongue of land before described.

Several futile attempts were made to get troops past Vicksburg, with the sole result of the loss of the boats, and the drowning of most of the men. Finally, a surprise was successfully planned. A great part of the garrison was at a ball, and the command had been given to the batteries not to fire without orders. On this night an expedition of a hundred and ten steamers arrived, laden with troops to run the gauntlet of Vicksburg. Accounts vary as to the number which actually succeeded in getting past, but very few were sunk, for much precious time was lost by the Confederates in finding their commanding officers, from whom to receive orders for opening fire.

The siege of Vicksburg lasted four months, during which time the inhabitants suffered the greatest privations; the Confederate money so decreased in value, that a pair of shoes would cost one hundred dollars.

It is generally understood that Vicksburg surrendered through famine, but many officers who were present at the siege, and with whom I have spoken, have assured me that there was no actual scarcity of provisions, but that General Pendleton was not a man of sufficient nerve to command in Vicksburg, and that it was more want of pluck than want of provisions that brought about the surrender. A cannon planted perpendicularly in the ground, and surmounted by a ball, marks the spot where the surrender took place. The shells seemed to have rarely exploded, or to have hit anything in particular, possibly owing, as is indeed asserted, to their having been filled with *black sand*, instead of gunpowder, by the "'cute" New Englanders of wooden nutmeg celebrity. The city, when I saw it, presented very little appearance of having been bombarded at all, though several hundred tons of iron had been thrown into it, and only when a building was set on fire did any serious damage appear to have been done. The capitol, for instance, was somewhat dilapidated from loss of plaster, etc., but not more than could be effected in an hour by Edinburgh students with brick-bats. The Catholic and other churches were constantly made targets of, yet they bore little traces of damage.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.—THE CITY OF ROSES.

NATCHEZ, for its size, was the most beautiful city I had seen in the South, and its site—a high bluff, projecting into the river like a promontory—one of the most romantic on the Mississippi. The clayey soil had all the appearance of precipitous rocks, embowered in a luxuriant growth of flowering trees, such as the white acacia, the lilac, the china tree, the superb magnolia, and a perfect wilderness of roses. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete earthly paradise than Natchez at about the middle of April. That part of the town called "Natchez under the Hill" lies at the foot of the bluff, and close upon the brink of the river, where the road winds up to the main portion of the town, and behind the bluff.

The streets are well lined with the china, or other shady trees, and nearly all the private houses have well-kept gardens, in which flowers of every sort abound, filling the air with fragrance, and regaling the eyes with delight. The variety of roses appeared endless. In one garden, belonging to a Scotchman, they must have numbered hundreds, and in quantity amounted to many waggon-loads. There the blue-bird, the "owasa," was flitting about radiating cobalt wherever the sun touched its gleaming wings; also the "cardinal," and the oriole — their plumage forming a brilliant contrast with the dark glossy leaves of the magnolia. The air seemed laden with the sweet notes of the mocking-birds, and once or twice, from the shrubbery, rose the whirr of a flight of partridges. A pleasanter spot than this Scotchman's residence can scarcely be imagined or described. Beautifully situated upon the river, every improvement to which art and good taste could suggest had been adopted to increase its natural beauties, and almost every shrub and flower was there to be seen in perfection. In a cool, shady arbour, formed of the evergreen cape-myrtle, young squirrels were frolicking about, very much at home, and quite inclined for a little mischief with any stray visitor intruding upon their *sanctum*.

Natchez, before the war, it appeared, had been the Bath or Clifton of the South, and the residences had more the appearance of wealth and style than those of any Southern city, with the exception of Charleston and New Orleans. They were the town residences of the planters, who owned large estates on the Mississippi, but who lived, for the most part, at Natchez, as being more healthy than the low bottom lands of the river. The houses were mostly detached, and really merited the name of family residences. They were solidly constructed of brick, covered with brown cement, resembling stone, and had massive columns, ascending from the front doorway to the top gable of the house, giving to it a majestic appearance, and affording also a delightful shade. Natchez has no public buildings of any pretensions, the Catholic church, as usual, bearing the palm. The neighbouring country is hilly and romantic, the more so from a peculiar tendency of the earth to split, thus forming deep ravines, which finally settle into wooded dells. Two of these, called the "punch-bowls," are very curious, having the appearance of two basons, some fifty or sixty feet deep. Their sides are precipitous, and rounded like a bason at the bottom. Large trees grow in them, whose branches do not reach the top. Roses, jessamine, and verbena, grow wild over the whole country, and the profusion of white clover would indicate a rich grazing land. But there are no sheep or cattle, not even goats. Pigs there are, but their natural food is not grass, and they cannot fatten upon it. The very indifferent mutton is brought from another part of the country.

Everywhere the same want of husbandry and farming was observable—the one prominent idea being *cotton—aut cotton aut nullus.* They must eat, drink, live, sleep, have their being, and save their souls, by cotton. If cotton fails, they find themselves destitute of everything else; yet, with a little management and industry, the inhabitants of these favoured climes need scarcely know a want. Artichokes, inestimable for feeding poultry, are almost ineradicable from the soil, yet poultry are left to forage for themselves, and have to exert their muscles so much in this undertaking, that when cooked, they usually represent so much roast or boiled hemp. Nature has done everything and man little or nothing.

Natchez could not then boast of a railroad to anywhere, and the whole of its traffic was carried on by water. As this is more or less uncertain, letters only pretended to arrive or depart twice a week, by steamers which called in, sometimes one day, sometimes another, or being blown up, burnt, or otherwise lost, did not call at all. We had a narrow escape of being burnt up ourselves on the "Ruth," a very splendid boat. Intending to leave Natchez by her, we had been watching some time for her arrival, there being no means of ascertaining anything about the vessels except by looking out for yourself. The "Ruth," however, contrived to give us the slip, and while we were off duty, taking our dinner perhaps, passed down the river without our knowledge. We therefore took the next small steamer, and on the second day, came up with the "Ruth," burnt to the water's edge, and still in flames. We rejoiced fervently over this narrow slip between the cup and the lip, and began to believe in our luck, as this was the third near chance we had run of being, in Yankee phrase, "burnt up."

Standing on high ground to the north of the town of Natchez is a rather handsome hospital, from the top of which a splendid view of the country on the east side of the Mississippi may be obtained. It is a richly wooded, and diversified landscape, dotted with white houses and churches, and interspersed with cultivated fields; while across the river—which flows like a stream of liquid silver, streaked with blue, and is eight hundred yards wide—you may see a vast level, across which there stretches, for forty-six miles, one even unbroken forest; as close, apparently, and as level as the bristles on a bush. Indeed, I was told, that there is hardly a rise in the land, clear across to Texas. Natchez also was honoured with some fortifications, which, at the time we were there, were occupied by a company or two of United States troops. On remarking that these earthworks were almost useless for purposes of defence, being commanded by a ridge a few hundred yards distant, and asking why they were not thrown up, upon that I was initiated into a mystery of military engineering which had not occurred to me before. The engineer would of course have erected his fortifications on the most eligible spot, had not the site of the present works been occupied by the house and grounds of a wealthy man, whom the officer hoped would bribe him, if he threatened to carry his lines through his property. The gentleman, however, did not deign to offer a bribe, but the engineer, having made the threat, was obliged to carry it out—and that is how the fortifications of Natchez came to be so badly placed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TO BATON ROUGE AND NEW ORLEANS.

THIS town, which stands on the last rising ground to be seen on the Mississippi, presents one of the prettiest *coups d'œil* on the river. The streets at right angles to the river are formed of neat-looking white houses, and are bordered with grass and fine overhanging trees. On an elevation, to the right of the town, are the bare walls and towers of what must once have been a really handsome gothic pile. Two large towers, with a wide and lofty gate, like a castle, front the river. The rest of the building is in good taste, and what is very rare in America, is built of good materials. It was formerly the Town Hall, but had met the usual fate of American buildings—destruction by fire. Still farther to the right, on a hill which slopes gently down to the river, is the hospital, one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, on the Mississippi. It was in good repair, the grounds were well laid out and apparently well kept.

Bâton Rouge has a good wharf, and, as we passed down, it was enlivened by the capers of an insane negro. This town was one of the strongholds of the Confederates, who held it until the fall of Vicksburg. How it came by its unmeaning French name, I could not learn, for, although the country is so modern, it is most difficult to trace the origin of anything. The answer to any question usually is, "Well, I have been here twenty years, and they called it so when I came," or "My father lived thereabouts, but I don't remember if such a place was built then, I was young and paid no much attention."

Below Bâton Rouge the land had been cleared of wood for four or five miles on either side of the river where the forest again formed the bulwark. This low swampy land, before the war, was all under cultivation—of cotton, sugar, or rice, in almost one continuous line as far as New Orleans, two hundred miles, the whole being dotted with plantation residences and the huts of the negroes. Some of the former were pretty and pleasant-looking enough, but small, having generally only one story.

The grounds were laid out in garden and

shubbery—poor and contracted, considering the vast tract of land at the disposal of the owners, who, however, seemed to grudge every inch of ground not devoted to cotton. To prevent the river from overflowing, levées have to be raised, which, however, were not always a safeguard; for in some years the river has overflowed and drowned all the crops. Still the soil is so rich and alluvial—resembling that on the Nile—that one good crop is sufficient to balance several failures.

Here again appeared the evergreen oak, with its pendants of funereal moss; also the magnolia, and orange, wherever they had been allowed to grow—for, usually, they were banished for the sake of cotton. This continuous plain, with its bright-green tinge, where fields of cotton or sweet potatoes were rising, becomes very monotonous, and as little picturesque as a hundred miles of potato field. Yet every one seemed to think this level plain the finest part of the river, perhaps because it was the most profitable, for everything in America resolves itself into dollars and cents.

This lower part of the Mississippi surpasses even Dutch rigidity, and to me it had almost the same wearisome effect as the deserts along the Nile. But "the mansions" and "really palatial residences, madam," "magnificent orange-groves," and "banana-overhung roads" by which I was to be enraptured in Louisiana, I utterly failed to discover then or subsequently.

And this sail down the Lower Mississippi was, as I have described it, one bare, unbroken potato-field, with straggling shanties little larger or better than pig-styes. Here and there stood a villa, with an acre or two of garden-ground, in which the orange-trees might easily be counted. As for the approach to New Orleans, it was less striking than that to any other city on the river—the idea conveyed by the name "Crescent City" being entirely a myth. You just run up a long quay, or rather succession of plank platforms, very sparsely lined by a single row of medium-sized ships, barques, and river steamers. The buildings facing it are painfully ugly, desolate-looking — cotton-presses, small irregular houses, and sheds which might, for aught else to be seen, represent a city of one-tenth part of the size of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REPUBLICAN PIGS.

I HAD always intended to give the pigs a special notice in this volume. The subject has been again and more particularly brought before my mind by reminiscences of plantation-life, revived by recent consideration of the luxuries of that state of existence. Although such situations are favourable for the study of the habits of that much underrated animal, the pig, yet it is not only on the plantations and round the parlour-doors of the Southern planter that the pig is to be seen. His motto in America is "Ubique."

On his arrival in America the traveller is met by a deputation of pigs—some apparently actuated by curiosity as to his personal appearance; some having their suspicions as to his luggage; and some receiving him with that delightful combination of noise and jostle, which forms one of the chief charms of American hospitality. At every railway-station and steamboat-landing there is a select committee of pigs in attendance to present addresses and "make his stay agreeable." They do not, of course, offer the traveller refreshments, that not being the custom of the country, but they do the next best thing to it—namely, take refreshments if offered to them. So that, dead or alive, "hog" will not be out of the traveller's eyes, ears, nose, or mouth during the whole time that he stays in the country.

Let him go to the Rocky Mountains—there will be hog being devoured by a bear; or to the Atlantic—and hog, in the course of a misunderstanding with a fellow-citizen having fallen over the wharf, will be drowning in the broad ocean. In the north he will be found frozen in the ice, with only his tail poking out; and in the extreme South he will be seen disappearing down the throat of an alligator. Pig, in all his varieties, is an institution of the country. A chibouk is not more inevitable in one's recollections of Turkey than is the "illigant curl" of a porker's tail in one's recollections of the United States.

Pig is the most numerous of the quadruped population of that favoured portion of the globe. He is acclimatized everywhere, and makes himself equally happy and contented, whether devouring, as I have seen him in Florida, a putrefying rattlesnake, or revelling in a burst bag of corn on the banks of the Mississippi. Always alert, always self-reliant, and very seldom low-spirited, or "down upon his luck," the country and its free institutions seem so well adapted to his habits and to the development of his higher intellectual powers—to say nothing of his sinews—that it is difficult to decide whether he was made for the free institutions, or they for him. His importance is fully recognized in the public prints; and seeing what has already been done for the negro, I am hopeful that we shall, ere long, see the pig invested with the right of suffrage. It would not at all surprise me if I should be in America a year or two hence, to see a pig coming up the street with a black eye and a revolver.

The pigs have their column in the daily newspapers; their arrival in the city is duly heralded, and their expectant friends duly informed whether they have travelled on foot, by rail, or by river. Their bodily health is made a matter of solicitude, and their mental condition is not neglected—for we are some times gratified by the announcement that pigs are lively; or pleasantly amused by being informed that pigs are "brisk;" and rendered anxious and unhappy by the intelligence that pigs are "dull." Sometimes a party of pigs may be seen in the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty (which is more than can be said for their Southern masters); and sometimes, of course, like other citizens, they are knocked on the head—the only difference being that, after death they are far more cared for, and are worth more money. The death of a member of the hog community is, however, seldom to be laid at the door (if he has one) of a fellow pig. Turbulent as may be their conduct sometimes, and fierce and noisy their outcries against an offender, yet the snout of the pig is seldom imbued with the blood of a brother-citizen. Such base crimes are confined to the so-called higher race of bipeds.

Strange to say, the vice of selfishness has become synonymous with the habits of the hog race. "Piggish" has become a by-word; but my own observation enables me to assert that this is a base calumny. Among no class of beings is selfishness regarded with more horror; and the pig who should be shameless enough, and daring enough, to run off with a whole ear of corn, would soon become aware, from the indignant outcries of the bystanders, and by having it violently taken from him, that such rapacity could not be permitted, and that the sense of the pig community was decidedly against it. Among the more hot-blooded of the fraternity differences will be settled by an appeal to—not arms, but legs—for of course, in so thinly-settled a country, it is impossible to bring the strong arm of the law to strike everywhere.

It was once my fortune to have an opportunity of assisting (in the French sense) at a difficulty between two pigs. Each pig was eager for the fray, and the field was clear. Their heads were laid together, "cheek by jowl," and the stronger pig proceeded to push the weaker one round and round in a circle—the latter very wisely reserving his force, and devoting his whole attention to keeping his footing. His opponent constantly endeavoured to trip him up, and he did his best to return the compliment. The combat had continued for some time, without either party obtaining any decided advantage, when a large and elderly pig appeared on the scene, and, without a word, proceeded gently, but firmly, to separate the combatants, by interposing his own burly form between them; but alas! alas! a well-aimed "chunk" of wood from a biped spectator, taught the peacemaker the truth of the adage which begins,

> "They who in others' quarrels interpose,"

and he hastily withdrew from the arena, in search of a pocket-handkerchief.

The conflict was then renewed, and with

greater fury than ever. Both pigs were bathed in perspiration, and their bristles stood straight out with excitement; but the wisdom of the weaker pig now became manifest. His more powerful opponent had exhausted his strength in pushing round and round against a dead weight, and on being pressed, gave way and rolled on the ground. It was a defeat, and he acknowledged it by immediately picking himself up and taking to flight, squealing with angry disappointment. As the twilight deepened into darkness, the victor might be seen solacing himself with a potato, presented to him by an admirer. In the distance, the groups of spectators were wending their way homewards, through the scattered stumps, and occasionally falling over them.

In the South the antagonism of races is a fruitful source of disturbance, there being white pigs, black pigs, and mulatto pigs, some of the latter being of a very interesting treacle colour. As with human nature, so, of course, with the pig. In some districts they exhibit more intelligence, and a better idea of the ends and objects of civilized existence than in others. Everywhere, however, they are too much imbued with the all-prevailing restlessness of Americans ever to attain to the delicacy, tenderness, and succulency so characteristic of their European cousins. Of poor and dishonest parents, and thrown upon the world at an early age, they have been from infancy too dependent upon their own physical exertions, and too much occupied with the vulgar, but necessary, operations for obtaining their daily cabbage, to reach that high standard of "culture" and "refinement" — of flavour — which causes the memory of the English pig so long to survive his death, especially when eaten with onions.

As to how all pigs spend their time in the country, I am not in a position to tell; I am afraid, however, that the sharp practice so necessary to hold their ground among the keen wits of the townsmen, is sometimes used to unfair advantage on the more unsophisticated countrymen. For instance, a farmer, whose crops had suffered from the depredations of unprincipled pigs, resolved to inclose a particularly seductive potato field; but though taking this precaution, his losses were not so heavy as before, yet they were by no means small. Every day the potatoes bore traces of active foraging. The farmer, on devoting his attention to the matter, found that one pig was guilty of all the mischief.

Over and over again he caught him in that field, and expelled him by pulling down part of the fence and driving him out of the gap. Still the puzzle remained how Mr. Pig managed to get in. So serious at last had his depredations become, that a watch was set, and his secret discovered. In enclosing the field, they had not taken the trouble to remove the huge trunk of a tree which lay in the way, but built the fence over it, leaving one end inside, the other outside the fence. The trunk was hollow, and so formed a convenient tunnel through which Mr. Pig entered the field, but which he was too wise to betray by using it as a means of retreat when the Philistines were upon him.

Upon this discovery being made, the trunk was quietly drawn *outside* of the fence, and Mr. Pig's arrival awaited. He soon appeared, and, after a cautious glance around, disappeared in the hollow trunk, and presently emerged at the other end, but was still *outside* the fence! After a pause of blank amazement, he quietly turned round and re-entered, but only to find himself as far as ever from the accomplishment of his designs. Shaking his head in perplexity and astonishment, he once more passed through the trunk, which had formerly been such a sure *passe porte* to a potato-field paradise, and once more it deceived him. It was too much! so uttering a yell of terror and despair, he fled from the spot, and never again returned.

No society, rural or otherwise, is so pure as not to have some incorrigibles in its midst, and I am sorry to say that there are pigs of ill-regulated mind and dissipated habits, who are insensible to the charms of the family circle, and the respect of their fellow-pigs—pigs who prefer to take their chance of bears and alligators rather than obey the invitation of the cow-horn. On riding along the roads, late at night, these pigs will often trot down to the edge of the woods just to see who you are, and standing in the moonlight, will stare at you out of one eye as you pass with a knowing look, as much as to say, "I know where you've been, and I know where you're going; but I'm dog-goned if I can tell what's kept you out so late."

But it is not night-strolling pigs alone who are in peril from alligators; the pigs of St. Mark's are in daily danger, and are only preserved from annihilation by their own sagacity. Only one pond is available to them for drinking purposes, and it is infested with alligators, when, therefore, thirst renders necessary an expedition to the pond, the pigs silently collect in a body, and proceed down their well-worn path in single file, according to pig custom. Arrived at the water, they satisfy their thirst in such stillness, that the alligators lying at the bottom of the pond are not disturbed, but as soon as the pigs are "through," they rush up the bank in the greatest disorder, and with loud squeals of derisive triumph.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

THIS is one of the most interesting cities of the United States, owing to its semi-French, semi-Spanish origin, which gives it a special character entirely its own, and altogether distinguishing it from the other cities of the American continent. In New Orleans you meet with narrow, continental streets, substantially built houses, large airy rooms, and French windows in the Louis XV. style, also spacious corridors, with glass doors and fanlights, glass, in fine, wherever glass can be put, not forgetting looking-glass; open stone passages, in the style, though somewhat narrower, of *porte cochère*, and broad, low staircases, leading from an open court-yard, around which are the various domestic offices, with a broad-leafed fig-tree or clustering vine spreading over them; the floors covered with cool matting, instead of hot glaring carpet; the light, cane-seated chairs; the indispensable green *contre vent* or *contre soleil*, all so appropriate, and denoting an aptitude for making the best of whatever materials circumstances may afford that is peculiarly French, and as different as possible from the American idea, which would build a wind-proof "brown stone front" under the Equator, because "brown stone fronts" are fashionable in New York. I do not know if it is a *souvenir* of my childhood, but I have a clinging to these old French houses, which no other residence, however elegant or comfortable in another form, has been able to inspire ; and this feeling seemed stronger after living in the American hotels, with their attempt at splendour, and dearth of all.

New Orleans retains much of its French manners and customs, especially in that portion of the city called the French Quartier, where the descendants of the old French settlers reside, adhering tenaciously to their old habits, and speaking the French language entirely.

We arrived at New Orleans by the Mississippi steamer, which discharged its passengers and cargo at the foot of the principal street of the city—Canal Street. It was evening, about nine o'clock, and we were so unfortunate as to meet with a Yankee drayman, who refused to convey our luggage some hundred yards for less than ten and sixpence, to say nothing of another ten and sixpence for a carriage for ourselves.

Wishing to see the French part of the city, we stopped at a French hotel, where, in clean, airy rooms, and with a good table, we lived at one half the expense of an American hotel. The dishes, although not in such absurdly profuse variety as enumerated in the hotel bills of fare, were better cooked, and were sufficiently numerous for any reasonable person.

Indeed, I may say that we had excellent dinners at *N-yorly-ans*—the correct American pronunciation for New Orleans. The soup was always palatable—as French soup usually is—and the fish—furnished by the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico—was of great variety and truly delicious. We had the red snapper, cat-fish, and many others unknown to Europe, also the prawns, as large as young lobsters, from which they make a most excellent soup, on veal stock. It is called *gumba*, and is so much affected by the *Nyorlyanists*, that it is said they invariably eat too much of it, which is the cause of their extraordinary corpulency.

There is also in this favoured climate so great a variety of vegetables and fruits, that there is no difficulty in making up a superb dinner, when the art of cooking is understood. They entirely repudiate the canned condiments of every kind so universally in favour through the other parts of the United States. Besides the above, they have opossum, squirrel, deer, wild turkey, rice-birds, wild duck, kid, bear, and buffalo hump, from Texas. They adhere to the French custom of eating very young fat lamb, and firm white veal, whereas Americans prefer the former old and stringy, and the latter dark coloured and flabby. French dishes are in favour all over America, but they are cooked in water, instead of butter and oil, or stock, and the result is detestable.

To me it was a great comfort no longer to have my vegetables *cuits à l'eau,* or, still worse, floating in it, or my spinach served in a pool of green water, apparently just fished up from some quagmire. We were also able to obtain wholesome bread, in place of the fearfully doughy compounds known as "ruffles" and "doughnuts." For the first time in the United States we got really good coffee (which covers a multitude of culinary sins). A small cup of very strong black coffee is brought to your room every morning—an institution I should wish to see become universal.

New Orleans, however, was becoming less French in its habits, and the influx of Yankees since the war had brought the American element very prominently forward. At the period of our visit, the city was swarming with Cuban refugees, and our first night was enlivened by a procession of these swarthy patriots, who, with a very indifferent band of music, and with torches and banners, paraded the town, imprecating "Death to the Spaniards." The resident Spaniards subsequently took up this gauntlet of defiance, and challenged the Cubans to mortal combat, but, as probably neither side was very anxious to pour out the life-blood on the altar of their bleeding country, as Artemus Ward says, it was not permitted that they should do so, and only one duel was the result. The French hotel was full of them, and they appeared quiet and inoffensive. Probably they were the less turbulent of the Cubans, who had run away in order to avoid the necessity of joining either side. The American government was, however, doing its best to foment the disturbance by fêting and fussifying the insurgents, and acting in direct opposition to the principles laid down, as to what ought to have been the behaviour of Great Britain, under similar circumstances. But what was sauce for Cuba, was not sauce for the Confederacy.

As regards the population of New Orleans, it is as cosmopolitan as that of New York. Indeed, the jumble of races is perhaps as great as in any city in the world. In Constantinople there is probably a greater variety of nationalities, but then each keeps itself distinct and separate from the rest, whereas in New Orleans the intermarriages make it impossible to tell which is which. You have the Spanish and negro, the French and negro, the Indian and negro, to say nothing of the fusion of French, American, Spanish, German, English, and Irish—altogether a pretty confusion—which makes it difficult to meet with an inhabitant of New Orleans of any very distinct nationality. The French mulattoes, I observed, were, on the whole, much brighter specimens of humanity than the usual American negro. Some of the quadroons and octoroons were good-looking, but not handsome, for their features are never symmetrical, and their colouring never rich or glowing, like that of the Spaniard, the Italian, or even the Indian woman. They are generally of a *fade* yellow, their eyes have no brilliancy, and their lips no vermilion.

"Miscegenation" has been practised so extensively in New Orleans, that scandal has attached itself to many, apparently, white families, who are said to have black blood in their veins. They probably know it themselves, though the stigma is imperceptible to others, and it seems to have a subduing and depressing effect on them. The mulattoes are the most self-conceited, self-sufficient creatures imaginable. They are for ever pluming themselves on the fact of being not so dark as "that dar black nigger." But when it is the converse, and they are almost white, with perhaps but the tinge of one black drop, they seem to regard it as of terrible moment. I was told of an octoroon girl, who had passed all her life in France, and had received from her young mistress a fair education. On her return to the South, she became acquainted with a Yankee officer, who wooed her, and would have married her, ignorant of her status, when, accidentally something fell from him in disparagement of negro blood. She then told him of the taint in hers, and, after the first revulsion of feeling, he still would have married her; but the girl, overcome with the stain of her caste, steadfastly refused to accept him. A mulatto, or quadroon, would have had no such scruple, but the woman whose taint was imperceptible to ordinary observers, was morbidly sensitive to its presence.

In New Orleans, though the negroes are very numerous, they are nearly all *coloured,* very few being thorough Africans. And this is, no doubt, the reason that they are, as a rule, more intelligent; but I must beg to differ with Mr. Dilke, a recent writer on America, as to their ever becoming rulers. After two years' study of the race, I am convinced that the true African has no more chance of ruling in America than he has of governing England.

"The blacker the nigger, the better the slave;" but the mulatto's white blood imparts to him the dawn of intelligence. The Lieut.-Governor of Louisiana is a mulatto of this kind, and he is as little adapted for such a position as a pig for a pastrycook. He had been to Europe with his owners, and, subsequently, was set free, having picked up some little information, and mastered reading and writing. This scarcely deserves the name of education; but then it suited the Northern policy to put anything in the form of a man, not absolutely idiotic, into office, in order to exclude the Southerner, and secure the good-will of the negroes, who would speedily fall again under the influence of their former owners and masters, were they not flattered and caressed by their *soi-disant* deliverers. In one place—doubtless also in many others—the post of magistrate had been given to a negro who could neither read nor write. When I was in New Orleans, there were 16,054 registered negro *voters*, and of these only 1,412 could even write their own names.

As to their intellectual qualifications for the position of voters, the following extract is rather *àpropos.* It is from the *Atlantic Monthly*—a high class and most intelligent magazine, worthy of being extensively read on both sides of the Atlantic. As it is a Boston publication, no prejudice *against* the negro need be feared :—

"With a Bureau officer, who was stationed in the lowlands of South Carolina, I compared impressions as to the political qualifications and future of the negro. 'In my district,' said he, 'the election was a farce. Very few of the freedmen had any idea of what they were doing, or even of how they ought to do it. They would vote into the post-office, or any hole they could find. Some of them carried home their ballots —greatly smitten with the red lettering, and the head of Lincoln, supposing they could use them as warrants for land. Others would give them to the first white man who offered to take care of them. One old fellow said to me, "Lord, marsr! do, for Lord's sake, tell me what dis yere's all 'bout." I explained to him that the election was to put the State back into the union, and make it stay there in peace. "Lord bless you, marsr, I'se might' glad to un'erstan it," he answered, "I'se the only nigger in dis yere districk now that knows what he's up ter!"'"

Louisiana has a strange history. Though ranking now second only to New York in commercial importance, it was yet in its early days so little valued as to be *given* away no less than three times; and even at a gift the acceptor seemed to feel that in taking it he had conferred a favour rather than that he had received one. It was originally settled by the French, who planted a colony at Iberville, some hundred miles up the river, in 1699, and it was still in the possession of France when the war between Louis XV. and England ended, in 1762. Unwilling that the English should acquire the province, and fearing that they would demand it, he resolved to *give* it to Charles III. of Spain. Charles was by no means anxious to accept the apparently useless territory, stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes. But as anxious as Louis to save it from the clutches of the English, he took the gift without, however, evincing much gratitude for it.

The treaty of Paris, which, in 1763, ceded Canada and Nova Scotia to Britain, also provided for the free navigation of the Mississippi by French and British vessels. This showed that England was unaware of the transfer of Louisiana to Spain. It also made clear to Louis XV. that England coveted the west of the Mississippi no more than did France or Spain. In fact Louisiana was at a discount, and

Spain was as little anxious to take possession of her new dominions, and it was not until 1768 that he sent out a governor, who, on his arrival, was forthwith expelled by the Louisianians.

Partly because the Mississippi was regarded as a good boundary between the British colonies and those of Spain, but still more for the sake of avenging the insult offered to the national dignity, Spain resolved to force the colonists to submission. Accordingly, an Irishman, named O'Reilly, in the Service of Spain, came over, in 1769, punished the ringleaders, and took full possession of the country. The Louisianians remained Spaniards until 1802, when they, by the retro-cession of their colony to France, became Frenchmen again. In 1803, Napoleon having sold Louisiana to the United States, the inhabitants then became Yankees, and Yankees they have remained ever since, in spite of a desperate attempt to become something else in 1861.

Unlike the English settlers in New Orleans, the French seem decidedly to have retained their *cachet*, and have not *progressed* into United States people. They have remained French; and in spite of the general impression respecting the triviality and frivolity of the French character in Europe, at New Orleans it shows to great advantage, in earnest, steadfast frugality when contrasted with the American love of flippery and display. The very streets are a remarkable instance of it—for New Orleans, though labouring under the same difficulties of sand and mud as other southern towns—is well paved. The foot-paths are of flags, and large stones, and boulders, have been brought from the North, or even from England, for the roadway; making them as substantial and lasting as the Appian Way. All the buildings were in brick or stone, and built with great solidity and strength.

The City Hall, although not large, was the most classical and chaste structure I had seen in the country. The façade consisted of a double row of Corinthian columns, very much in the style of the Madeleine on a small scale, but the symmetry quite preserved. The effect was simple and majestic, and decidedly in better taste than any building in the United States. Canal Street may fairly rank with the finest streets in the world. It is as broad and as long as the Parisian Boulevards. There were four lines of rails for cars to run upon, and two separate carriage-ways, each as broad as an ordinary street, and it was intended to plant them with a double row of trees.

Canal Street runs at right angles to the river and has the sun pouring into it all day long. Immensely wide streets are no doubt very handsome and very suitable for temperate climates, but where the thermometer ranges, the whole year round, between 75° and 120°, I much doubt whether they are conducive, in the business portion of the town, either to comfort or health. In Southern Asiatic or European cities it has always been found that shade, and that of a very substantial kind, is absolutely necessary. Even in New York the awnings reach, almost everywhere, across the pavement, and often are formed of timber; for it would be next to impossible, without this convenience, to traverse Broadway in summer. In Spanish, Italian, and Asiatic towns the top storey mostly projects over the pathway in the shape of verandahs or colonnades, and such is the case in New Orleans in streets of purely Spanish or French origin.

Along one side of Canal Street French names only are to be seen, on the other the usual American mixture of all nations. At the bottom the view was often curiously restricted by one of the gigantic Mississippi steamers, with its three tiers of galleries, pilots, tower, and double funnels—a strange-looking object to close the vista of a great commercial thoroughfare—the river being entirely invisible from that stand point. A stranger's first exclamation must be, "What on earth is that building?"

for these steamers appear to tower fully as high as any of the houses around. Americans have, very justly, a great liking for wide streets; and in every city I visited, except Boston, they had carried out this most healthy and laudable idea —sometimes with ridiculous exaggeration—as where the width of the main street was equal to the whole of the rest of the town. But the main Boulevards of the city of New Orleans are all planted and well shaded with trees, and are perfectly delightful promenades. There are eight or ten of them, all traversed by the city-cars; and forming, without exception, the finest outlets to a city that I have ever seen in any part of the world.

They are studded with detached villas, great and small all surrounded by pretty gardens and a variety of tropical shrubs, also bananas and oranges. This profusion of gardens and flowers constitutes the great beauty of New Orleans; for its site is a dead level. The country is uninteresting, and possesses no greater natural advantages than Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Indeed, not so much; for their water-streets and shipping have always a certain charm, whereas in New Orleans, though eight feet below the level of the river, no attempt has been made to turn it to account, as in Venice and the cities of Holland. It is melancholy to think, that through these pleasant walks and drives, at a certain time of the year, an insidious serpent trails its venomous slime round all the pretty dwellings and shady avenues. There is a water-course, or open sewer, through them all; and whether it is that this water is allowed to stagnate and breed malaria, or whether the disease is actually and regularly imported from the West Indian Islands (the belief of the inhabitants), the yellow fever makes its appearance pretty regularly in New Orleans about July and August, disappearing only with the first frost. Strangers fresh to the climate are its special victims, and the more strangers within its fatal precincts the more virulent becomes the frightful malady.

It has been mentioned that the streets of New Orleans are narrow, but that applies only to some of the oldest French streets, which still bear the old French names, as Rue Chartres, Rue Toulouse, Rue Bienville, etc. But there are beautiful streets, or thoroughfares, running in perfectly straight lines for several miles, and lined with double rows of beech, hickory, and oak, affording a most delightful shade. Round their roots the verdure was perfectly fresh and green. The streets mostly intersect each other at right angles, and there are lines for the street-cars through nearly all of them. These cars run more smoothly than any in the country; the space between the rails being evenly laid with planks, along which a large car, containing twenty or thirty persons, is easily drawn by a single mule. He taps along the wooden road with his loose traces, as though he rather liked the fun of pretending to draw a heavy load, while in New York, two powerful mules or horses may often be seen straining hard to drag their burden along the uneven rails and rough roads.

The houses in New Orleans are a curiosity, from their endless variety. They are of every size, every shape, every colour; from the pretentious Italian villa, with its little grove of magnolia, oleander, cape-jessamine, and pomegranate, to the tiny square green and white box, looking much like a lady's *étui,* and in which, surely, no two people could live at the same time. Many of these tiny dwellings consisted of but one room, with, what was in proportion, an enormous door. It was usually open, the owner or owners sitting on the steps, which, indeed, in New Orleans are the general evening resort of the women. But we noticed that they were working, not dawdling, as American women usually do. Thus France and the French are traceable throughout. Here and there was a small restaurant, with

"Café," "Vins et Liqueurs," but these were not the fashionable resorts of New Orleans. On the whole, this portion of the town had a very *prononcé* Marseillaise character.

The St. Charles Hotel is one of the most imposing looking in the country, not excepting even the much vaunted Fifth Avenue. By moonlight, it really looks like a palace, but, alas! it is only plaster and white-wash. The entrance is by a flight of mean narrow stone steps, under a heavy balcony; for the massive Corinthian columns, which lend so imposing an aspect to the building, do not descend to the ground floor. That is occupied by second rate shops, which greatly detract by daylight, from the effectiveness of the *tout-ensemble.* The interior, also, is wanting in palatial embellishment—with the exception of the clerk, in the office, who is got up (we hope at the proprietor's expense) in white satin shirt-front, with a large diamond ornament in the centre. The rooms are constructed with a view to "accommodating" as many five dollars per diem as possible, rather than to the comfort of visitors; for the St. Charles is in the American part of the city, and is conducted according to the inexorable customs, and boarding-school discipline of a "free country." The hotel was built, in fact, to attract visitors, in order to extract the requisite amount of money from their pockets.

It is astonishing to observe how much in America resolves itself into advertisement. It might be called the country of placards. The cupola on the top of the St. Charles Hotel—quite out of keeping with the rest of the building—was designed with the idea of making it a conspicuous object to travellers coming down the river, on the steamboats, and that they might, on inquiring about it, be told "That, sir, is the St. Charles—best house in the city, sir; accommodated seven hundred guests — very aristocratic—you will find yourself well located there—Yes, sir," and so on. Ladies, too, dress, and flirt, and give entertainments, solely, that they may be noticed in the newspapers. A husband buys his wife the finest carriages and horses in town; in order that people may ask, "Who is that dashing woman?" "Oh, that is Mr. Huckster's wife, of the dry goods' store on B—— Street," etc., etc.

The only building which set forth no pretensions, but which was of solid granite, was the Custom House—an immense pile, covering, perhaps, two acres of ground. Its appearance, however, was heavy, and it had more the look of a stronghold, or bastile, than a building for the innocent purpose of transmitting letters; for the Post Office was in one corner of it. It was constructed by General Beauregard, before the war, which, by the way, prevented its completion, and it still remained in an unfinished state, though giving evidence of determined strength and power. For, as when General Beauregard fortified Charleston, meaning to sustain the siege, and did so to the end, so, when he designed the Custom House, he intended it to stand. And there is no doubt that it will stand as long, or longer, than any other building in New Orleans, for, owing to the swampy nature of the ground, the whole mass has sunk as much as three feet, and has had to be secured, and held together by iron bands and bolts. But whatever *had* to be done was, with General Beauregard, synonymous with being well done. We remarked in the General a quality of steadfastness, and a reliability which it would be well for America if more of her people possessed.

But the great pride and delight of New Orleans is the Shell Road. It is held in the same estimation as is the Central Park, by the New Yorker, or the big organ, by the Bostonian. You have only to mention "New Orleans," to have, in reply, all about its "Shell Road." It leads from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain, about six miles from the city. On the shores of the lake are immense deposits of the small shells of which the celebrated road is made, and which—if a statement in a recent speech of a New Orleans orator is to be relied upon—were left there by Providence for that special purpose. They make an excellent firm road, as white as snow, and as even as a sheet of note-paper The Shell Road is the fashionable drive, and "before the war," it used to be crowded, I believe, with equipages filled with the beauty and chivalry of Louisiana. But as far as the eye could reach along its straight surface the carriages and buggies we descried could easily be counted. The lake is the summer resort of the New Orleans families (at least for those whose business or means will not allow of their going North) as it is supposed to enjoy immunity from yellow-fever, and there is a sea-breeze from the Gulf of Mexico. Excursionists resort thither to spend the day, and many make it their residence during the months of July, August and September.

The country round New Orleans was a vast uncultivated swamp, except at the exit of the Mississippi, the banks of which, as described, were lined for a hundred miles or so with plantations. The amount of corn and cotton, raised on them, or on plantations higher up the river, and shipped to New Orleans, must have been very considerable, judging by the number of storage houses, and cotton-presses, which crowded the river side. I am told that, formerly, as many as thirty vessels have cleared for Liverpool in one day, but we almost looked in vain for the English flag and it seemed very doubtful, whether New Orleans would ever again see thirty, or half of thirty, English flags leave her port in one day.

The most peculiar and remarkable objects in New Orleans or its vicinity were the old cemeteries. The cemetery is, usually, the lion of American cities; yet, having seen one, you have seen all, and, as a rule, have found them exactly similar to European extra-mural burial-grounds, with more or less well-kept grounds. *Père la Chaise* would, doubtless, bear the palm amongst them all. But the old cemeteries of New Orleans resemble them only in being the last *resting*-place of the dead. I cannot even say *burial*-place; for the dead are not buried. They are merely coffined, and laid in separate little rooms, of separate little mansions; of a separate little walled-in city.

These are "Cities of the Dead," for nowhere could the word Necropolis be more fitly applied. The still, solemn little town—with each of its diminutive houses inhabited by one or more of a family—has a most remarkable and awe-inspiring effect. All is peace there, and eternal silence. Between these dwellings, are narrow lanes, and broader main roads. Many of the tombs were handsomely built in marble, and had little garden plots before them, and vases for cut flowers. Over many of the doors wreaths were hanging, some of them very beautifully worked in black and white or grey beads.

Some buildings, larger than the rest, and containing perhaps thirty or forty apartments belonged to the Sisters of Charity or Spanish Fraternity. They were built in the form of a church, with crosses, and cupola, and were adorned with statues; others were classical, in outline and effect, all serving to complete the idea of a city. Most of the tombs had sloping roofs; and there were rows of them built in brick, like the uncared-for dwellings of the poor in the cities of the living. Others were shaded by a single cypress tree, but, invariably, they were in perfect repair and, generally, decorated with sculptured or living flowers. Even the poorer houses—where the fronts were of plain unadorned brick—had little wooden balconies, containing, perhaps, an *Eau de Cologne* bottle with a few flowers in it—infinitely touching, as a display of heart's deep-rooted affection.

We remarked one lone, dismal, deserted, uncared-for tomb, having only one inhabitant, and that one branded in his last abode by what must, indeed, have been bitter hate—since it would seek to cover the wretched bones with odium as long as stone could endure. The inscription ran thus: "*Priez pour lui. Ici repose le corps d'un malheureux victime de son imprudence. Il n'avait que vingt-sept ans.*" The name he had borne in life was not deigned; it was therefore to be assumed that he had disgraced it. "Malheureux"—the bitterest term of reproach—was alone carved in ugly letters on his mean and lowly resting-place. So long as his poor body retains its form, so long as stone will retain the impression, "Malheureux!" uttered by every passer-by, will be the only word his lonely silent spirit will hear, if spirits can hear—

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

It made my blood boil with indignant pity, and if my penknife could have obliterated the vindictive stigma, it would not be there now.

There are several of these walled-in death-villages in New Orleans; for, on account, it is said, of the proximity of the water to the surface of the soil, and a strong feeling against laying the dead in this swamp, it is not the custom to inter underground. Keeping them above ground, naturally, takes up more space, though the coffins in some of the poorer cemeteries are placed closely together in tiers—in a sort of ovens, or cupboards—yet, once there, they are always there, and cannot, of course, moulder and mingle with the dust as they would if buried. The high average of mortality in New Orleans must tend to increase rapidly the number of these cities of the dead. And if the yellow-fever is allowed to continue its ravages, as of yore, New Orleans will present one of the most curious spectacles ever witnessed—viz., a live and a dead city, with as many dead as living inhabitants.

New Orleans has thirteen orphan asylums. In each, from one hundred to five hundred children were counted up to me, and an urgent request made that I would exercise my talents in favour of some particular asylum. There is no resisting an appeal to exert one's self, even with the thermometer at 90°, for orphans. But thirteen different asylums, with equal claims upon one's efforts, was rather appalling. The large amount of orphanage, I am told, was the result, partly of yellow-fever, which invariably attacks strangers. Numbers of these poor children are ignorant of their names, their nationality, and their religion—their future, as regards these matters, depending entirely upon those who first adopted them. Fortunately, orphans had become the fashion, and many of the fashionable ladies, the *élite* of the place, had taken them in hand. When I say *élite*, it must be understood to mean those who have *money*. They might be, and generally were, steam-boat captains' wives, a grocer's wife, or something of that sort. One of the *élite*, a lawyer's wife, confessed that she did not know it was *etiquette*, when a lady wrote to her making a polite request, relative to said orphans, that there was any need to answer.

Such were the *élite*, holding any position in the South, when I visited it. I merely mention the above trivial fact to convey a correct idea of the state of society in the Southern American States—New Orleans being entirely a fair specimen. There are no doubt many Creole families, who retain, with their French blood, their French good-breeding; but they were too poor to be in society, and too thoroughly broken to support themselves—many, perhaps, being in as much need as the orphans. Fortunately, as I said, the orphans, at least, had become fashionable, and fairs, concerts, *tableaux vivants*, and amateur theatricals, were continually got up for their benefit. Visitors to the city were pounced upon and laid under contribution, and several handsome asylums were the result of such operations. This mode of exercising charity is eminently calculated to become popular in America, as it (the *tableaux vivants* especially) gives unlimited opportunity for personal display. The whole thing is also productive of unlimited *fuss*—the highest enjoyment that can be afforded the American, man or woman.

There are various monastic establishments in New Orleans, in fact, quite a colony. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have a hospital, and an orphanage; the Ursulines have a convent and seminary, and so have the Dominicans, the Jesuits, and the Redemptorists, besides a large number of lay priests who are attached to the several churches. New Orleans may be said to be a wholly Catholic city, other religions being professed by the strangers more recently settled there. The churches are numerous (the Catholics having twenty-nine) and some of them handsome, as compared with those of other cities of America; but in describing their merits it must not be supposed that I have seen any church, anywhere in America, to compare with European cathedrals and churches—even the smallest of them, such as Lichfield, Hexham, Exeter, Orleans, Rouen, or Nevers. There are no elaborate works of art, in the form of churches, in the United States; but New Orleans approaches nearer than any in her cathedral of St. Peter, situated in a square of that name. But even that "nearer" is a long way off. Yet St. Peter's is one of the most noteworthy, not only in that city, but in the whole of the United States. It is flanked on either side by the old Hôtel de Ville and its dependencies. It is in the Roman-Gothic style, and has three pointed towers in front.

The Hôtel de Ville is in the old French style, with pointed gable roofs and colonnades, all in a dark red stone. The whole building has a character of its own, a quality lacking in most American buildings. It forms one side of a handsome square, in the centre of which is a bronze equestrian statue of Jackson, the general who commanded at the battle of New Orleans, in which the British force was defeated in 1812—a fact few Americans ever fail to remind you of. The square, or rather garden, is filled with tropical shrubs and flowers; but the great pride of the gardens appeared to be some English dahlias. There the bright humming-bird was skimming about, and evading every effort of ours to catch it. The *tout ensemble* was a strangely beautiful combination of the tropical and the French, and it was difficult to determine which element afforded us the most pleasure.

We had heard of the high degree to which music was cultivated at New Orleans, and were led to believe that it was the great head-quarters of the musical talents of the western world—as Milan, Naples, etc., are of Europe. In this we were greatly disappointed, for we found there, in that respect, nothing better, or different, from the rest of America. The European "stars," after visiting New York, usually take a tour through the principal provincial cities, and New Orleans being one of them, gets its share. The same operatic *troupes* were performing there during our stay in the city as we had already heard elsewhere. But there is no established season for operatic music, as in European capitals.

There is no Conservatoire of Music, consequently very few great musicians. The only one who merits to be so ranked, is Carlo, the brother of Adelina Patti. He is an exquisite performer on the violin, and brings out on that instrument the same graceful charms which surround the singing of his sister. It has the same fascination, the same delicious tenderness of expression, the same witchery, as though it were some family trait revealing itself in music. The family of this celebrated songstress is, as the name indicates, of Italian origin; but it settled in America when Adelina was very young. New Orleans, however, is fully convinced of her own native musical superiority, and has succeeded in convincing the rest of America of it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GULF OF MEXICO.

WE left New Orleans towards the middle of June, for the Florida coast, by a vessel going in that direction. She was advertised to touch at Pensacola, Appalachicola, and St. Marks; the last being our destination. Very often when a steamer reaches a wharf, the "touch" is enough to knock the unwary deck-walker off his feet; but in this case the touch was imperceptible, in consequence of her never—with the exception of Pensacola—getting nearer than six miles of her supposed stopping place. We always anchored until it suited the Appalachicolians, or others, as the case might be, to send out a lighter—sailing at the rate of one mile an hour—to receive the goods we had for them, and if there was more than the lighter could carry, we had to wait until it returned for another freight. Eighteen hours were thus consumed in doing what, alongside a wharf, would not have occupied two. At Pensacola we did really touch, but it was so hot that nobody landed—so hot that I quite sympathized with a lazy negro, whose mule was standing about a dozen yards off, when he said to another black standing close to the animal: "Fetch dat ar mule hyar; he got *more legs dan I has.*"

The last hundred miles of the Mississippi, from New Orleans to the sea, is very similar to that above the city already described, only, if possible, still more uninteresting; for it becomes more swampy and is less cultivated. Where the Mississippi enters the sea is called the "Delta" —why "Delta" I cannot conceive, for delta there is none. The river has seemed loth to leave the land, after so long an acquaintance as three thousand miles, and has carried it, or at least as much of it as it could, some distance out into the Gulf, where it has reluctantly deposited it on either side for many miles, in two narrow strips of mud, so that the formation of the land at the mouths of the Mississippi is more like a battered pair of tongs, or an uprooted tree, than a delta. The river carries many tons of earth into the sea with it, and the muddy colour of its waters may be traced several miles into the green waters of the Gulf. It is said that the amount of mud carried down daily by the Mississippi equals in bulk the Great Pyramid. It is in fact thick with it, and if a glass be placed on the table, a deep sediment soon settles at the bottom. Any person dwelling on the river's banks, would have to eat considerably more than his "peck" of mud before he died.

Here, then, we took our farewell of the Mississippi, after having sailed on its broad waters more than two thousand miles; having spent on them many happy days—some few sad ones, too, and having many a time watched from a steamer's deck, as we glided along them, the sun set over Missouri, and Arkansas, and Louisiana. It was fortunate that as we descended the river it became less and less interesting. It broke the parting and made us feel less the farewell look. But, ugly as it was, we could not forget it as we had seen and known it in its youth—thirteen hundred miles away—and the sigh was sincere enough with which we turned our backs upon it and looked out at the wide sea before us.

The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are beautifully green and bright, and in the Bay of Pensacola especially so. It was very beautiful to see the flying-fish leap from the water, like flashes of silver, and disappear with a white plash in the emerald waves; to watch the great grey pelicans hovering over the water, diving, head foremost, into it, and re-appearing in an instant, the richer by a fish. Oh! how delicious it was that morning to see those headers into the cool-looking waters; if ever creatures enjoy themselves the porpoises did that day.

The steam-boat in which we had taken our passage was a wretched tub. "Before the war" it had been a canal-boat; but it had occurred to some genius to build it up higher and to put an engine in it; an experiment that succeeded so dreadfully that several others were served in the same way. Then he started them to run backwards and forwards between New Orleans and Havana, and called them a "Line of Steamships." He ought to have been condemned to go to and fro on them until one went to the bottom with him. Even in a moderate sea the tub nearly rolled over. What feats she would have performed in a gale, I am happy not to have had an opportunity of ascertaining.

The moonlight nights were the pleasantest part of the voyage. Then the sea was like a sheet of silver and the sky of a deep, intense blue, in which the moon sailed with a clear and majestic serenity indescribably grand. The dull and misty moon that shines upon northern shores may be responsible for the many insipid verses dedicated to her, but the effect of such an one as sails above tropical lands, and over tropical seas, is poetry without words, it is in another form of the Lieder ohne Wörte. Nature speaks to the soul, her younger sister, in thrilling accents; and is answered in the same. Or from her vault of massive blue she sends out a trumpet-tone which makes the soul bound with an ecstacy to which the body is a stranger, and of which (not knowing the language in which spirit answers spirit) it feels almost ashamed. But the soul is not ashamed. The voice is mysterious, because so seldom heard; but it is indescribably sweet, and pure, and strangely familiar, for it is a voice from her home.

The flicker of the red and purple summer lightning over the white fleecy clouds low down in the horizon increases by contrast the peacefulness of such a scene. However, we soon had to come down to the not stern, but disgusting, realities of travel in America. We arrived at our destination—that is, within ten miles of it—over night, and were told by the captain that we should have to be ready to start for shore at eleven or twelve o'clock next day. I suppose he felt more than usually ill-tempered the next morning; however, hearing a good deal of bustle soon after sunrise, I looked out and inquired the reason. "Boat starting for shore." And so it was, sure enough, and without warning to the passengers, who were just allowed to find out for themselves or be left behind. Quite American this. Well, although there was really no occasion for any hurry at all, and our meals had been paid for in advance, we were all bundled into the boat without any breakfast, and what with the lightness of the wind and the heaviness of the misnamed "lighter," in which we found ourselves, it took us eight hours to accomplish the ten miles, during all of which time we were without food, water, or shelter, under a Floridan sun. So much for the pleasures of a trip by the "Lavaca," which was the name of our disguised canal-boat.

As St. Mark's is prominently noticed on the maps, and, judging from them, is well situated, we expected to find a flourishing city. We were, however, disappointed. So far as we could ascertain from a two hours' inspection of it, St. Marks consisted of one store, three shanties, and a railway shed. It promised I believe once to be a considerable town, and being the outlet for a very large portion of Florida, had a good trade in cotton and other produce. But the railroads ruined it by intercepting its cotton and carrying it off to Savannah. Fires devastated it, the war gave it a kick to help it on its downward course, and as soon as some more convenient point could be found for the New Orleans steamers, St. Mark's doom would be sealed. She even then was but a shadow; her shanties were falling to pieces, her vacant lots littered by fire-twisted machinery and singed bricks, and her faithless inhabitants were deserting her. We could get nothing to eat there (poor St. Mark's!) and so we waited patiently until we reached Tallahassee once more, and gained the shelter of the "Noah's Ark." By the time supper was ready, we were quite ready for it, too; having been travelling for twenty-six hours without food.

The beauties of Republicanism were well illustrated on board the lighter. We had a Lord Bishop, a Secretary of State, and a poor, infirm, old lady of eighty. There was no respect of persons. The boat was filled and piled up with whisky-barrels, barrels of molasses, and flour-barrels; and when any one was unfortunate enough to perch first on one and then on the other, the state of dresses and coat-tails may be imagined. After we had been floating round and round the steamer for two hours or more, at the distance of a mile or so, a sudden storm of rain poured down, and the cabin-accommodation of the lighter became a matter of anxious solicitude. It was kitchen, dining-room, sleeping apartment, and smoking saloon combined, and it was free to either crew or passengers. It was capable of "accommodating" two people—on a pinch it would hold four—but when the rainstorm came on, six were crowded into it, and the remainder crouched under the tarpaulin, which was intended not for their benefit but for that of the casks and barrels.

Next to the difficulty of getting out of that cabin, the difficulty of getting into it was greatest. After the old lady had been handed down, with her umbrella, bonnet-box, and lunch-basket, and had twice sat down in a frying-pan, which some hardy mariner, after cooking his breakfast bacon, had left on a chair, the remainder of the passengers—that is five of them—followed. The ladies come down first, then their petticoats, next followed the gentlemen's hats, after them their boots, and lastly the gentlemen themselves. The first comer of the male sex placed his foot upon the old lady's lunch-basket, and the destruction of the lunch and several bottles of water was the consequence. About the same time we became conscious of some more of the sailors' evil habits, a strong smell of spirits being found to pervade the apartment. Some of the first attempts at acrobatic feats we had witnessed since leaving

Europe was performed in this descent; two of the gentlemen, in coming down, standing on the ladies' heads below; the crowding behind, however, prevented the continuance of the performance.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AMERICAN MARRIAGES.

AN American marriage differs so much from an English marriage in legal and conventional particulars, that it must be classed as foreign alike in the ceremony, method, and sentiment. It is by law a civil contract, dissoluble generally, like other contracts, by the consent of parties; but in some of the States it can be dissolved by the will of one party only. Catholics adhere to the sacrament of marriage, and many fashionable American Episcopalians are copying the English custom of marrying in the church. I believe this fashion is a mere question of opportunity for the display of lace veils and long silk trains to an admiring crowd. Religion has as little to do with it as law. Formerly the Scotch system of marrying in the house was considered the proper thing, and altogether it is the most usual one. Through it the United States marriage is cleared of all the bugbears by which it is surrounded in Europe.

People are at liberty to marry when, how, and where they please. Bigamy and obedience are alike obsolete. It is not worth a man's while to commit bigamy, to ill-use his wife, or poison her, in order to be rid of her. He is tired of her; she knows it; he comes to an understanding with her; tells her he guesses they cannot pull in the same harness any longer. This is very much more reasonable than fracturing her skull, or strangling her. It enables her to take a practical view of her position, and haggle as to what allowance he will make for herself and children. The marriage laws differ in many of the States, and also the age of parties allowed to marry, without consent of parents or guardians.

A young couple having been married in a neighbouring State, a friend chanced to meet them as they left the court, and knowing it was a clandestine marriage, went directly to the magistrate.

"This is all wrong, sir; that girl wants two years of the right age, and her mother will be wild when she knows it."

"Well," said the magistrate, "that's unfortunate; she said she was full age; but it is not much odds, for the marriage is only good till they reach the next State!"

Girls, as I have mentioned, make their own marriages, and un-make them also. They go about with their lovers at all times aad places, to concerts, theatres, balls, *téte-à-téte* suppers, moonlight sleigh-riding, buggy driving, and any other pleasure in vogue. Indeed, in many parts of New England the "keeping company" is such a recognized institution, that a room is set apart for the betrothed to receive alone the visits of her lover in the evening, and the delightful *téte-à-téte* is often prolonged beyond midnight without any remark from the lady's family beyond, "I guess they'll not make a long spell of this courting, and they are 'sitting up together.'" And this sage prediction turns out true enough ; the lover hates to leave the warm fireside of his *fiancée* at one or two in the morning, and thinks he had better transplant her to his own.

Oh, ye mères de France, and matrons of England, think of this atrocity! A brightly glowing fire, sofa drawn up close, room made snug, your daughter and her lover as happy as angels in heaven! It is the manner and custom of the country—the course of love running smoothly, and they enjoying it—and if the girl were wise, she would prolong the enjoyment as much as possible.

In America a woman is supposed to be able to take care of herself, and as a general rule, it must be confessed, she is competent to the task. A man does not believe in a woman's virtue any more than his own. Inclination is the only power he acknowledges. There are no distracted lovers, heart-broken damsels or wives. "If you love me, why don't you take me?" says the impatient admirer. The lady gives a pertinent reason such as, "her parents are not willing," which he scorns utterly, or "she has a husband already!" "Well, get rid of him. What's the good of a man a thousand miles away? and you don't care if he keeps that distance!" "But he is my husband." "He need not be long. Go to Indiana." "Then there are the children." "How many?" "Let him provide for one half, and I'll take the other. Come, fix it any hour you like to."

Such conversations may often be heard; indeed, what conversation may *not* be heard in America? The partitions are so thin, the bedrooms so small, and plentiful ventilation, the doors so badly hung, so universal the voice—so high-pitched—that one would need to wear corks in the ears, not to overhear one's neighbour's conversations. Indeed, I did wear corks, though not for that purpose—for to an inquiring mind such little domestic dramas are interesting—but to prevent my matutinal slumbers from being disturbed by the vociferous use of neighbouring pocket-handkerchiefs, cleansing of throats, etc., etc. It was as bad as a farm-yard, with the cocks crowing and pigs grunting, and my only remedy was corks in my ears. But I plead guilty to listening to conversations which reached me in my private room, without any intentional eavesdropping. In fact, I do not think Americans ever have any secrets, unless of some "Wall street, big thing."

On the subject of marriage, the following conversation reached me. It was between a lady and gentleman stopping at the same hotel. The lady's room was next to mine, the gentleman's next to hers. "I guess this trip will about shut her up?" said the lady's voice. "I wouldn't lay odds on that," responded the masculine organ. "She has got these high 'falutin' notions about the sacredness of the marriage vow. She's right strong in her opinion, I tell you!" "She is the most everlasting, obtuse woman I ever heard of!" cried the lady. "Where did you tell her you were going to?" "Chicago," replied the man, laughing, "and I added she need not expect me until she saw me again." They both laughed. "She will have received the newspaper with both our names, as staying at the 'Washington Hotel.' What will she conclude from that?" "To say her prayers," responded the gentleman. "She's the most darned idiot that ever was." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of some third party, for, as in an American hotel, one has no private sitting-room, visitors come to your bed-chamber, as in France.

That evening whilst most of the sojourners at the hotel were seated outside on the verandah, my neighbours became the topic of conversation. "They are engaged to be married shortly." "I guess they are taking their honeymoon in advance," said a gentleman, not removing his lips from his cigar. "You have no call to say that," responded his spouse. "As they are engaged, I guess they can please themselves. He is a right elegant gentleman!" "She is a highly cultured lady," said an angular woman, with her hair scraped, as if by hens, on to the crown of her head, and adorned with something like a series of rolls of sausages. "She is a married woman!" said a young man, seated with his feet against one post of the verandah, chewing and spitting defiantly at the next, as though he intended to batter it down. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. M——!" cried the lady crowned with sausages. "If you ever read the journals you *must* know she obtained a divorce! Her husband never supported her as he ought to, and why should a woman of her culture be tied to man like that?" "Why, certainly not," responded the audience. My suspicions suggested to me that *his* was the worst dilemma of the two, that if his wife were a Catholic she would never seek a divorce, in fact, did not believe in the possibility of such a proceeding.

Some months afterwards I was told that the pair were actually married, and "Oh, so happy! so adapted to each other! one soul in two bodies, and that bigoted, stupid wife of his, refuses to recognise it; declares she is still his wife, and that he is living in open sin with that charming, cultivated creature, his second wife. Have you read her last work? so poetical, so highly classical." I pondered within myself whether, after the truant had fully enjoyed the "highly classical," he would go back to the "high falutin" again.

Another case—one of several that came to my knowlege—I relate it for the sake of the spice of naïve comicality it contains. A lady had been married to her husband seven years, and had had three children, when the husband went to Cincinnati on business. After remaining away several months, he wrote to his wife to say he did not calculate to return for some time; that she had better take in boarders, as the house was their own, in order to help to support herself and the children. The wife remonstrated in vain. But it soon came to her knowledge that her husband had formed new ties, and that she really had to take in boarders. One of the boarders having helped her considerably, she wrote to a lawyer in Cincinnati to protest that her husband could not marry again as he had never obtained any divorce from her. The lawyer replied that her husband would at once proceed to do so.

She had now, not only the house in which she lived, but also the one next door, and upon this and the boarders she made a good living for seven years. Curiously enough, the eldest boy was sent to the husband, and remained with him and the second wife. One day, about the end of the Septennate, a gentleman was ushered into her drawing-room; she looked up and beheld her husband. She sprang to him and threw her arms round his neck, which caress he responded to gratefully. The entente cordiale once more restored, they talked of old times, of their children, and finally "concluded" that they would make it up together—so the husband remained in the house with his wife. "Why," exclaimed the boarders, "you are surely not going to support that man out of us? He ain't *your* husband, he's been divorced. You *ain't* no manner of right with him, no more than

I have with Mrs. Tomkins!" By-and-by the Cincinnati wife arrived in the city, and then the husband was in what is termed a "darned fix." So he did the wisest thing he could, he ran off and embarked for New York, leaving the harem disconsolate.

But unfortunately not only the old love had revived, but the new one was insatiable. Both wives resolved to follow, and both accidentally went in the same steamer—which must have been as good as a comedy to all the passengers. But the wily Lothario had got the best of it. He acknowledged neither of the women as his wife, though he had been married to both, but it happened more by good luck than good looking after, that he had married number two *before* he had been divorced from number one; so that neither had any legal claim upon him. No doubt they consoled themselves both by taking boarders. In a similar case, the lady actually married her husband a *second* time, after having been divorced from him for years, and "they lived together very happy for the rest of their days," as the story books say.

Sometimes, though rarely, these complications result in a tragedy — an instance occurred at San Francisco, and caused a great sensation. "An elegant lady," the widow of a Colonel, the affianced of a Judge, was placed at the criminal bar, to be tried for murder!! She was fashionably attired, and carried in her hand a perfumed lace handkerchief, a scent bottle and bouquet; when she required it, she was supplied with any dainty drink she fancied, "sherry cobbler," &c. She was surrounded by a galaxy of the fair sex, to say nothing of the men (for she was a handsome woman) all anxious to administer to her smallest desires. Every comfort, of course, ought to be allowed her in her trying position. She had only shot a man for "breach of promise of marriage," shot him through the heart in the arms of his wife and in presence of his seven children—three grown-up daughters and four sons.

The lady murderess had coolly walked up to him, pointed her revolver close to his heart and shot him dead. As her victim fell forward into the arms of his astonished family, she flung her pistol overboard—for the deed occurred on a ferry boat—and walked away! Nor could she be detected in the rush and crowd. She had worn a waterproof and hood with a thick veil: casting off these, she appeared in hat and feathers and velvet polonaise, and quietly took her place amongst the passengers. Only the child, aged thirteen, the youngest daughter of the murdered man, recognized her, and persisted vehemently that she was the woman who had shot her father, whereupon the police arrested her.

She was tried for "wilful murder," and her defence was curious. She produced the judge's letters, which proved their connection for some time, and also her knowledge of his position and status as a married man. Nevertheless, she set forth their overwhelming love for each other; also that he had promised her over and over again to cast adrift the woman who had been his wife for twenty years, and to take her in her stead, and that on the strength of this she had regarded him as her husband.

The wife had gone to New York to bring home two daughters from school, and the judge had declared to the lady murderess that she should never return! He had his house newly painted, newly furnished with every luxury that could be obtained, and the ex-colonel's widow went to inspect them—deeming, of course, as she said, that all this was for her. "Oh, the treachery of man! why did he so deceive her!!" On making some remark to the upholsterer, he replied, "Yes, ma'am, but you see as the judge's lady is expected from New York on Thursday we should not have time!" "The judge's lady!" exclaimed the bewildered woman; "why I understood they were to be divorced!" "I don't know about that, ma'am; but she is expected home to-morrow, and I understand the judge and three of his sons are going on the ferry to meet her and the young ladies." Madame makes no reply—but went and bought a "*Deringer,*" and asked the gunsmith to go out into the back-yard and teach her how to use it. She also bought a waterproof with a hood and a thick gauze veil. Thus prepared she goes to the ferry next day—watches the arrival of the judge with his wife and his sons and daughters, and as soon as the ferry boat starts, she walks quietly up and puts an end to the judge's career!

This may sound like a fable, but the whole ten journals of San Francisco will guarantee the fact—for they made many thousand dollars by it. I never heard one word of pity for the man cut off in the hour of his repentance and struggle to do right. Some said "Why didn't he put off his wife and children and marry her, since he liked her?" Others "Why did he have anything to do with her? serves him right for being such a fool!" On the trial, evidence was put in that the *lady murderess* had been married four times. Two of the husbands gave evidence against her. Bad men, I must say, and they were hissed in court. The only sympathy expressed for the wife and children was that by the husband's death they would lose some thousands of dollars a year.

An imposing body of strong-minded ladies took up the cause of the accused and sat in the court, hearing the judge and keeping him in order, for days together; not that they advocated shooting one's lovers; by no means! but, they said, "Why should not a woman be allowed to *shoot* as well as a man? Why should the same act be murder if perpetrated by a woman, and justifiable homicide if done by a man? Why should the late judge tell her he would marry her, if he did not intend to? He is right served, and she should not be punished as though she had done some one an injustice!" The strong-minded female phalanx interfered also with council and jury. The presiding judge ordered them out of court, but they would not go:—they put forth the strongest doctrine that a woman's love could not be scorned with impunity; that if she punished the offence herself it was merely taking justice into her own hands, as you might in a moment of irritation kick out your servant thief instead of sending for the police. They held the opinion that the deceased judge ought to have married the colonel's widow, and treated the case exactly as if he had been a single man, and had heartlessly betrayed the love of a confiding girl. The marriage tie is a string of sand which will not hold against the slightest touch in America.—Nevertheless the judge and jury gave a verdict of guilty of wilful murder against the lady shooter. The verdict was received with derisive laughter and scorn. There were those who even thought that the jury were not likely to get safe home that night, and several tradesmen were ruined—their shops deserted. The law had no more power to hang the woman, than it had to stay the waves of the Pacific from rolling through the Golden Gates. She appealed, went back to prison in triumph; this aggravation of her was making quite a heroine of her. She was treated like a captive royal princess; obtained a *new trial*, and in due time was triumphantly, gloriously acquitted!!

THE END.

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